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CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

The Battle of the Standards—Bimetallism.

In social, as well as in business circles, money is an absorbing topic, and just now especially, one hears a great deal about monometallism and bimetallism. The people of our country are divided into two opposing camps on the coinage question, and it is the purpose of this article, without regard to party politics, but from the standpoint of an economist, to define the terms used in its discussion, and to give, in outline, its history since the establishment of the mint of the United States.

By monometallism is meant the use of only one metal, as gold or silver, as standard money. Bimetallism signifies the use of two metals as standard money, their relative value for coinage purposes having been determined by law. The standard money of a country is usually its unlimited legal tender, that is, it must be received for all debts expressed in terms of money. Subsidiary and minor coins are made limited legal tender. The unlimited legal tender metallic money of the United States is composed of its gold coins and silver dollars. Its subsidiary coins, silver halves, quarters and dimes, are legal tender in any one payment to the amount of ten dollars. Its minor coins, nickel and copper pieces, are legal not to exceed twenty-five cents.

For more than a generation the war of the standards has been waging, and although the bimetallists, the friends of sil-

ver, have fought manfully they must confess that from the first the struggle has been against them. They have suffered many defeats, but have not gained a single victory. As civilization advances, the tendency is to discard for money purposes the less valuable for the more valuable metals. Copper and bronze gave place to silver, and that, in turn, is yielding to gold. To-day all the most highly civilized nations of the world have the gold standard and only use silver as subsidiary money for change purposes.

England demonetized silver in 1816, Germany in 1871–'73, Norway, Sweden and Denmark in 1872, the United States in 1873; the countries of the Latin Monetary Union (France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland and Greece) limited their coinage of legal tender silver in 1874, and closed their mints to it in 1878; Holland prohibited the coinage of silver and virtually adopted the gold standard in 1875; Russia ceased coining silver, except for trade with China, in 1876; the Austro-Hungarian Empire has not permitted the free coinage of silver since 1879; Roumania has adopted the gold standard, and is selling her silver. At this time no European mint is open to the free coinage of silver. The remarkable decline in the value of silver since 1873 may be attributed to the fact that its production has more than doubled, while there has been a constantly decreasing demand for it as a money metal.

Acting alone, it would be impossible for our country to maintain a ratio between gold and silver. More than once it has attempted to establish the double standard. It is often claimed that we had bimetallism from the establishment of the mint in 1792 to the demonetization of silver in 1873, but our financial history proves that the double standard existed only in law—at no time did it exist in fact. As proof of this statement, it is only necessary to note that twice in less than twenty years did we have to change our coinage laws, the first time reducing the amount of gold in the dollar to keep silver from driving all our goods to other countries, and the second time,

reducing the amount of silver in all coins under the dollar to prevent gold from driving all our silver abroad, even small change for which gold is unsuited.

Let us now trace the history of American coinage. The lesson to be remembered is this: At no time did the legal and commercial ratios between gold and silver coincide, but, during the period when free coinage of both was permitted, only that metal which was over-valued by the government circulated as money, thus verifying the law enunciated by Sir Thomas Gresham in the sixteenth century, that "Bad money always drives out good money."

By the coinage Act of 1792, the ratio between gold and silver was fixed at 1:15, the dollar containing 24.75 grains pure gold or 371.25 grains pure silver, the free and unlimited coinage of both metals being permitted. At that time the ratio between these metals in Europe was 1:15.5. Since gold was under-valued in this country, it ceased to circulate as money, and was sent abroad to purchase silver and other commodities. Thomas H. Benton, Missouri's first and probably her greatest United States Senator, referring to the financial condition of the country at the outbreak of the war of 1812, said, "Gold from being under-valued had ceased to be a currency—had become an article of merchandise and export and was carried to foreign countries." It is clear that this first attempt to realize national bimetallism did not succeed.

Gold commanded a premium and the government had to confess its failure to maintain the parity between the two metals, and by the Act of 1834, the ratio was changed from 1:15 to 1:16, the amount of pure gold in the dollar being reduced from 24.75 grains to 23.2 grains. This changed our par of exchange with London from 4.44 to 4.86, which is conclusive evidence that the government stamp does not determine the value, the purchasing power, of money. The Act of 1837 provided that the silver dollar should weigh 412.5, and the gold dollar 25.8 grains, both nine-tenths fine, that is, 371.25

grains pure silver or 23.22 grains pure gold to the dollar, and there has been no change in the weight of those coins since that time.

By the ratio established in 1834, silver was under-valued and began to go abroad. The increased production of gold, following its discovery in California, caused that metal to decline in value. Measured by gold, the commercial value of silver was now much greater than its legal value. Silver coin commanded a premium in gold and ceased to circulate. The facts prove that this second attempt to realize national bimetallism also failed. Even our fractional silver coin began to be melted and exported. To remedy this, Congress, by the Act of 1853, reduced the weight of the half-dollar from 206.25 to 192 grains, and the smaller coins in proportion, subsidiary coin being made a legal tender only to the amount of five dollars (since changed to ten dollars). By this act the government confessed its inability to maintain the ratio of one to sixteen.

Before 1873 the silver dollar had been virtually demonetized by the laws of trade, the only silver circulating to any extent being subsidiary coin. When the Act of 1873, which dropped the silver dollar from the list of coins, was passed, the bullion in a silver dollar was worth more than a dollar in gold. From 1792 to 1873 only 8,045,838 silver dollars had been coined, and it is estimated that in 1873 not more than 100,000 were in circulation, and most of these were worn down or punched so that their commercial value did not exceed their legal value. After an experience of eighty years, and a costly one it was, national bimetallism was found to be a complete failure, and silver was legally demonetized. Nor was this done without due consideration and secretly, as some would have us believe.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury to Congress in 1870, stated that the bill accompanying it proposed to discontinue the issue of the silver dollar. The coinage act which

finally passed in 1873 was considered during five successive sessions of Congress. It was printed thirteen times by order of that body, distributed to its members, and discussed clause by clause before the final vote was taken making it a law. Nor was the demonetization brought about by the creditor class, for they could not then have foreseen that the output of western mines would soon so increase the quantity of silver as to make it impossible for the existing ratio to be maintained.

The Act of 1873 provided for the coinage of a 420-grain silver "trade dollar." They were made legal tender to the amount of five dollars, but that power was taken from them in 1876. They fluctuated in value from five to twenty-five per cent. until they were finally withdrawn from circulation.

Since silver began to depreciate there have been two classes to urge that its free and unlimited coinage as full legal tender be permitted—the owners of silver mines and the debtor class. It has also been urged that the circulating medium should be increased, considering rather the quantity than the quality of our money. To meet these demands, by the Act of 1878 (the Bland bill), it was provided that the government should purchase at the market rate not less than two nor more than four million dollars worth of silver bullion per month and coin it into standard dollars, that is, dollars weighing 412.5 grains, nine-tenths fine. Under this act, about $30,000,000 were added annually to our currency. By this compulsory act, forty-four times as many silver dollars were coined in twelve years as during the eighty years of free coinage law. The Bland act was repealed by the law of July 14, 1890, the so-called Sherman act. This provided that 4,500,000 ounces of silver should be purchased monthly at the market price, provided it did not exceed our coining rate, which is $1.29 per ounce, the bullion to be paid for in full legal tender treasury notes. It pledged the government to maintain the parity of the two metals with each other at the present legal ratio of one to sixteen, or such ratio as may be desired by law. The purchasing clause of this act was repealed last October.

It is often argued that the Bland and Sherman acts did not prove disastrous to the business interests of the country, and that the free and unlimited coinage of silver would not do so. Those who urge this show a woful ignorance of financial history. Even its limited coinage was gradually driving gold from circulation, and it cannot be doubted that if Congress should pass such a law as silver men desire, gold would at once command a premium and be used in foreign rather than in domestic exchange. We should recognize what economic history proves—that "values are fixed by laws of trade and not by acts of Congress." To-day if a citizen of the United States owes one hundred pounds (£100) in England he can pay the debt by remitting gold sufficient to coin about $486, but if he wishes to pay in silver he must send bullion enough to coin nearly $1,000. In such transactions, with the unlimited coinage of legal tender silver, it requires no special revelation to foretell that it would be gold and not silver which would be driven from this country. Under such conditions, instead of national bimetallism we would soon have silver monometallism.

CHARLES LEE SMITH.

WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE.

Literary Record.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

BY THE "ARBITRATOR."

YEAR I.

FILLED WITH SUNDRY LETTERS OF H. RUSSELL, B. A., CLASS OF '92.

COUNTRYVILLE, N. C., August 27, 1892.

MY DEAR COUSIN LUCY:

I am very anxious that my part of our correspondence should be of some interest to you, but I fear a school-teacher will have no theme that will afford an interesting turn. You

know I appreciate your kindness in agreeing to a correspondence, and also in allowing me to call you "Cousin" instead of "Miss." And because of that very appreciation I am now anxious that I may merit such favors.

He who has no confidant, no friend to whom he can pour out his woes and joys, is poor indeed. The more destitute of events his life may be, the greater necessity to enlarge what there are. The more sterile of thoughts his mind, the greater need of cultivation. And as I look forward to the monotonous routine of teaching, I fear you will find our correspondence very one-sided in its benefits. I trust, though, you will not hesitate to break the compact should you grow tired. Nothing would give me a greater sense of shame than to feel that I was living on charity in any shape. I would rather live alone and keep my every impulse to myself than be endured for pity's sake alone.

* * * * * * *

School commences next Monday. As yet it is an unknown quantity to me. I reached here yesterday and was welcomed heartily. Despite kind treatment, I have felt very lonesome and out of place. If I could see you I feel that I could endure a whole week's existence. I dread the coming year. By reason of age and occupation, I can have no real comrade, and my true companionship will be derived from your letters. If in mine I dwell too much on inward details and give too many of my musings on the "Order of Things," you must charge it to my want of a safety-valve here.

The law of stagnation applies to minds as well as pools of water. There must be an outlet for thoughts, or mental paralysis will result. I have always held him very unfortunate who could not pour out on some forgiving friend his outbreaks of immature reflection. Too much reflection on one idea is like too much cooking. One is apt to be discouraged by the very minute quantity of truth left. The expression of thoughts now, though immature, will prepare for better thoughts and better expression next time.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1892.

* * * Tired, dispirited, worn by the first day's work, your letter came as a message from some merciful angel. I was greatly in need of consolation. Every time I shut my eyes there was held before my inner sight the picture of a small school-room filled with gaping, wondering children, and from every direction would point at me with grasping, skeleton fingers, ghostly members of a motley array of classes, grammar classes, reading classes, spelling, 'rithmetic, all kinds of classes, each fiercely insisting that it should be heard at some particular time. I was the victim of didactic *delirium tremens*, with innocent children for the serpents. As a rule I like children, but I would as soon be turned loose in a menagerie as be put, a perfect stranger, in a school-room, and without any experience be expected to arrange everything correctly.

Children are very impressionable and lastingly so. I believe it possible to win a child's love, and, whatever crimes one may commit in after life, that child grown to man or womanhood, will, in spite of all, still cherish an affection for him. At any rate, it was an experience I shall never have to take again. * * *

NOVEMBER 8, 1892.

* * * There is much of the unreasonable in humanity. Lasting prejudices are often the product of an idle word. Self-appreciation often makes a person obstinate. Then, too, there is in some natures a love of contest, the *gaudium certaminis*. To this is sometimes made to bend even old moss-covered opinions. The proper chemicals mixed will produce a mighty tempest in a test-tube, and some natures are so polarized that when brought into contact they will cause an ebullition of antagonistic sentiments in any field of discussion. There are some people who, without tangible reason, arouse in me feelings of opposition.

Some days ago I met a Baptist preacher who is given to expressing his antipathies very broadly. Neither does he reject the use of abuse. For the sake of argument, I presented the opposite side of a question. It was like goading a wild buffalo, and he made for me stating parenthetically his contempt for such a view. The result was that instead of coming to his side I argued myself out of it.

It would be well for men to remember the old fable of the wind and sun. With free humanity persuasion is far more forceful than aggressive dictation. *Pull* is easier than *push.* It is the mark of statesmanship to make a person think he suggested the desired end. When one believes he is the inventor, in part or whole, he becomes an active friend to the invention. In battle together reason will always conquer ridicule. The use of the latter is a confession of weakness and the weapon of the incapable. Ridicule, whether in politics, religion, or literature, may make bitter enemies, but never a friend.

I believe I have said before that people like to say things even though their thoughts be dry, stale and commonplace. To hear the words come jingling, laughing, weeping, sounding from the pen is a great balm to one's conceit. Most words have their own peculiar rythmical qualities and to these there are certain other complementary words. Most of these combinations have become commonplace, and the discovery of a new one causes a writer some pleasurable pride. True, we often carry too far this love of sound, and yet I believe strongly in the beauty of language. Human nature, with or without reason, demands formal comeliness in language before it will stop to consider merit. Truth, to be appreciated, must have a well fitting harmonious suit of clothes.

NOVEMBER 27, 1892.

* * * To-day I noticed something in the school-room I had not seen before. Over in the corner, written on the

wall with charcoal, in ragged, rough and faulty letters, was this sentence, "I love you."

It put me into a train of curious meditation. That sentence is an epitome of life, past, present and future. With the earthquake's shock it has shattered empires; with siren voice and soothing strains it has drained high ambition and vaulting hopes, and left a life debauched. It is the pain of some, the hope of all, the joy of many. Life without its blushing influence is only a fractional life. As I look at it on the wall it would be so easy to formulate its own history. Doubtless it was written by one old enough to dread the saying, but not old enough to write it well. It is strange that men are so afraid of those three words. One hardly dares to say them to himself. Growing bolder, the young student will write in his Latin book, "*Ego amo te.*" Later he may express it more poetically, "*Zoe mow sas agapo,*" or perhaps use the short sweet expressive "*Je t'aime.*"

But, however written, wherever said, it means the same thing, and in its very conciseness tells a story of heart-throbs and aches. I may find that this "writing on the wall" will liven some of my duller reveries. Do you think so?

Have you ever noticed how careful men are of the verb "love." A woman, in her lightest mood and manner, will use it often, while he will go around the square to find another word to take its place. Perhaps there is reason for this. For a woman to love is only the fulfillment of her being and destiny. For man, means a change in his nature, of his aims and ambitions. A woman's heart is made for two. A man's must be prized open.

MARCH 23, 1893.

* * * Ancient sailors, through fear of Scylla, sometimes encountered Charybdis. Perhaps I, too, am in a like danger. I am more than anxious to please you, and my fear is that I may say something that will displease you. Some-

times it is hard to keep from expressing some thoughts and day-dreams that are continually with me. Then, too, I may do wrong in concealing them. No one but keeps some corner of his heart obscured from public sight. No one but fearful of result, restrains the wording of some thought. The perception of opportunity makes a hero of a man, and success of mediocrity. All men are cowards, more or less, and dread to take the simplest risks. Yet they know that, soon or late, these ventures must be made.

APRIL 3, 1893.

DEAR LUCY:

You ask me not to keep back any of my thoughts, and say I need not fear offending you in that way. I intend, once for all, without reservation to speak the one thing nearest my heart. It doubtles is not what you may have imagined. I am tired of palpitating uncertainty; and, even though I be sadly disappointed, judge it best that it be settled.

Sometime ago I told you of the writing on the wall, and in the same letter spoke of the hesitation with which a man approaches the use of the word "love." It is always hard to say, and especially to a life-long friend. It has been to me, however, a task to keep down my rebellious heart and prevent the utterance of its secret in every letter. I am tired of restraint, and, for good or bad, the realization of hopes or the consummation of fears, I wish to end the uncertainty. Throughout our correspondence you have treated me as an intimate friend, and I have rejoiced in feeling myself thus near to you. It may be an evidence of selfishness that I am not content with so much. Your letters to me have been a source of joy. Their companionship has brightened many a weary hour, and thoughts darkened with present discontent have been made to glow in the furnace of hope. And I *have* hoped, such hopes, of youth, of life, of sweet companionship, hopes that have been the bright attendants of waking hours, the

glowing realities of my dreams. And now to you is left their life or death.

You have known me long. I can offer you naught but a heart devoted, a mind and body ready and willing to endure all for your welfare. Will you accept? Will you begin a new correspondence—not a *friendly* one—or shall it be ended?

APRIL 10, 1893.

COUSIN LUCY:

It seems you were completely dumbfounded by my letter. You should not be surprised at finding one fool in the world who misunderstood kindness for affection, friendship for more. There are doubtless others. At least it is my misfortune, as well as my fault. Suffice it to say that I have a bitter awakening.

Good-bye. HENRY RUSSELL.

A LETTER TO MARSHALL BAKER, M. D. (FUTURUS).

APRIL 13, 1893.

MY DEAR OLD CHUM:

You know of old that I am the creature of my moods. To-night I feel strangely lonesome, restless, and unable to catch a single bright view of the future. Consequently, I am about to inflict on you the results of this feeling. For the sake of "auld lang syne" let me indulge myself, and remember that in so doing I will in part relieve the brain pressure. This is one of the functions of friendship—to be the victim of another's mood. One must have an intimate. Nature is imperative as to its duality. Unity is altogether averse to the divine order of things. Secrets are to hearts as dark, damp air to shining steel. Undivided responsibility is the sword of Damocles, and isolation of thought, aims, and life, the great Promethean vulture of all times. The "blues" come in the absence of a companion congenial to that particular mood. Unless caused by this, they are only a decisive symptom of dyspepsia.

Friendship is touched, not tainted, with selfishness. In the very nature of things you demand of a friend congeniality and comfort. Accommodation to a friend is either the payment of a debt or the making of a loan. Most humanity has "Me" for its unknown motto. I am willing to believe that some live without seeing any element of selfishness in their loves and hates, and it is well they do not see it. A man is apt to be what he thinks other people think he is.

I have some reason to congratulate myself on my work here. The school has grown so large that I will have an assistant next year. Of course this will lighten my work. It is a pleasure to live out here in the country with a people whom "God made." I have lived in town most of my life, and yet my short stay here has eclipsed the beauties of city life. Yet I do not go in for nature much. The human part is the most important. In town a man is cramped and hurried in the race for money and position till he loses his natural breadth of soul. In the country one's mind and heart is kept pure and open by the very expanse of air and space. There I would be only an item in the aggregation of units that make up a town. Here I am a human being, who can think and be thought of. City life tends to partial isolation. There the unmarried man will be gray before thirty-five. I say unmarried advisedly, for a good wife will absolve him from the evil environments of any life.

* * * * * * *

I have lately come to the conclusion that I know nothing of feminine nature. I have judged it too much with a masculine code. The safest thing is to keep hands off unless you are positively sure. I guess I'll be one of the gray-headed bachelors.

PART II.

JUST A POSTCRIPT.

A school-house, newly painted, standing out in the country where the pine trees and the oaks send forever forth the *legato* murmers of a living nature.

"The old place has been greatly changed. New desks, new blackboards, new arrangement. I am glad the faces will not all be new. Well, I declare! yonder's that same old writing on the wall. Why didn't they clean that off while at it? I believe I was something of a fool over that once.

"And here's the room for the new teacher. Wonder what kind of a looking person she is? She comes in to-day I believe, and I'll see her at supper this evening."

Our school-teacher has changed in some respects. He is by no means forlorn. His former infatuation was more of the head than the heart. That frequently happens. When in a young lady's company a young man finds he can talk brilliantly and autocratically, on leaving he says to himself "She's a nice girl," when he really means to say "I'm not such a fool after all." In other words, he falls in love with himself and thinks it someone else. A man truly in love will be chiefly conscious of his defects. The two teachers met. "She's tolerably good-looking. Never liked blue eyes though. Rather small, too."

"He's ugly. Is too stern. Looks like he is obstinate and conceited. Has pretty hair, white teeth, neat pretty scarf. Coat fits well. Black would suit him better than gray. Wears a ring, very pretty ring. I reckon he'll do."

These were their thoughts while he bowed and said "Miss Chase" and she "Mr. Russell."

The school opens well and Miss Chase proves an excellent teacher. He finds himself far happier and scarcely knows how the time disappears. The homeward walks heretofore filled with melancholic musings, are now enlivened by her

presence. Involuntarily he seeks her during his spare moments. He feels himself drifting, nor makes a motion to check the tide. Without caring to know the reason, he inwardly realizes that he is happy, everything is bright, and his work very pleasant. There is in him now a deep undercurrent of steadiness and self-support that betokens the arrival of manhood. No longer does he waste the moments in fruitless reveries. He likes the present too well for that.

Day after day has rapidly passed. The Christmas holidays formed a pretty interlude sparkling with the delightful customs of rural yuletide.

As the school-year draws to a close he begins to reason with himself as to his feeling toward her. A man may argue himself into love but never out of it. He had none of the passionate, heart-burning affection that adorns literature. His feeling was one of trust, respect and, above all, of congenial companionship. Association with her was at all times pleasant.

"Love or no love, I know this much: she is the woman for me, and I don't want any other."

It was the day before the close of school, and the scholars had left the building. He found Miss Chase in her room.

"Miss Lilian, to-morrow will be our last day for awhile. Are you sorry?"

"Well, I believe I am a little bit."

"The past year has been very happy to me. I only wish the next would be so."

"I see no reason why it should not."

"Miss Lilian, I wish to show you something in my room. Perhaps you have seen it. I said the past year had been very, very happy, and now I want to tell you more."

Though softly shaded in its corner, the ragged, short voluminous sentence "I love you" stood out startlingly plain.

He continued, "Indeed it has been a happy year, and there is the reason. This is no sudden conclusion, but has filled my thoughts for many a day. I can add nothing to that one little sentence. It expresses all.

"Shall it keep its lonesome watch, the expression of a single heart, or can you, will you, make it true of two? Trust me, all my heart is in this."

After one swift glance at the wall, she had kept her eyes cast down. Hesitating for a moment, with a sudden, feminine grace, she went to the corner, and taking a crayon wrote under the sentence a single word—"*Ditto.*"

Then she turned, and with a faint, tender, tremulous smile looked at him as shines the April sun.

Soon the crayon, quite forgotten, lay neglected on the floor. Very careless for school-teachers. What did she mean by "Ditto?"

A STUDENT'S ADVENTURE.

Some years ago, while spending my holidays in eastern North Carolina, I met with an adventure that will, perhaps, interest some of the readers of THE STUDENT. The climate of this State is as delightful as any in the South. In summer, the ground is covered with a carpet of variegated flowers, and the balmy air is filled with the refreshing odor of pine-needles and sap. Much of my time was spent in rambling about the woods, enjoying picturesque scenes, and, when tired of all else, lying on the straw, lulled to sweet rest by the soft sighing winds in the tall pines overhead.

Many parts of this section are marked by peculiar depressions, known in geology as "Lime Sinks." The limestone found here belongs to the cretaceous period of the world's formation, and was afterwards covered by a deposit of sand. The limestone, being softer in some places than others, was eroded by the action of water, and allowed the sand to sink down. Many of these sinks are less than five feet deep, while others are as many hundred. The natives regard them with a kind of superstitious awe. They believe that some of the deeper ones have no bottom, and that evil spirits dwell in

their depths. Many are the stories they tell about the strange sights that can be seen there at midnight. Warriors on white steeds rise like shadows from the deep and hurry away into the forest. Bands of Indians, decked in paint and feathers, dance on the banks, and then plunge into the inky waters.

Having heard so much of these remarkable sinks, I set out one day to visit them. They were far in the forest, and the pines about them were so thick that, even at noon, the sun's rays scarcely penetrated the gloom. The larger one of the two was about ninety feet in diameter, and its banks sloped almost perpendicularly to the water thirty feet below. A tangled growth of willows had fastened its roots in the steep sides. The water, catching and reflecting the color of the leafy dome above, had a peculiar green appearance. As I stood listening to the monotonons drip, drip of the little springs which flowed into the sink, my glance was directed towards the opposite side, where, almost hidden by a screen of jasmine vines, I discovered an opening in the face of the steep bank.

A short time after, I set out home, going in the same direction in which the opening in the bank seemed to lead. About three hundred yards from the sink, a man suddenly rose out of the ground. Glancing quickly about, he walked rapidly away. I recognized him as one Peter Silver, a desperate character, and a terror to the whole neighborhood. He had been implicated in many misdeeds, and had once been imprisoned for forgery. Even now it was thought that he and his two sons, Jake and John, were eugaged in the manufacture of illicit whiskey. Their wagon, loaded with casks, had been seen going through the forest at night, but there was no certain proof.

The man's sudden appearance excited my curiosity; and, as soon as he disappeared, I hastened to the place where he first came into view. Nothing to cause the least suspicion was to be seen. All the earth was covered with pine needles,

here and there raised in irregular patches by a low stunted growth of myrtle bushes. I was about to pass on, but a remembrance of the hole in the side of the bank made me examine the ground more closely. All would have gone for naught, had not my foot touched a small stake driven into the ground. The stake came up without any great effort, but as it was coming through the straw, it came in contact with something which gave a slight metallic clink. Removing the straw, I saw a large iron ring. It was fitted to what seemed a square section of earth, but in reality a trap door so nicely covered as to defy detection. By a slight pressure the door was raised on its hinges, disclosing a square aperture, walled in with heavy planks. A ladder securely bolted to one side descended into the darkness. On the other side a block and tackle hung from an iron ring fixed securely in the frame work. All was arranged with much admirable skill and workmanship, showing the builders to be no novices in their art.

My curiosity and thirst for adventure got the better of my prudence, and before taking a single thought, I had climbed into the aperture, pulled the door back to its accustomed place, and commenced the descent. The air was stifling and oppressive, and as I neared the bottom it grew more uncomfortable. The most intense darkness pervaded everything, and I should have been at an utter loss had not my hand touched a lantern hanging on the side of the ladder. By this means I soon had a light, and was enabled to see the things about me. This apartment was walled also, and presented the appearance of a rough bed-room. Several casks, containing some kind of liquid, were ranged round the room; and two large revolvers and a Winchester were hanging on the wall. The wall farthest away from the ladder had a door in it long enough for a man to pass through. Just as I looked in that direction, something made a slight noise. I grasped one of the revolvers and prepared to defend myself. Looking

cautiously about, I saw that the noise had been made by a stick that had fallen from its place by the door, and my courage returned.

The little scare here was not enough to stop me, so out I went through the door. The sides of the passage were rough and projecting. Crickets chirped at my feet, and rats scurried away at my approach. Foot by foot I worked my way along, avoiding the treacherous holes in the floor. As I came round a projecting corner a blinding light filled my eyes.

After some moments, I discovered two black figures moving busily about. Their clothes were torn and sooty; their long, unkempt beards concealed the lower parts of their faces, as did slouch hats the upper, leaving only their noses and glittering black eyes visible. I had never seen them before, but from previous descriptions, there was little difficulty in recognizing them as the sons of Peter Silver.

One of them stirred a large quantity of meal in a great vat, and now and then brought water from a spring near by and poured it over the meal. The other stood at the door of a furnace, and occasionally threw in a stick of wood, shutting the door with a clang, which resounded throughout the cavern. There was a large boiler fitted to the top of the furnace, and over this a shining copper vessel, looking much like an inverted funnel. The small end of this vessel, twisting many times around, passed through a tank of water and finally terminated in a cask placed so as to receive its contents. A liquid was falling from the copper tube with a continuous flow. I had never seen such an apparatus before, but was sure that it was a still of that kind known in the South as "Moonshine." As they worked a continual conversation was kept up.

"Seems to me," said Jake, "that the old 'un has had time to git back here. I don't know what's ter pay no how. He's gwine to git cotched ef he don't look sharp. I heerd that them revenuers was nosin' around these diggins, and fust thing we knows they will have us fast."

"Well," said John, with a grim chuckle, "they han't got us yit, and before they do they'll have a warm time."

My heart beat so violently that I thought the outlaws could hear it. Suppose the father should come back and find me crouched down in the passage. The thought made my blood run cold, and I hurriedly turned to make my way back to the entrance. LAB.

[CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.]

A TRIP TO THE NATURAL BRIDGE AND LURAY CAVERNS.

A drive across Botetourt County to the bridge not made with hands was one of the pleasures of last summer. Though admonished before that the tourist often passes over before he thinks of being near it, I too rode over what I supposed to be a hill, for the span is only ninety feet, and the width is one hundred feet, with trees on either side. One can see on either side that there is a deep hollow, but if one does not go near the edge the trees prevent the view.

The visitor follows a tumbling cascade down to the swift stream of Cedar creek into a dark canon, and a short walk brings him in sight of the great bridge in mid air above him. He passes into the awful hush of its twilight. Birds high in air pass under the blue arch. The story of its building has never been told.

It is at the bottom of the precipice, by the side of the babbling brook underneath this immense arch that we must judge of its astonishing structure. Here rude and shapeless nature, which art attempts in vain, attacks at once the senses and thoughts and excites awe and admiration. At the bottom of the stream there appears no ruins, no trace of violent earthquakes. Here travelers from both worlds have stood and gazed upon this phenomenon of nature. Under it "men look like boys and trees like bushes."

But to return to the top and follow the bridle paths along the cliffs is more romantic. From wild overhanging rocks the bridge and glen can be seen to advantage. Many are cool and delightful places at which one may rest and look below. Here I sighed for the soul and skill of the artist. If the traveler seeks a place where there are no fogs or mosquitoes, gnats or malaria, or seeks in nature the wonderful or the beautiful, sparkling springs, or shady places by still water, or would go to windy hilltops and to wider skies, he may turn his footsteps hither.

Few there are who have the resolution to walk to the edge and look over into the abyss. You are more inclined to creep upon hand and foot. If the view from the top is painful, that from below is delightful. Walking along the glen in cool and shady bower, sublime emotions fill the soul. So beautiful and rich, so lofty, as it were up to heaven! The rapture of the spectator is indescribable. The ravine above and below the bridge is narrow and deep for some distance. It affords a public highway over a valley which could not be crossed elsewhere for a great distance.

Here one hears many traditions of heroism. Some have climbed dizzy heights for notoriety, and inscribed their names that others might know of their coming and going.

It is claimed that Washington, while a surveyor, visited it and carved his name, where it may now be seen. But the writer failed to find it. Clay beautifully wrote of it: "The bridge not made with hands, that spans a river, carries a highway and makes two mountains one."

Excursion to Luray Caverns.—The Y. M. C. A., of Roanoke City, gave an excursion to Virginia's famous underground wonder. The number of excursionists was 800, requiring two trains. The train pulled out from Roanoke at 7 A. M and arrived at Luray, 150 miles distant, at about 1 o'clock, and from that time until after 5 the quaint little town was overrun with men, women and children. Looking to the

east, where up the lucid sky the morning climbs, we passed rapidly through the grand valley of Virginia. A hot sun poured down its rays from a cloudless sky and reflected splendor from two of the lovely rivers of Virginia—the majestic James and the placid Shenandoah. The mountains were blue and imposing, and the beautiful farming lands of this favored garden spot of the Old Dominion were weighted with the varied products of the soil. But I was to tell you of the Caverns of Luray. Wonderful as they are, I am told they have been known but sixteen years. The cavern beggars description. Words are not at my command to express the wonders of these famous subterranean passages.

The visitors are divided into parties of fifties each, and at the word "Ready," we followed our guide down a stairway to nature's depths, where the mind must accustom itself to monstrous shapes, to the silence and weird influence of a subterranean world. The marvels are seen by the light of electric lamps and tallow candles. However hot above the surface, below there is a difference of 26° in temperature. Glittering stalactites, draperies in broad folds and many tints, cascade of snow-white stone, and beyond a back ground of pitchy darkness, greet the eye of the astonished beholder. Fancy is dazed at these novel forms. Around us is a silence that speaks. Awe and reverence possess us as we pass from shadow to shadow and from cavity to cavity until a trip of two miles is taken.

We pass by and see hanging a multitude of fishes—rock fish, black bass and silver perch done up in bunches. We pass into a vast open theatre hundreds of feet in length and breadth, only to reach a yawning chasm many feet in depth. Now and then we see a column lonely and ghost-like. The crystal spring receives its share of admiration. Its crystal bottom sparkles beautifully in the light of our lamps.

The guide leads us down a stairway to Skeleton Gorge, where are imbedded the bones of a human skeleton. The romantic account is that an Indian maiden, crossed in love,

came here to find congenial gloom for her revery. Her neglected torch burning out, she was lost in the darkness, and wandering over the precipice perished.

We now emerge into a vast space known as Giant's Hall. Harmony of soft sweet sounds fall upon the ear from some far-away place. It is the chimes from the organ room. The frozen fountain is beautiful beyond description. In the Saracene's tent we see draperies hanging from the ceiling fifty feet above our heads. Many of these huge draperies have broken off and fallen to the floor. The organ is a dripstone, with long sonorous stalactites, upon which notes may be sounded. The sweet music broke upon the solitude and silence with entrancing effects. The guide struck up "Annie Laurie." The electric jets from lofty ceiling make the formations shine with the lustre of the pearl and the tints of gold.

The true charm of the place is nameless. Its immensity, its mystery, its splendor, its beauty, can only be imagined. There are many beautiful lakes. There is also an abyss to which no bottom has been found, a man having once been let down into it a distance of seventy-five feet, but without finding its bottom. There is one passage of twenty feet in length, in which the ceiling comes down nearly to the floor. It is appropriately named "The Tall Man's Misery." The Mammoth Cave is much larger, but its walls are said to be almost bare; but Luray is ornamented with beautiful formations of every design, giving startling beauty and astonishing variety. Caves are common the world over, but in all the world there are to be found few such beautiful caverns.

But we have seen enough for one day. We are exhausted mentally by the flood of new impressions and emotions. Deferring the wonders yet remaining, we hurry back towards Entrance Hall, and mounting the stairway into the purplish light of day, realizing at length that we have enormous appetites, and are, perhaps, a trifle tired by hours of cave travel.

Jasper Howell, Jr.

QUEENS ARE THEY.

Would you find fair lilies sweet,
  Pure as heaps of drifting snow,
Aphrodite's beauty meet,
  Psyche's powers learn to know?

Would you bow at virtue's shrine,
  Worship all that's true and good,
Find the human and divine,
  Mingled in true womanhood?

Would you seek true heroines,
  Angels in the hour of need,
Glory that the brave heart wins,
  Where of praise there is no meed?

Then the Southland you should know,
  See its treasures rich and rare,
Feel those charms that ever glow
  Round all Southern daughters fair.

L. A. B.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF OF EDITORS.

PROF. C. E. BREWER.....ALUMNI EDITOR.

PHI. SOCIETY.	EU. SOCIETY.
L. A. BEASLEY.....EDITOR.	S. R. BUXTON.....EDITOR.
S. W. OLDHAM.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.	J. L. CORNWELL...ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

J. W. CARLTON.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOS SALUTAMUS.

It is with feelings of dread mingled with pleasure that the staff for the year 1894–'5 greet the readers of THE STUDENT and friends of the College.

Just fourteen years ago the two societies of Wake Forest College passed a joint resolution to establish a college magazine. With just what misgivings the first editors entered upon their duties, we can judge from our own feelings. Beginning, as it did, under any but favorable circumstances, it has manfully survived the darkest days, though at times struggling with difficulties seemingly insurmountable, and today occupies the foremost rank in college journalism—a lasting monument to those who have labored so hard for its advancement.

The editors for the ensuing year are unable to make any promises, yet it is their intention to uphold the high literary standard which THE STUDENT at present holds among other college magazines, and if possible to elevate its tone. Whether we shall be able to carry out our good intentions, depends largely upon the interest manifested in the magazine by the students and alumni. Nothing can so effectually kill any undertaking as indifference, and this applies equally well to THE STUDENT.

Every Alumnus who feels an interest in the welfare of the College aud its magazine, should not only aid it by his subscription, but also by contributing to its columns, and we sincerely hope that all will feel free to write.

While THE STUDENT is, financially, much in arrears, yet with the lively interest which our Business Manager is manifesting, we feel safe in saying that, before the year closes, THE STUDENT will be established on a firm financial basis, and in the future there will be no need for fear as to its success in this direction.

We, as our predecessors have done, would urge all students to patronize, so far as may be possible, only those who advertise in the STUDENT. Is it anything but right that we should patronize those who aid us?

Just what we shall be able to accomplish, the future alone can reveal, yet we are sure that, with the co-operation of the students and Alumni, the high standard which has been secured through the untiring efforts of our predecessors will not suffer at our hands. S. R. B.

THE IMPORTANCE OF READING.

In this age of scientific investigation, progress and national development, no young man, making the slightest claim to intelligence, can afford to be ignorant of current events. Not to keep abreast with the thought of the period, not to study present social and economic conditions, is to show one's self incapable of thought and unfit to exercise the rights and perform the functions of American citizenship. Our country is such as to allow the widest range for the employment of thought, the greatest field for the development of individuality, and the most unbounded opportunity for the exercise of the highest faculties of the being. The youth of to-day will be the man of to-morrow, and it is his duty to prepare for that responsibility.

The question might be asked, "What would you read?" Read politics, science, current literature, everything; study social development; keep in touch with the best thought and

writers of the day. Many good people object to politics because, at the present time, there is so much corruption in political methods. The fact that there is corruption, is sufficient reason why good men should take an active interest in politics. They cannot bring about a Utopia; but by good influence they can make things infinitely better. The first step in this is to become well informed concerning political issues and political history. Reading of this kind has an ineffable charm that no other reading possesses. It gives a clear insight into the character of men, enables one to analyze purposes and motives, develops the sense of perception, matures the judgment, gives influence in the forming of opinions, and keeps one on the *qui vive* for the next movement on the political stage.

Social and economic studies go hand in hand in politics. It will be a good while before the labor question is settled for good. Tariff has been a political foot-ball since the foundation of the republic, and finance is hardly less perplexing and misleading. Amidst the wranglings of factions and party leaders, the mad rush for office and pelf, the propagation of chimerical schemes and dissemination of anarchic principles, the malignant perversion of truth, it is absolutely necessary that there should be some who can view facts in the dry light of reason.

A young man should make himself acquainted with current literature because of its elevating and refining influence. It is true that much of the literature of the present is trashy, much of it is unnatural and clothed in lurid light, but there is enough of the good, noble and pure to show that the wail of the pessimist goes for naught. There are many books as traitorous and untruthful as Cable's, as senseless as Haggard's, as unnatural as "The Heavenly Twins." Preponderating these, are the works of Stephenson, Du Marier, Black, Besant, MacDonald, Blackmore, Mrs. Ward, Miss Murfree, and a host of others who know how to write charming and decent books.

L. A. B.

PRESENT OPPORTUNITIES.

How often has it been the case that young men have spent their youthful days in riotous living, never dreaming that they will soon have to face the realities of life and regret the error of their way before they have even entered upon the duties of manhood. Now, it is not my object in this paper to give advice, but simply to call attention to the necessity of usefully employing the present advantages.

Many a young man comes to college expecting not to cultivate the little spark of manhood placed in his bosom by his mother, but to spend a little season of pleasure beyond the reach of her watchful eye; not to learn the deep questions of a useful life, but to acquire a few disconnected morsels of knowledge, and to deceive the world by his false dignity and learned appearance.

It is not the object of the institution to turn out such men, but to turn out such as are able to sustain the reputation of their "Alma Mater." Already is a month of the present scholastic year gone, and with it many unimproved opportunities. The golden days of college opportunies are too precious to lose. If we would make this one of the most satisfactory sessions in the history of the college, now is a good time to begin in earnest the work that our hands find to do.

Every good has its evil, every advantage its disadvantage, and it may be under many difficulties that a good year's work is accomplished. But notwithstanding these probable disadvantages, let us all so unite in performing the duties of this session that in days to come we can look back upon this year's work, and with much pleasure realize the truth of the lines:

> "The present joys of life we doubly taste
> By looking back with pleasure on the past."

J. L. C.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

L. A. BEASLEY, Editor.

JAPAN of to-day shines as the brightest star in the eastern firmament. In her struggle with China for the supremacy in Corea, she has the sympathy of every disinterested, enlightened nation on the globe. Every nation, with the exception of Russia and England, rejoices to know of her success; for they see in this "survival of the fittest" a continuation of that progressive civilization which has characterized Japan for the last thirty years. The recent victories will give a mighty stimulus to the growth of new ideas and the dissemination of new learning.

Unlike the prejudiced, conceited Celestial, Japan has been willing to investigate and learn. She has adopted new arms, modern warships, railroads, telegraphs, postal systems, and a constitution somewhat similar to our own. Japan possesses all that is modern in the Orient; and had China been victorious, the cause of civilization would have been set back three hundred years. Almost a death-stroke would have been given to the cause of missions. As it is, Christianity now has the chance to achieve its noblest triumph; higher statesmanship can exert its best influence. All that is good in America and Europe will find its way to the East; a new nation will rise upon the ruins of the old, and once more place the Orient among the leaders of the world. Japan deserves our support and encouragement, and is worthy of being treated as an equal by every enlightened nation on the earth.

NO OTHER section has been confronted with so many difficulties as has the South, and no other section has shown itself more capable of dealing with them. Even in colonial

days the men of the South displayed such wisdom in the art of government, evinced such zeal in the discharge of duty, such aptitude in solving perplexing questions, as to elicit the praise of one of the greatest historians of the age. Despite the unkind words of Mr. Hewitt, of New York, and other defamers of the same kind, the South yet has statesmen and ample capacity for the regulation of her own affairs. Her laws and machinery of government are as good as those of any other section; and it is an insult that a disreputable, irresponsible tramp committee, incited by the malicious falsehoods of a negro woman, should come to investigate Southern lynching. Ostrich-like, John Bull's sentimental simpletons have hidden their heads beneath the foul mud of slander, and persistently refuse to hear the truth, though sounded in thunder-tones. Governor Northern's patriotic letter on the subject, and Gov. O'Farrell's just rebuke to the convention of negro editors in Richmond, were both timely and to the point. Those letters expressed the sentiments of every Southern heart. We deplore the fact that there is lawlessness of any kind in the South, and do not seek to make any excuse for it. What the South objects to is the tirade of abuse heaped upon her, the misrepresentations from sections where there is, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, ten times more lawlessness. It comes with bad grace from a Northern editor to pity a fiend who has met summary justice at the hands of a Southern mob, and then to say nothing of one who has met a like fate nearer home.

Each section has all it can do to keep its own affairs straight. The North would do well to stamp out vice at home, alleviate the miseries of her suffering thousands, and get control of her anarchistic population. England had best pull the beam out of her own eye before she hunts the mote in ours.

THE tariff bill passed in August by our national lawmakers, is disappointing, not only to themselves, but also to the vast majority of their constituents throughout the Union. When it came to the hands of the President, there was much speculation as to what disposition he would make of it. Many of his staunchest supporters thought him between Scylla and Charybdis, and the Republicans began to rejoice that he was at last in a dilemma. With that practical, hard, common sense which has characterized him as an advocate of tariff reform, he let the bill pass without his signature, and wrote a ringing letter to Congressman Cutchings denouncing the traitors who had betrayed their trusts and violated their obligations, declaring anew his position in the front rank of tariff reformers, and sounding the keynote for the Democratic speakers in the coming campaign.

The tariff bill, though mutilated, patched and doctored by a ring of corrupt Senators, though making great concessions to the gigantic Sugar Trust, is far better than the infamous and disgraceful McKinley bill. If there is no more woolen goods imported this year than last, one hundred and sixty-three million dollars will have been saved to consumers on that schedule alone. Many other necessities have been reduced forty to fifty per cent. The greatest blot upon it is the tax on sugar; here the new bill is even worse than McKinley's. Senators Gorman, Camden and Smith entered into a conspiracy with the Trust, by which it might form a copartnership with the United States to rob the people. The treasury gets forty million dollars, and the Trust gets more than that for its share of the spoils. The income tax is a good measure, and is popular with all sections, except the East.

With all the bill's imperfections, this is the first step that has been taken in the direction of reform in thirty years. Already its influence is beginning to be felt in the restoration of confidence, the brightening of trade prospects, and the increase of manufacturing enterprises. Wool, despite the

fact that it is on the free list, and the absurd theories with which the Republicans have fooled the farmer, is rising in price. The people cannot be fooled all the time, and having once got a taste of the benefits of low tariff, they will rise in one mighty body and bring about that desideratum of every true Democrat, a tariff for revenue only.

LITERARY NOTES.

J. L. CORNWELL, Editor.

A VERY interesting addition to the works of fiction is "Trilby: a Novel," by George du Maurier.

A REVIEWER in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that Mr. Meredith's "'Lord Ormant and his Aminta,' is a novel, or perhaps one should say romance, for which the lover of literature will do well to put up his hands, and, in the words of the old grace, 'be truly thankful.'"

THE LIBRARY of Congress will soon be noteworthy, not only on account of its being the largest of all our libraries, but as occupying the most expensive and elaborate building ever erected solely for library purposes. This building is to cost $6,000,000. Its capacity will be at least five millions of volumes when the full number of stacks have been erected.

"SEVEN LITTLE AUSTRALIANS" have their story told by Ethel S. Turner, in a pleasant, easy way, without moralizing. These young seven are not model children by any means, but get into scrapes and out of them in the most everyday sort of ways. There is plenty of fun and some pathos, and many beyond the juvenvile class will find it interesting.

IT IS a singular fact that the five greatest libraries in the United States belong to the five different classes. They are the Congressional, a government library; the Boston Public,

a typical free public library; the Harvard University, which would be classified as a college library; the Astor, belonging to the class of endowed reference libraries, and the Mercantile, of New York City, an association library.

THE OLDEST book in the world, according to a writer in the London *Literary World*, is the "Prisse" Papyrus. The title is "Precepts of Ptah-hotep, Viceroy of Assa, King of the South and North." This work, written about 3550 B. C., comprises sixteen pages, and is divided into forty-four chapters. It consists of rules how to govern justly and wisely. Ptah-hotep uses sixteen times the name of "God" in his work, and always in the singular. His concluding words are: "I am now one hundred and ten years old, and have written this book myself, from beginning to end."

A VALUABLE addition to the stock of literature which treats of the races of the world and their prospects is "Problems of the Far East," by the Hon. George N. Curton. This sumptuous volume will meet a keen appreciation from many people because of the current entanglement in Eastern affairs. It is difficult for Western people to form a true conception of Japan, China and Corea from the comparatively few members of those nationalities within our limits. The author has been through the countries mentioned on two prolonged journeys, and has had great facilities for discerning their true condition.

ACCORDING TO the changes of each scholastic year, a new editor has taken charge of this department of THE STUDENT. This fact, and the additional one that this department is but little read, gives the writer license and courage to say what it will or will not contain during the incoming year.

The term "literary" has such a broad significance, that it has for some time puzzled the writer to know just what ought to come under this heading. Nevertheless, it will not be devoted to uncalled for criticism; nor shall the reader's

mind be burdened with long lists of the productions of unimportant authors, but a brief mention will be made only of such new books, productions, and literary proceedings as are likely to be most interesting and instructive.

CELIA THAXTER, author of "Among the Isles of Shoals," "An Island Garden," and many other valuable and interesting works, died suddenly on August 26. In a private letter she writes the following regarding Whittier: "It is a difficult task to choose among Whittier's poems those which I like best, there are so many that have become part of my life, so many that appeal with resistless force to every thoughtful soul. I have always regarded him as New England's lyric poet, essentially an outgrowth of her soil and rich with all her nature's picturesque and peculiar charm, appealing to the hearts of the people with a directness which does not fail to reach the lowliest as well as the most cultivated. Our other famous poets are differently great, it seems to me, stars of the same magnitude, doubtless, but of different color, and the high pure light of Whittier's genius looms clear and stands alone with an immortal beauty of its own, belonging to the things which are eternal. He is a power for good in his own land and in the world, a landmark up to which all struggling souls may look and gather fresh courage to climb. How many instances I recall in which I have seen his beautiful words comforting the weariness of age, and inspiring with all fine and noble impulses the fiery heart of youth! Truly, I know of no one who has been so universally revered and beloved since the world began. His very name is a symbol of truth and unflinching integrity, and the good he has done us all comes back to him in the sweetness of the blessings his friends and his country bring to him with the homage of their admiration."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

S. W. OLDHAM, Editor.

—'42–'3. Resolutions of respect in the *Biblical Recorder* of September 19, bear testimony to the life and works of Rev. John C. Wilson, who died July 1, 1894.

—The Democracy of the Fourth Congressional District has done itself credit in nominating Hon. Charles M. Cooke, of Franklin County, for the House of Representatives. Mr. Cooke was a student at Wake Forest '60–'61.

—'66–'7. Mr. P. M. Rowland owns and controls the National Steam Laundry and Bottle Works in Tyler, Texas.

—'66–'7. H. H. Rowland, formerly of this State, is President of the First National Bank of Tyler, Texas. He is also one of the directors of the Tyler Car and Lumber Company, a stockholder and director of the Tyler Coffin Factory, president of the Pyrene Medicine Company, owns a rolling mill there, president of the Tyler Building and Loan Association, president of the Tyler Southeastern Railway Company, and is one of the directors of the Texas Consolidated Compress and Manufacturers' Association.

—'72. Rev. C. H. Martin has been nominated for Congress in his district by the Populist party.

—James L. Webb, Esq., of Shelby, who was a student here in '73 and '74, is the Democratic nominee for Solicitor in the Eleventh district.

—'76. At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Institution for the Blind, Mr. B. F. Montague was unanimously elected chairman, an honor and trust deservedly conferred. Mr. Montague is a very hard and enthusiastic worker for the improvement of the Institution. He has spent much valuable time and thought on the work. It was at his in-

stance that more than three thousand letters were written during the summer, endeavoring to reach every blind child in the State. As a result they will have one hundred new pupils when the Institution opens, October 3.—*News and Observer*, *Sept. 14*, *'94*.

—'78. W. E. Daniel, Esq., of Weldon, is the Democratic nominee for Solicitor in his judicial district.

—'80. Mr. William H. Ragsdale is Superintendent of Education for the county of Pitt. We have lately received the warmest testimonial as to the respect and esteem which he has won as an efficient citizen and church worker.

—'84. Rev. W. S. Royall, of Nebraska, Va., is contributing to the *Religious Herald* an extended and valuable series of articles on hymns and hymn-writers.

—'85. Dr. A. T. Robertson, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, is a frequent contributor to the religious journals. He has been discussing lately in the *Religious Herald* one aspect of the "Woman Question." In *The Examiner* of September 5 the leading article was contributed by him. It was an elaborate comparison of the views of eminent Bible scholars of this country with those of a famous German theologian and critic.

—'87. E. J. Justice, lawyer, at Marion, N. C., has been nominated by the Democrats of McDowell County for the State Senate.

—'87. James M. Brinson, Esq., of Colorado Springs, has received the nomination of the Colorado Democrats for the responsible position of Attorney General.

—'89. Mr. W. C. Dowd, editor of the *Mecklenburg Times*, has been nominated State Senator by the Democrats of his district.

—'89. Henry M. Shaw, Esq., of Oxford, appears in the Faculty of Horner School as Lecturer and Instructor in Commercial Law.

—'89. Mr. Fred L. Merritt was appointed associate editor of the *News and Observer* by the new company controlling that paper.

—J. E. Fowler, '89–'91, R. L. Burns, '91, Z. B. Saunders, '89–'91, and S. Welch, '92, have just been granted license to practice law.

'90. George W. Ward, Esq., of Elizabeth City, is nominated for the Senate in the First North Carolina Senatorial District.

—'91. R. B. White is principal of a flourishing academy in Franklinton, N. C.

—'91. W. M. Gilmore, having completed his work at the Seminary at Louisville, has accepted a call to the Third Baptist Church of Durham, N. C.

—'92. J. G. Mills is principal of the male academy in Franklin, Va.

—'92. Rev. S. J. Porter, missionary to Brazil, is expected in this country soon, being compelled to return, for the time, by the illness of Mrs. Porter.

—'92. Rev. John A. Wray has begun his work as pastor of the Broad Street Baptist Church, Winston, with the most favorable prospects. His people are greatly pleased.

—'92. Mr. E. Vernon Howell, of Rocky Mount, read a paper on "A Peculiar Principle in Gentian" before the Pharmaceutical Association in session in Asheville, September 3.

—'92. Robert Lide is reading law at his home in Orangeburg, S. C. Mr. Lide has not yet applied for license, but we hear that he has already shown marked evidence of becoming an able lawyer.

—'93. A. M. Yates is principal of the academy at Winton, N. C.

—'94. J. E. Yates is teaching near Auburn, N. C.

—'94. W. L. Foushee is teaching in Roxboro, N. C.

—'94. R. F. Beasley is editor of the *Monroe Journal.*

—'94. M. O. Carpenter is principal of the academy at Reynoldson, N. C.

—J. D. Robertson, '94, W. H. Sledge, '94, and W. H. Reddish, '90–'94, will attend the S. B. T. S. at Louisville, Ky.

—'94. Walters Durham has been chosen director of gymnasium at Wake Forest. It would be hard to find a man better fitted for the place.

—'94. Mr. Charles E. Taylor, Jr., has accepted a position in the office of the Vice-President of the Southern Railway Company at Washington, D. C.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

S. R. BUXTON, Editor.

202 STUDENTS on roll up to date.

MISS LOLLIE LEWIS, a charming young lady of Goldsboro, has been visiting the family of Prof. Mills.

HER MANY friends were glad to see Miss Hannah Scott, of Franklinton, on the Hill for a few days.

AT A MEETING of the Junior Class Mr. W. G. Briggs was elected President, and Mr. W. P. Exum, Jr., Secretary.

MISS MINNIE GWALTNEY left a few weeks since for Moravian Falls, N. C., where she intends spending the winter.

AT A RECENT meeting of the Athletic Association Mr. I. M. Meekins was elected as Business Manager of the baseball team.

MISSES FANNIE POWERS and Mary Purefoy left about the first of September to attend school in Murfreesboro and Oxford respectively.

THE SOPHOMORE Class elected Mr. Roy Hobgood as their President, Mr. J. L. Foushee Vice-President, and Mr. C. P. Rogers Secretary.

MR. HARRY N. WALTERS, formerly a student of Wake Forest College, left a few days since for Baltimore to begin the study of dentistry.

MR. J. W. CARLTON has been elected to fill the unexpired term of Mr. W. B. Stokely as Business Manager of THE STUDENT. A good selection.

ON SEPTEMBER ---- Mr. A. J. Davis, of Wake Forest, was married to Miss Lizzie Hamilton, of Baltimore. THE STUDENT extends congratulations.

WE WERE glad to see Mr. E. Y. Webb on the Hill a few days since. He is now practicing law in Shelby, N. C. THE STUDENT wishes him much success.

MR. S. P. HOLDING ('91) left sometime since for Bellevue Medical College. Mr. Holding made a fine record while here, and we predict for him a bright future.

AMONG THE old students who have paid us short visits during the past month are: Messrs. T. H. Crudup, J. C. Howard, C. M. Billings, W. H. Sledge, D. Boyd Kimball and W. B. Daniel.

A SYSTEM of water-works, which for so long a time has been almost a necessity, is now nearing completion. It will be a great convenience to all students, but especially to those who room in the College building.

PROFESSOR JOHNSON, who is noted wherever he is known for his kindness and generosity, recently invited the Senior Class into his grape vineyard, and it is unnecessary to say that they did full justice to the elegant fruit.

THE DEPARTMENT of Physical Culture is under the management of Mr. W. Durham ('94) this year. The interest and enthusiasm which is even now being manifested in his department assures us of the success he will win.

IT IS generally conceded that we are to have no foot-ball here this year. Unusual interest, however, is being manifested by all classes in base-ball. The prospects for a team are very bright, and we hope to have even a better one than we did last year.

THE SENIOR CLASS, which numbers twenty-one, has organized, and the following officers and representatives for Class Day next commencement were elected: President, F. E. Parham; Secretary, H. W. Early; Orator, J. H. Kerr; Prophet, W. J. Christian; Poet, W. C. Newton; Historian, S. R. Buxton.

WE HAVE been asked to publish the following "diagnosis" of the Freshman class: Lazy Man, Baldwin; Conceited Man, Hobgood; Ungainly Youth, Upchurch; Handsome Man (?), Billings; Sport, Cooke; Borer, Durham, B.: Cheeky Man, Kellinger; Greenest Man, "Texas" Harris; Wise Man, Massey ; All Smiles, Eagles.

LAST SPRING Mr. B. F. Montague, of Raleigh, made the college a present of a number of plants of "Boston Ivy." They were set out, and in spite of some injury by the famous frost of March 26, a number of them have made remarkable progress up the walls, notably of the Library Building and Lea Laboratory. The ivy will greatly beautify our buildings.

THE SAD intelligence of the death of Prof. J. C. Maske cast an unspeakable sorrow over the town and community. He was much beloved by all who knew him, and his loss seems to us now irreparable, yet we cannot but feel that God in His wisdom, knows best. Professor Maske was ever faithful to the interests of the college, and it will be difficult to find one who can fill just the position he held.

PROF. E. W. SIKES, who for the past three years has so ably filled the position as Assistant Professor in Political Science, and also as Director of Physical Culture, left a few days since for Johns Hopkins University, where he intends contin-

uing his studies in political science. It is with regret that we part with Prof. Sikes. During his stay here, both as student and professor, we all learned to love and respect him.

ON THURSDAY evening, September 20, quite an enjoyable sociable was given at the Holding Hotel in honor of the departure of Mr. S. P. Holding. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, nearly all the fair sex of the Hill were present. After elegant refreshments had been served, the time was spent in conversation and in having a "general good time." Singing by Misses Powell and Walters added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

AT A RECENT meeting of the Faculty (concurrent with the Executive Committee) the study of law was allowed to count in the requirements for the degrees. In only a few institutions is this the case. Dr. Taylor was relieved of all duties for the session ('94–'95) and will work for the college. Professor Poteat was elected Chairman of the Faculty, and Professor Brewer assistant. In the absence of Dr. Taylor, Professor Lanneau teaches the class in moral philosophy.

PROF. J. H. GORRELL has been elected to fill the chair of Modern Languages. The Trustees were especially fortunate in making this selection. He has already won the esteem and respect of all who know him by his scholarly attainments and his bearing as a Christian gentleman. We quote the following from the *Biblical Recorder:*

"General Lee, of Washington and Lee University, gives him the highest commendations. The Professors of Johns Hopkins University, where he took his Ph. D. degree in June, speak in the highest terms of his scholarship and character. Professor Gorrell took the Bachelor degree at Washington and Lee in 1888, and Master's degree in 1890. In 1885 he was awarded the "University Scholarship in Greek." In 1887 he won the New Shakespeare Society prize. In 1888 he received the Young Scholarship as the highest proficient in moral philosophy. In 1889 he received the Early English Society's

prize and the medal (Robinson) of Philosophy and Literature. In 1890 he was awarded the Cincinnatti Oration and Mapleson Scholarship. His career at Johns Hopkins has been equally brilliant. Few men of his age in the South, or elsewhere, have made such a brilliant record."

A VERY enjoyable musical recital was given in the College chapel September 13 by the ladies of the Hill to the new students. The rostrum, which was tastefully decorated, presented a cozy appearance. Every one present pronounced the programme a grand success, and their appreciation was shown by the frequent encores. The recitation by Miss Bessie Rogers deserves special mention.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Hark! 'Tis the Indian Drum ..... (Quatet).
Misses Simmons, Allen, Gwaltney, Walters.
2. Concert—Stück ..... (Instrumental Solo).
Miss Allen.
3. Daisy's Faith ..... (Recitation).
Miss Bessie Rogers.
4. Tell Me, Do You Love Me? ..... (Vocal Solo).
Miss Simmons.
5. Recollections of Home ..... (Instrumental Solo).
Miss Lanneau.
6. When the Stars are Shining ..... (Vocal Solo).
Miss Gwaltney.
7. Cheerfulness ..... (Vocal Duet).
Misses Simmons and Allen.

PART II.

1. Chorus.
2. Il Trovatore ..... (Violin Solo).
Mr. Butner.
3. Last Night ..... (Vocal Solo).
Miss Powell.
4. Chopin's 12th Nocturne ..... (Instrumental Solo).
Miss Allen.
5. When Ye Gang awa', Jamie ..... (Vocal Duet).
Miss Walters and Mr. Daniel.
6. Serenade ..... (Vocal Solo, with Violin Obligato).
Miss Simmons.
7. When the Evening Shades are Falling ..... (Duet).
Mrs. Poteat and Miss Allen.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE PROFESSOR J. C. MASKE, ADOPTED BY THE EUZELIAN SOCIETY OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

It is with profound sorrow that we chronicle the death of Prof. James C. Maske, which occurred at the home of Mr. F. M. Purefoy, Wake Forest, N. C., Monday, September 17, 1894.

Professor Maske was for several years an active member of the Euzelian Society, and for the past three sessions an instructor in Latin and Greek at Wake Forest College. He was peculiarly adapted in education, and what is more important still, in christian character and loving disposition, for the position he so ably filled. His life was one continual, unrelenting, heroic struggle for an education, and so every boy in college, no matter how obscure his parents, or in what extreme penury he was situated, knew that he could go to Professor Maske with all his difficulties and receive genuine heartfelt sympathy.

His beautiful character was clothed in a naturally modest and retiring disposition, but as acquaintance grew the love and respect for him steadily increased. It was only by his most intimate friends that he could be appreciated. It is truly remarkable to find one having a disposition as tender and sympathetic as the kindest of mothers, coupled with a manly honesty and integrity as uncompromising as justice itself.

Every student on entering any of his classes was immediately impressed with his painstaking and careful exactness. No college duty was too small to merit his attention. Indeed, his indefatigable industry and precise truthfulness became proverbial among the students. A word of praise was as opposite to flattery as truth can be to a lie, and it became to the fortunate boy who received it an incentive to harder labor.

We are permitted to know the struggles of his youth; we were beginning to see the first bright rays of the dawn of his manhood, and then God, in His infinite wisdom, for some mysterious reason, gathered him up to ripen in eternity. Oh! how glorious to contemplate what would have been the maturity and the full development of a life founded upon such a strong rock, a faith in God and devotion to principle! Truly in the death of Professor Maske we have sustained an irreparable loss; therefore be it

Resolved, *first*, That in the death of Professor Maske we not only have lost a wise teacher, the Society a loyal member, the college a strong supporter, but each and every student realizes that he has been deprived of a personal friend.

Resolved, *second*, That we extend to his mother, brothers, sisters and other relations, our most sincere sympathy and commend them to the same loving Master whom our departed friend so faithfully served.

Resolved, *third*, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, a copy sent to Professor Maske's mother, and one to the *Biblical Recorder* and WAKE FOREST STUDENT for publication.

W. H. DAVIS,
W. G. BRIGGS, } *Committee.*
S. R. BUXTON.

September 22, 1894.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE PHYSICAL NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

The current articles in the *Century* by Mr. Sloane will attract renewed attention to the great Emperor. He has been viewed from every standpoint except an unbiased and impartial one. Possibly the time has come when that can be done.

His phenomenal intellectual capacity is admitted on all hands. Small attention has been directed, however, to his physical development, which alone enabled him to bear the fatigues and labors necessary to such a career. In truth it was no less wonderful than his mental characteristics. He had "a frame of adamant," as well as "a soul of fire." His labors would have worn out physically half a dozen ordinary men. He was insensible to heat or cold or fatigue. Attention has been called to the great capacity of his skull, but another physiological fact, which probably had a most important bearing on his success, has passed almost unnoticed. His normal pulse, or heart-beat, was only *40 to the minute.* Doubtless this had a direct influence in enabling him to stand fatigue, and to think coolly under the pressure of the most exciting circumstances. It was noted that he rarely perspired. Toiling along under the summer's sun through the desert in the Egyptian campaign, not a drop of perspiration was seen on his brow. Physiologists, perhaps, may be able to determine other effects upon his physical and mental activity from this abnormal slowness of circulation. His chest measurement was as phenomenal as that of his skull. Both were

extraordinary for a man of his height. He wore a No. 8 hat, and his scalp was so tender that the hat had to be always very soft and padded.

By the way, his height has been stated differently as 5 feet 2 inches and 5 feet 6 inches. The truth is, both are correct, for 5 feet 2 inches French measurement is exactly 5 feet 6 inches English measurement. A forgetfulness of this has caused the apparent conflict of statement.

His marvelous good health was an indispensable factor in his success. It was noted by his teachers at school. It did not fail him once in his long and eventful career till the day after the battle of Dresden in 1813, when a few hours indisposition saved the defeated allied army, and probably cost him his empire. His physical deterioration lost him the Waterloo campaign. His mind was as bright as ever. His planning was never better, but there was lack of vigor in execution. The physical man which had aided in so many successes was wanting to him.

WALTER CLARK.

Raleigh, N. C.

THE SEA IN OLD ENGLISH POETRY.

It is with the hope of awakening some general interest in the stirring poetry of our heathen forefathers that the following attempt has been made to set forth briefly one feature of our Anglo-Saxon literature. The earliest literary monuments of our people are these spontaneous outbursts of song, which reflect the national life more faithfully than in any other period. It was a right free and reckless existence led by these men of old. Living on the restless shores of the German Ocean or on the inhospitable heaths of Northumberland, they varied the monotony of life by the stern combats of war or by the no less fearful conflicts with the mighty deep. Hence the free air of the sea and the fresh, salty breezes of

the ocean breathe more joyously throughout the poetry of the Anglo-Saxons than in the similar productions of any other Germanic people. This peculiarity is to be found in all the writings of our ancestors; the aged monk, secluded in his cloister, writes chapter after chapter of the dullest of prose. Some feature of the sea chances, however, to be mentioned in his dreary recital, and instantly the page is aglow with the spirit of his forefather, who followed the path of the whales and sported with the sea-mews on the yellow waves.

It must be borne in mind that the most characteristic trait of this poetry consisted in an indefinite amount of repetition of the same object under an infinite number of names. In the variety of names which he gives to the sea alone the poet indulges his fancy to the extreme; he calls it the mere, the mover, the lake, the ocean, the sound, the rounded height, the high wave, the lofty creature, the swimming-spot, the ridged water, the agile one, the floater, the journeyer, the dashing waters, the fountain, the billow, the wave, the wier, the flood, the stream, the wanderer, the wading-place, the wealth of oars, the monster stream, the ocean-way, the sea-path, the whale-road, the wave-journey, the fishes' bath, the kingdom of the floods, the dominion of the billows, the helmet of waters, the covering of immensity. There is a strong tendency to personification—the assembly of waves, the clashing of billows, the conflict of waters, the rushing of floods; "the mad wave is raging" is the vivid description of a storm. Applications of the common objects of sight on shore are frequent, as the foamy field, the fortress of ocean, the cup of billows. Synecdochical expressions abound—the sea is called the surge, the beach, the bay, the gulf, the ebbing and flowing tide.

Of the epithets applied to old ocean the name is legion; for this purpose the poet opens wide the flood-gates of his imagination and almost burdens us with his wealth of description. To him the briny deep was broad, foaming, chilly, wintry cold,

rough, gray, dark-under-the-clouds, fallow, salty, bright, glittering, deep, swart, gloomy, rolling, greedy, destroying, &c. Alliteration was a common feature in these descriptions. The floating flood, the broad brim, the swart sea-stream, the rough rager, the moody mere-wave, the bloody billows, &c.

The beach, as the common resort of the sailor, was likewise honored with many names; it was called the ground of the sea, the brink of ocean, the pebbly spot, the sandy waste, the home of the sea-grass, the edge of the waves, the casting up of the mere, the landing of the floods, the ending of the sea, the resting-place of the waters, the harbor of the tide. The high and rugged banks of the Northumberland coast find fitting description as the sea-wall, the burg, the ocean covering, the wave-cliff, the mountain of the floods.

To the imagination of our ancestors the ocean was peopled with innumerable and indescribable monsters. As the lonely wanderer plied his boat in the dead hours of night, the terrors of the deep filled the waves with the most fearful creatures. The one most frequently mentioned is the whale; he is represented as seizing and devouring the seamen; the sea is his path, his road-way. Frequent mention is also made of the salmon, the gull, the gannet, the swan, the sea-swallow, the eagle, the ocean-drake—greedy and fearful. Among the fabulous animals we find the serpent, the ocean-worm, the nicor, the sea-monster, the wave-giants, the elves, the wild beast of the floods. These are greedy and savage, the terror of seafarers. Beowulf boasts:

> "I conquered the race of the sea-giants and on the wave slew
> The Nicors of the Night, suffered dire hardships."

The ships were usually of two kinds, the "nailed board" and the "encircled wood." To his faithful carrier over the wave the Anglo-Saxon testifies his heartfelt love and devotion; he calls it his winsome wood, his floater, his ocean traverser, his wave-farer, his far-goer, his keel, his flood-board, his sea-

boat, his broad hulled craft, his wide-fathomed house, his high prowed vessel, his foamy necked beast. As the warrior mounts his charger, so the brave seaman proudly ascends his "ocean steed," his "sea-horse." He dwells for weeks and months in this, his mere-house, his billow-board, his ringed habitation, his dwelling among the waves. In the midst of the storm the boat is described as raging and foaming.

The sailor also possesses a full share of names; he is called the seaman, the ocean hero, the wave-goer, the fighter with the floods, the sea traverser, the wave-robber, the viking, the billow-breaker, the ocean-dweller, the wave-swimmer, the ship.rover, the flood-warrior, the mere-farer, the sea-bold one, the wave-watcher, &c.

Picturesque is the description of the voyage, attended by dangers and made fearful by the ever-present tempest. The dangers of the deep are ventured upon with joy. The expedition is called "making the ocean journey," "seeking the waves," "climbing up the waters," "driving the sea-wood." The ship rides at anchor.

> "The floater still bided
> The sea-moody creature, the wide fathomed boat
> At anchor fast."

It is laden with treasures, ("he bare on the bosom of the boat the bright jewels") or with horses, or, if a war-boat, with battle equipments. On the journey no mention is made of sails, though these are common enough in Old Saxon and Old Norse poetry.

> "Fared over the face of the waves, wafted by the wind,
> The foamy-beaked floater, most like a bird."

The movement of a vessel is frequently likened to that of a horse, striding the waves and dashing through the waters. A storm arises, heralded by the playing of the horse-fish and

the circling of the "gray mew, greedy for slaughter," and the darkening of the candle of day.

> "The winds rose, the waves dashed,
> The steams were troubled, the ropes groaned,
> The waters wailed, the thanes were
> Despairing, none thought
> That he living would ever reach the land."

Besides the storm, the fearful cold of the Northern winter tries the soul of the hardy seaman. In the days when the rivers were locked in their fetters of ice, moans the Seafarer,

> "I, loaded down with cares, endured many a winter
> The ice-cold sea—covered with icicles."

> "I suffered," says Beowulf, "the coldest of weathers,
> The nipping night and the northern wind,
> Grim in battle."

On the other hand, the beauties of the ocean in the calm, summer weather, are vividly reflected in the poetry. The sunrise and the sunset are thus pictured:

> "Then up came gliding from the East
> O'er the wide sea the gleam of heaven."

> "The gladsome jewel of day,
> Adorned with glory, sank beneath the waves."

Having escaped the storms and nipping frosts of winter and the greedy monsters of the deep, our brave ocean-hero anchors his craft safe in his own king's harbor; he is welcomed by the beach-watcher, who many months has looked for his coming; he is joyfully conducted to his lord's hall where he beguiles the long hours of the night by his tale of adventures; and there, at the bountiful feast amid his old companions, with the ale flowing in his honor from the mead-cups, we bid him adieu.

HENDREN GORRELL.

A LULLABY.

With lilies white
  Thy couch is spread,
Stars soft and bright
  Shine overhead.
Then sleep, my sweet!

Sleep, take thy rest,
  Forget all care,
Thy slumber's blest,
  None can compare
With you, my sweet!

The stars grow pale,
  For day is near;
Their bright lights fail,
  They have no peer,
Save you, my sweet!

Then sing and sleep,
  So sweet and low,
Till sunbeams peep
  And breezes blow.
Sleep, slumber, sleep!

—*R. A. Leigh, '96.*

POLITICS IN THE PALMETTO STATE.

South Carolina passes through a political crisis every thirty years. About 1770 was begun the great Revolution, in which this State took a conspicuous part, and on her soil many of the battles for freedom were fought. In 1800 the people were greatly aroused by the insulting demands of France, and it was a South Carolinian who uttered the famous expression, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute!"

In 1830, in the palmy days of Hayne and Calhoun, the nullification act was passed, and the State prepared to defend herself against the coercion and invasion of Jackson. In 1860 she seceded from the Union, and brought on the bitterest and most destructive civil war in the history of the world.

Eighteen hundred and ninety was the time for the beginning of another revolution. It came in the shape of a crusade against the State administration, under the leadership of Ben. Tillman, an Edgefield farmer.

For a century or more, with the exception of ten years of negro rule, the State had been controlled by the "aristocracy"—the descendants of the rich and titled Huguenots and Cavaliers who came to the colony in its early history. Nearly all the public positions in the State were held by a few families, and the offices were handed down from father to son to the third and fourth generations. These men always had their "slates" fixed, and found little trouble in rushing them through the nominating conventions. The majority of the citizens knew very little about the workings of the government, but a number of thoughtful, observing men, who were not in the "ring," became aware of the true condition of affairs, and began to cast about for a remedy. Various resources were tried. They ran a man for Governor in the Democratic convention of 1888, but he was defeated. They asked for a Democratic primary, but were refused. They believed that the only course left for them to pursue was to organize and select a strong and daring leader to stump the State for reform; and so, in March, 1890, a convention was called which nominated Tillman for its standard-bearer.

The great majority of the people, especially in the rural districts, became ardent admirers of this new and aggressive champion of change, and sent delegates to the Democratic convention who selected him for Governor as the regular nominee of the Democracy. The friends of the "old regime" were so alarmed at the prospect of losing control of the gov-

ernment that many of them bolted the party and nominated an independent ticket, headed by Judge A. C. Haskell for Governor. The regular Democratic nominees were elected by a handsome majority.

In 1892 Tillman was renominated in the primaries, and elected without opposition. His strong and aggressive administration had made him the idol of his supporters, and increased the hatred of his enemies. It was then a foregone conclusion that he should go from the Executive chair to the Senate of the United States. But it was during his second term that events were to occur which should call forth all his executive powers—which should make his friends more devoted and his foes more bitter still.

In the Democratic primaries of 1892 the people were allowed to vote for or against prohibition, and a majority of those voting on the question voted for prohibition. When the Legislature met in December, an ironclad prohibitory bill was drawn up and introduced, and passed the House of Representatives. It was delayed in the Senate till the closing days of the session, and then defeated. The Governor had anticipated this, and down at his office, in the Executive Mansion, alone and unaided, his fertile brain had produced a new solution of the problem. He wrote out his plan in the shape of a bill, and sent it to John Gary Evans for introduction in the Senate. The Legislature gladly accepted it as a compromise, and it became known as the Evans Dispensary Bill. Its provisions are too well known to require a rehearsal here. It went into effect on July 1, 1893, and on that day every bar-room in South Carolina closed its doors. The State assumed entire control of the liquor business, and employed a large constabulary to prevent illicit sales and transportation.

Like all laws for the regulation and reduction of the liquor traffic, especially those of a radical nature, this measure was difficult to enforce satisfactorily. And its enforcement was rendered doubly difficult by the circumstances under which it

was passed and by the peculiar condition of political affairs in the State. It met with a triple opposition. First, the liquor dealers were determined, by fair means or foul, to break down and annul the law that had taken away their business. Second, the political opponents of Governor Tillman, blind to all his virtues and alive to all his faults, were extremely anxious for his pet measure to become a failure and bring reproach upon his administration. Third, extreme prohibitionists, who were disappointed at the action of the Legislature, added their influence to the opposing forces. Notwithstanding this peculiar alliance, however, the greater part of the people were in sympathy with the law, and wished to see it fully tested.

The Legislature met again in December, 1893, and passed a much more perfect and effective bill than that of 1892.

The opposition to the law was very aggressive. Many persons openly defied the State constables; called them "spies," "sneaks" and "hounds"; and lost no opportunity to ridicule and insult them. Liquor was stored in and sold from private residences, and the owners claimed that "a man's house is his castle," and is exempt from search and seizure. The Governor commanded the constables to do their duty, and fail not. The bad blood increased, and everybody was on the *qui vive.* Several constables were rotten-egged at Sumter, and they had to be reinforced and better armed. The hostility at Darlington was so great that it was thought necessary to send a force of at least twenty constables there to raid the "blind tigers." They went, searched the town—no private residences, however—and returned to the depot, where occurred that deplorable riot and loss of life with the details of which the country is so well acquainted.

Governor Tillman's course in this emergency was such as to win the admiration of many of his enemies. They found that he meant what he said, and was determined to enforce the law as long as it remained on the statute books. The refusal of part of the militia to obey his orders was quickly

followed by the voluntary organization of a number of companies composed of the Governor's friends, and preparations were made to enforce the law with more vigor than ever.

Then came the decision of the Supreme Court declaring the Dispensary Act unconstitutional. To the surprise of his opponents, Governor Tillman meekly yielded to the decree of the Court, and closed the dispensaries and withdrew the constabulary force. Several months of free liquor followed. The court said that the State was under a prohibition law, but there was no machinery to enforce it, and liquor was openly sold in most of the towns.

The Governor rested on his oars in this matter till he canvassed the State with General Butler for the United States Senate. During this canvass he took "hand primaries" wherever he spoke, and found that the sentiment of the people was overwhelmingly in favor of the Dispensary system. On August 1, 1894, he ordered all the dispensaries reopened and called out the constabulary again. In doing this he stated that the Supreme Court decision last spring was on the act of 1892, and that the act of 1893 was still in force.

As soon as possible another case was carried up to the Supreme Court, and that tribunal has recently declared that the law is constitutional. Governor Tillman is now preparing to enforce it more vigorously than ever before. The hostility to it is rapidly disappearing. The constables are no longer derided and insulted, but are treated with due respect, and nobody now presumes to deny them the right to search for liquor when they have legal warrants. The municipal authorities are co-operating with the State officers in their efforts to suppress the illicit sale of liquor. The people realize that the Dispensary has come to stay and are gracefully submitting to its rigid provisions.

In the campaign last summer every candidate for legislative honors was invariably asked two questions: "Will you vote for Ben. Tillman for the United States Senate?" and "What

is your position on the Dispensary law?" The result is that nine-tenths of the next Legislature are advocates of the Dispensary and will support Tillman for the Senate.

After Senator Butler's defeat in the Democratic primaries he and a number of his friends met in an independent convention to consider the matter of running an independent ticket for State officers and members of the General Assembly. After much discussion the convention voted to postpone nominations, and passed resolutions demanding that the regular Democratic convention endorse the Chicago platform and Cleveland's administration in unequivocal terms. When the regular convention met on September 19 it endorsed the Chicago platform but silently ignored Mr. Cleveland's name. The independent convention was again called together in secret session at Columbia and voted to make nominations, but there was a split of some kind and the caucus broke up in disgust without doing anything. Dr. Sampson Pope, however, will run as an independent candidate for Governor against John Gary Evans, the regular nominee, who was unanimously elected in the Democratic primaries. Mr. Evans is a young man of great energy and determination, and is pledged to enforce the Dispensary law. Dr. Pope opposes it.

Nominating conventions are now a thing of the past in South Carolina. The last Democratic convention provided for direct primaries in the future for all officers from President of the United States down to township magistrate. In 1896 every white voter in this State can go to the ballot-box and vote for any eligible man he pleases for President, United States Senator, Governor or any other office, and there will be no nominations by any convention or caucus to influence his choice. This, I believe, is a step toward true democracy in advance of any other State.

At the November elections the people will vote on the question of calling a constitutional convention. Our present State Constitution was passed in 1868 by a convention of

negroes and Northern carpet-baggers. The quotation of a single clause will give some idea of its nature:

"All the public schools, colleges and universities of this State, supported in whole, or in part, by the public funds, shall be free and open to all the children and youths of the State, *without regard to race or color.*"

If the convention is called, one of the most important questions to come before it will be that of negro suffrage. Some means will be devised to control the 40,000 negro majority which is ever like a threatening cloud on the horizon of the State. It is feared that the present election laws would not stand if they were tested in the United States Courts. The Australian system, with perhaps an additional educational qualification, will probably be adopted. This would disfranchise some white voters, but all white Democrats—and all white men claim to be Democrats in this State—can vote in the Democratic primaries, in which there will be no educational qualification; and as the primary nominations are equal to an election, even the illiterate whites would enjoy all the practical rights of the elective franchise.

The Tillman administration, with all its vicissitudes, disturbances and failings, has been one of comparative prosperity. South Carolina has become the leading manufacturing State of the South, especially in cotton goods; the State debt has been funded at a lower rate of interest than the best financiers expected; the efficiency of the public schools has been increased; two industrial colleges, one for boys and one for girls, have been established; and the people have been educated, more than can be estimated, by the increased reading of newspapers and by the political campaigns.

Tillman will soon retire from the executive office, and perhaps it is best that he should give place to more conservative men. Bold and fearless leaders are necessary to accomplish great reforms, but when their aims have been realized and the reforms established, their places can best be filled by those who

are of a less aggressive and revolutionary nature. Governor Tillman has been described as a "destructive genius," a great battering-ram for overthrowing evils We now want a constructive genius to build good on the demolished ruins, to harmonize and unite our people. Senator Tillman will no doubt find plenty of wrongs to employ his destructive genius in the National Congress for many years to come. He is yet a comparatively young man, and his political career is by no means ended. Watch his course in the United States Senate. He may yet become a national leader.

R. L. FREEMAN.

Dovesville, S. C., October 26, 1894.

GONE TO NORWAY.

As one goes down the river from home, he sees on the right bank the ruins of an old fort. Here and there stand broken pieces of brick work. You have no idea what a feeling pervades your whole being as you sail slowly up to the fort. Nearly all the pieces of wall are hid from view by the trees and bushes which have grown up since the war. Here and there are pieces of cannon or shell, souvenirs of war and bloodshed. The place is near and dear to me, for many of my kinsfolk died and were buried there.

When a boy I used to go down there often to see Uncle Petre. When the fort was evacuated Uncle Petre was the only soldier who did not leave. The other soldiers went away up the creek, but Uncle Petre stayed in the woods near by until the war was over; then he came out, and with some brick torn from the wall he built a small house, in which he lived all his days. When his house was done he got the contract to attend to all the lamps on the river.

Uncle Petre came from Norway about the time the war began. He joined one of the up-country regiments, and was

as brave a soldier as ever shouldered a musket. He was not a man to boast; in fact, he said little, but when the time came to fight Uncle Petre was in the thickest. He was three times wounded, but none of the wounds were serious. He made no pretentions to religion, but believed that he'd go to Norway when he died; that is, if he lived an upright life.

He used to buy all his groceries from me. Every Saturday afternoon about half-past two you could see his sail passing the Dram Tree. He came, attended to his business, and went back home, but never without his flask of gin, the best Holland gin, too. I never found him in the least sinister in his methods. I gave him a Bible, but, poor fellow, he could not read it. He carried it home and gave it the most respectable place in his dwelling. He tried to learn to read it, but with little success.

The reason Uncle Petre left Norway was this: Petre was an only child, and his father had died when he was small. The mother went cold and hungry many a time for poor Petre's sake. When Petre became old and strong enough he became one of the watchmen of Bergen. He was about fourteen years old when he began to cry out, "God preserve our good city of Bergen!" He loved his mother tenderly. He made himself content to stay with her and keep silence, "for melancholy claimed him for her own."

Time wore on and his mother's health became poor, and, after about a year of sickness, attended by severe pain, she died. Petre stood this with fortitude, but his melancholy became deeper—he never whistled on watch again.

He watched on faithfully and lived where his mother had died. About four years after, his life drifted in another direction. Every afternoon about sunset Ethel, the daughter of a fisherman, would come down to the shore to meet her father as he came in with his fish. Petre had seen the girl and liked her appearance. She had not a beautiful face, but there was something charming in her large blue eyes, with their

frank submissive look. She had a beautiful forehead, and always wore her hair, of a beautiful black, brushed down on her forehead. Her figure was beautiful; her shoulders stooped just the least, but this did not mar her beauty; she was a charming creature.

Petre had noticed her greet her father when he came in and had seen her glancing at himself occasionally. One afternoon Petre was down on watch rather early. Ethel came to meet her father, but he was late in coming in, and while she was waiting a shower came up. Petre offered his cloak, which, after a little hesitation, she took, and found much protection, for the rain was cold. Her father came, and Ethel gave back the cloak, but from that minute Petre's life changed. He did not do that thing called "falling in love," but the girl's looks seemed to him to have a meaning. He had often thought since his mother died that he should be happier if he could find something more than a dear remembrance to love. He knew that death had taken away "all that to life had entwined him." He had tried to rob the grave of its victim, but even though the imagination be ever so vivid, that is almost impossible.

Ethel came down to the shore every afternoon to meet her father. This chance meeting ripened into something more than mere acquaintance. Time wore on, and they became engaged. Petre was preparing to get married. He had just begun to build a house, but all his hopes were snatched away at once.

Ethel went out one afternoon, when it was raining, to meet her father. She had been feeling unwell for sometime. She came home wet, prepared supper, and went to bed. About 12 o'clock her father awoke, startled by a noise from her room, and came only to see his daughter in great pain and scarcely able to breathe. They did all they could, but remedies seemed only to increase pain. Her fever rose and she died. They buried her, and Petre was there, but he never

stayed in Norway another day. He set sail for Cuba on a barque which left port that evening.

He came to North Carolina by a round-about way, and settled by the old fort, as I have said. He never had anything to do with anybody. He kept the eleventh commandment to a jot and tittle, "Mind your own business and let others alone."

The first week in September was stormy, and Uncle Petre was kept up all the time attending to the lamps. I went down to the fort to see him the first clear day after the storm. I asked him how he felt, and he said:

"I am a leetle po'ly, an' I think I ain't got long to look a'ter the lamps for you all."

"O cheer up, Uncle Petre; you may outlive me now."

"No I ain't. I ain't got no time to stay. Somethin' in this hea win' tells me I ain't fur from Norway."

"What do you mean, Uncle Petre?"

"Don't that 'ar book you give me say we goin' to a better place than this hea, an' that we goin' to meet them we loves there?"

"It may say that; but does that mean Norway, Uncle Petre?"

"Yes, it do, an' I am goin', too, 'cause I kin meet Ethel and Mutter there."

The sun was getting low, and Uncle Petre, as he sat in the shadow of his house, could be seen crying. I thought I'd never seen a more pathetic picture. His shoulders were slightly stooped; his head was bent, the bosom of his shirt half open, and on his breast could be seen a small ship tattooed there when he was a boy; one breeches leg was caught over his shoe top; his shoes were unlaced, and on his face the look betrayed a craze of care. He aroused himself, filled his pipe, and said:

"Well, I jist better go fill them 'ar lamps, cause I ain't goin' to no mo'. Well, Johnnie, I hope you'll git home all right. Did you have a good sail comin' down?"

"Yes, I had a splendid sail. I hope you'll be better in a day or two, Uncle Petre."

"No, Johnnie, I'll never be no better. I'm gittin' mighty ole an' stiff, 'cause I can't go much mo."

"Good-bye, Uncle Petre; be good to yourself."

"Same to you, an' when I gits to Norway I hope to see you, too, for I know you'll git to Norway."

Uncle Petre sailed away to the lamps and I homeward. Uncle Petre was found dead in his boat next morning, and we came down on a tug and buried him just in front of the old fort, under the cedars.

Approach the place by night in May, if you will, and the first sound that falls upon your ear is the warble of the mocking-bird singing to Uncle Petre a sweet requiem; next you hear the cricket, and then the soughing of the breezes in the tree-tops.

One could not wish more than to join the silence of the old fort with Uncle Petre, far from the cold barren moorland of his own native home, or when dead to be buried in a lovelier spot, for there is none.

JOHN HOMER GORE, JR.

THE CROATANS.

Robeson County has long been famed as the home of the Croatan Indians. Their history is strange and full of romance. About it are told many interesting stories. Where they came from, how long they have existed in their present locality, and why they came there—all these are questions that are beginning to attract no little attention. While they exhibit many Indian traits, it would be rather a venture to conclude that they are the descendants of Indian ancestors. Their customs, legends and superstitions are too different for them to be associated with any of the western tribes. There is a

difference, and in this very difference lies the foundation for a strange and very plausible story.

This tribe is now known as Croatans, an appellation given them some years ago by the Legislature. The word Croatan is familiar to every student of North Carolina history. The circumstances by which it came into prominence compose some of the most interesting events of our early history. We have only to mention Croatan to carry your mind back to the stirring periods of Raleigh's settlements on the Carolina coast.

That hero made several unsuccessful attempts to colonize North Carolina, and sent many expeditions to the New World. Armadas and Barlowe came first, then the colony under Ralph Lane.

Not discouraged by his repeated failures, Raleigh sent out another expedition under John White, as Governor. In due time he reached Roanoke, and the settlers were soon established in their new homes. For some time peace and happiness seem to have reigned among the colonists. White spent but a short time, however, at Roanoke before he found it necessary to return to England to secure supplies for the settlers.

And just here is the beginning of what some have been pleased to term a great and mysterious tragedy. But we hope to see that their suppositions were untrue, and that what they termed a great mystery has at last divulged into a living reality.

Some time before White's departure for England, the Croatan Indians had visited the colony and invited the colonists to reside with them. The colonists had signified their intention of accepting the invitation to move fifty miles "up into the main." As will be remembered, the colonists were to carve the word "Croatan" on a large tree should they decide to accept the invitation of the Croatan Indians before White's return with the supplies. It was further agreed that they should carve the Christian cross if they left the island in distress.

All these arrangements having been made, Governor White sailed for England, August 27, and the colonists were seen no more by white men.

White's entanglement with the Spanish Armada off the coast of England delayed his return two or three years. When, however, he had at last returned to Roanoke, nothing greeted him of his former colony save the word "Croatan" carved upon a tree. Governor White, in his account, as published by Hokluyt, of his return to Roanoke, the absence of the colony, and the general desolation of the island, uses these words:

"But I greatly joyed that I had safely found a certain token of their being at Croatan, which is the place where Manteo was born, and the *savages of the island our friends.*"

From Governor White's story it is evident that Croatan—the name of the peninsula where the Croatan Indians resided—was situated southward from Roanoke, for the voyagers attempted to sail to it upon the open sea. It is probable that the island mentioned was embraced in the present county of Carteret. On a map published by order of the Lords Proprietors in 1671, the peninsula embracing the present county of Dare is called Croatan. Lawson's map, of the year 1709, also locates Croatan in the same region. It is almost certain that the territory now embraced in the counties of Hyde, Tyrrell and Dare, was occupied by the friendly tribe of Manteo, and was designated as Croatan. The word "Croatan" carved on the tree was understood by White to mean an island to the southward, "for there," he relates, "Manteo was born and the savages of the island, our friends." It is clearly evident that the colony, after White sailed for England, moved down the coast fifty miles and settled among the Indians of Manteo's tribe.

If Governor White had persisted in his efforts to find the colony, he would no doubt have succeeded. But he seems to have made no further efforts—simply "sailed down the coast"

in sight of Croatan; saw no signs of life, and returned to England without further efforts at discovery. Raleigh afterwards made some other attempts to find his lost countrymen, but on account of a want of proper precaution and a knowledge of the country, he never reached Croatan, and his efforts proved fruitless, as the others had. Thus it came to be generally believed that the colonists had wandered off into the wilds of the forest and had been destroyed, although there were abundant proofs that they had gone further southward to reside with the friendly tribe of Manteo.

For a hundred years after this Croatan was never visited by the whites. The colony was left to grow up with the Indians and to adopt their customs and habits. And, as a natural outcome, they acquired the character and dispositions of the Indians by whom they were surrounded. And as the years went by they gradually forgot the homes of their childhood, and the wild life of the forest soon banished all memories of their friends beyond the great sea, save here and there a legend.

On the coming of white settlers, a large tribe of Indians, *speaking English*, were found located on the banks of Lumber river. This tribe tilled the soil, owned slaves, and practiced many of the arts of civilization. They held their lands in common, and deeds were unknown until the coming of the white man. The first grant of which there is any record in existence, was made by King George II, in 1732, to Henry Berry and James Lowrie, two prominent men of the tribe, and was located on the Lowrie swamp, east of Lumber river, Robeson County, N. C. This tribe were noted road-builders. One of their roads can be traced from a point on Lumber river twenty miles to an old settlement near the mouth of Heart's creek, now Cross creek. Another is the present great highway extending from Fayetteville through Cumberland and Robeson counties, towards an old settlement, and is still known as the "Lowrie Road."

Henry Berry, the grantee previously mentioned, was a lineal descendant of the English colonist, Henry Berry, who was left on Roanoke Island. (A list of the prominent names in the Roanoke colony will be given further on, and it will be found that this list contains many names corresponding with many in the tribe of the present time).

During the late war an incident occurred that made the impression stronger than ever before that the present tribe is the direct outgrowth, through several generations, of the Roanoke colony. The story runs something like this:

During the war three young men of the Lowrie family were drafted, according to military law, to work on the fortifications at Fort Fisher in eastern North Carolina, and while on the way to the nearest depot in Robeson County, they were killed, it is supposed, by a white man who had them in custody. An inquest was held, and at its conclusion, an old Indian, named George Lowrie, addressed the people assembled, about as follows:

"We have always been the friends of white men. We were a free people long before the white men came to our land. Our tribe was always free. They lived in Roanoke, in Virginia. When the English came to Roanoke our tribe treated them kindly. One of our tribe went to England in an English ship and saw the great country. When English people landed in Roanoke we were friendly, for our tribe was always friendly to white men. We took the English to live with us. There is the white man's blood as well as that of the Indian in our veins.

"In order to be great like the English, we took the white man's language and religion, for our people were told they would prosper if they would take white men's laws. In the wars between white men and Indians we always fought on the side of white men. We moved to this land and fought for liberty for white men, yet white men have treated us as negroes. Here are our young men shot down by a white man

and we get no justice, and that in a land where our people were always free."

At an early period after the Roanoke colony became amalgamated with the Croatans, they began to emigrate westward. It is believed that part of the tribe penetrated as far as the Blue Ridge mountains, where several similar names and legends are to be found. It is most probable that they first settled in Sampson County. Then they moved further westward to Cumberland County and located at Heart's Creek. Still pursuing their westward march, they finally located in the county of Robeson, where they are found at the present day. What time they reached Robeson is uncertain, but it is very probable that they have resided there for two hundred years. According to their traditions they resided there before the troubles with the Tuscaroras in 1711. They seem to have lived there in comparative quiet ever since.

Their language is almost pure Anglo-Saxon—a very strong evidence of their relations to the lost colony—the language of whom was, of course, Anglo-Saxon. *Mon* is used for man; father is pronounced fayther, and a tradition usually begins—"Mon, my fayther told me that his fayther told him," etc. *Mension* is used for measurement, *aks* for ask, *hit* for it, *hosen* for hose, *lovened* for loving, *housen* for houses.

The following is a list of the names among the lost colony and corresponding to those among the present tribe. Some of these names, it should be said just here, have undergone very many changes in two hundred years, and many of the the old names have been forgotten.

White, Bailey, Dare, Cooper, Stephens, Sampson, Harvie, Howe, Johnson, Cage, Willis, Brown, Smith, Harris, Little, Taylor, Jones, Brooks, Coleman, Bennet, Wilkinson, Berry, Butler, Wright, Allen, Chapman, Cheven, Bridgers, Scott, Martin, Viccars.

The name Chavis, which is common among the tribe, is thought to be a corruption of the French Chevis. Gouis

was O'Guin, as is proved by the records. Leary was O'Leary. Braboy is of recent origin and was originally Brave Boy and dates back to the war with the Tuscaroras. It was conferred on an Indian for some meritorious act.

They are a peaceable, quiet, and inoffensive people, comparatively speaking, and exhibit their Indian traits more strongly than in former times. They are generally reserved and live retired from public highways. They are very proud of their history and look upon the negro as their inferior. Intellectually they are making great strides, far outstripping the negro. Their minds are keen and shrewd, illustrating very clearly the Indian nature.

There are about twenty churches owned by them in Robeson County, divided chiefly among the Baptists and Methodists. Their school-houses are much better equipped than those of the negroes. The number in Robeson alone is 2,500, and there are probably as many more in the surrounding counties. The enrollment of their children, between the ages of six and twenty-one, shows about 1,100 entitled to public instruction.

It will be interesting to the reader, perhaps, to know that Ex-United States Senator Revels, of Mississippi, belongs to this tribe. He was born in Robeson County and emigrated to the Northwest, where he was educated and subsequently resided in Mississippi.

The legends, which they have kept among themselves, of Roanoke and Croatan are gradually being forgotton. "Traditions are fading fast," remarked our informant, "as far back as 1820 their traditions were more vivid than now and were familiar to old and young. Now you will find them confined to a very few old persons."

That they are descended from the friendly tribe found on our eastern coast in 1587, and also descended from the lost colony, which became amalgamated with this tribe, is, of course, uncertain. But perhaps in the years yet to come, all

mysteries and doubts may be removed, and the lost colony of Gov. White may be written, not as a dead factor in the past, but as a living monument of the first English settlement on the shores of North Carolina.

(For aid in the preparation of this article, special mention should be made of an ex-Representative of Robeson County.)

J. N. TOLAR.

THE PINE TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

In the Northland stands a pine tree,
  Lonely on a barren height,
Sleeping while the snowflakes deck him
  With soft robes of dazzling white.

Dreams he of a stately palm tree
  Which afar in Eastern lands,
Wrapped in silence ever trusts,
  Cradled on the burning sands.

L. A. B.

WAS MARSHAL NEY EXECUTED?

It is human nature to catch at the least clue which tends to prove the escape of any hero from an ignominous death. Ney, Napoleon's bravest Marshal, was a hero, and, considering the circumstances, the sentence of death imposed on him was unjust. It will, therefore, interest all lovers of history to know that some doubt exists as to whether Marshal Ney was shot in obedience to the injunction of the Assembly of Peers, December 7, 1815.

In the year 1858, Hon. J. M. Johnson, of Marion, S. C., to whose son we are indebted for a greater part of the infor-

mation received, was one evening the guest of Jesse Bethal, at Adamsville, S. C. They talked of Rev. Daniel White, a Baptist preacher who came to the Carolinas from Scotland at the beginning of the present century. Mr. Bethal remarked that he had accompanied his teacher, one Ney, a scholarly Frenchman, to the funeral services of Shockly Adams, which took place October 4, 1824. Daniel White was the minister of the occasion, and when he began his sermon Ney seemed impressed with his style of oratory and rich Highland accent, and taking out his note-book and pencil, he took down the sermon in shorthand. This greatly interested Mr. Johnson, that a teacher in the backwoods should have been acquainted with stenography at a time when the art was very little known in any country, and he closely questioned Mr. Bethal, receiving the following information:

Peter Ney was teaching in a secluded part of Marlboro County in a log school-house. He was straight as an Indian, exceedingly dignified and military in his bearing, except when he became intoxicated, as he sometimes did. He taught by lecture and illustrated his ideas by drawing diagrams on the blackboard. When the news of the death of Bonaparte reached him, he was greatly affected and almost fainted from emotion. He was once present at a grand review of the State militia at Columbia, and, made bold by wine, he mounted a spirited horse, caparisoned for the occasion, and displayed such horsemanship as was never before seen in South Carolina. There is very little known of him by persons now living, even in the very neighborhood where he taught.

Mr. Robert McFarlan, of Marion, has a book which was presented to his father, Allan McFarlan, by Peter Ney. The book is an object of great interest. It treats of the wars of Napoleon, and contains many marginal remarks and criticisms by Ney, and also his autograph. The autograph has been compared with that of Marshal Ney, and the two are identical.

An Episcopal minister, resident at Orangeburg, S. C., being very much interested in the history of the remarkable pedagogue, and convinced that he was no other than the great Marshal of France, learned that the latter in one of his fierce charges had received a deep sabre cut on the side of his head. He traced Ney to his grave in western North Carolina to examine his skull. He found one side of the skull still sound, but the other, on which the wound had been received, was completely decayed. This he considered as undeniable proof that the backwoods school-teacher and the brilliant Marshal of Napoleon were the same man.

Marshal Ney was admired by all nations, popular among his countrymen and beloved by his soldiers. There are a thousand ways in which those appointed as his executioners might have become the means of his escape. Perhaps they purposely missed their target, making some sign to him to appear as if dead, and afterwards assisted him in procuring safe passage to the "land of the free." But, however his escape was effected, the proof is conclusive that he did escape, and in the course of time the execution of Marshal Ney will, doubtless, cease to be regarded as an historical fact.

To those who have read of and admired him, to those who have listened in childhood with breathless interest to the stories of his irresistible charges, his brilliant victories and his matchless bravery, it is pleasing to believe that the great Ney never died the death of a traitor in his own country, to the service of which he had given his life, but that he ended his days on American soil and now lies slumbering in its bosom.

Little did those who lie buried in that churchyard in western North Carolina think that they would sleep by the side of one of the "great of earth." They perhaps never cared for nor heard of the great warrior; while he, basking in the smiles and receiving the admiration of the world, would have scorned "the even tenor of their way." Yet, at the grave, these representatives of the great and the lowly have met and sleep eternally together—

"To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon."

J. CHARLES MCNEILL.

A STUDENT'S ADVENTURE.

CONCLUDED.

I had scarcely turned the projecting corner when I saw in the distance a faint light, moving up and down and from side to side, with a short, jerky motion, as if held by some one who was walking. A few moments sufficed to show that the one who carried it was coming down the passage. The hard, solid floor conveyed to my ear the faint echo of the man's footfalls.

What was to be done? To retreat was to encounter two desperate ruffians, either of whom was more than a match for me. To go on was equally dangerous; for if I succeeded in overcoming the man in front, the noise of our struggle would surely attract the attention of the others, and my chances for escape would thereby be lessened. There were other reasons which made me unwilling to encounter them. I did not want them to know that any one had been in their cave, and thus give them a chance to escape.

On came the light, growing brighter and larger. What I was going to do must be done at once. The man was but a few steps away, and I recognized through the gloom the evil face and keen furtive eyes of Peter Silver. I hastily crouched down in the shadow of a huge heap of earth, which the moonshiners had excavated in making way for their still. As fortune would have it, he walked by on the other side, and hurried on to where his boys were. He seemed greatly excited.

"Boys," said he, "we's got to do something. I was over

the swamp this arternoon ter Bill Stubbs' house, an' he says that old rascal Winter has informed on us. Fust thing is to teach old Winter to mind his own business, then we'll give them revenue chaps a lesson how to let us alone. I means to take one of you this very night to old Winter's barn. If we can't do him any other harm, we kin take his hosses and burn some of his buildin's."

Mr. Winter was the gentleman with whom I was boarding. He had a fine large plantation and many valuable buildings. I had no doubt but that they were mistaken concerning him, for he was a quiet, high-toned gentleman, who molested no one. He was in danger now, for there is nothing more deadly than a moonshiner's hate, and nothing more certain than that he will take his revenge at the earliest opportunity.

I took advantage of the excitement to steal away. Carefully and cautiously picking my way back through the black passage I soon came to the foot of the ladder, reached the trap-door and stepped out once more into the pure air. The sun had just set and all the west was aglow with the warm rosy hues of reflected light. Long, ribbon-like clouds stretched like bars of azure and gold across the east and tipped the pine tops with magic flame. Everything was aglow with beauty, but none of it any longer charmed me. A thousand plans to catch those villains went whirling through my brain. I was determined that they should not harm any of Mr. Winter's property. Quickening my gait, I hurried across the river bridge and was soon at home. Supper was ready, but I was so excited that I ate scarcely any.

Mr. Winter had in his employ two young men named Bell and Dent. These slept on the premises at night, so as to be on hand early in the morning. Both were strong, good-natured and brave, and I felt sure they would help me. So I went around after supper and told them what I wanted, and they readily consented to my plans. We were to meet at the barn some two hours later and take up our positions there.

The hours dragged slowly by, and it was with a sense of

relief that I at last slipped out of the house and took my way towards the barn. Bell and Dent were there already. The barn was a large, two-story structure with many sheds arranged around it. The shed on the side towards the woods was filled with hay and other dry feed. The horses were on the other side.

Those young men were to conceal themselves there, while I was to go to the rear and keep watch where the hay was stored. A stout twine string tied to my arm was passed through a chink to the other side and made fast to the arm of Dent. The one who saw anything first was to let the other know by a series of short jerks. Thus arranged, we setted down to watch.

With the exception of a few thin fleecy clouds which hung like a silver veil overhead and now and then obscured a faintly glittering star, the night was clear. Melodious songs, mingled with the soft notes of the violin and the lively twang of the banjo, floated up from the negro cabins on the river, echoed through the woods and died away in the distance. In the swamp the wildcat made his lonely cry and was answered by his mate over the river. A night bird set up his shrill, piercing, trembling shriek, and the owl made the air reverberate with his long-drawn hoot. Then there was a hush, broken only by the musical murmur of the water as it plashed over the dam at the mouth of the brook.

The silence grew oppressive. The clock could be heard as it slowly told the hour of eleven, and then twelve. Sometimes I thought I saw dark shadows skulking about the alders at the edge of the woods. These all disappeared, and, as no one came, I concluded that they were pictures conjured up by my imagination. Growing tired of watching, I had just dropped into a light sleep, when a sudden pull on the string caused me to start up quickly.

Not a dozen steps away were two black forms, bent, crouching as they stealthily made their way towards the barn. They came up close to where I was, stopped and held a whispered

consultation. The starlight gleamed on the barrels of the rifles they carried, and the long, dangerous knives in their belts. One of them remained standing while the other moved to the front. They seemed to have some difficulty in deciding which was the better way to get into the barn. The one that remained standing came through the door near me and began feeling his way along the side of the wall. Right before him was an open door leading into a small apartment in which there had been some grain stored, but now it was empty. The man walked straight through the door into the room. In a moment I had the door shut and barred from the outside, and he was safely shut in without knowing it. I could hear him as he continued to move around. He lighted a match, and, seeing the door shut, attempted to push it open. Muttering an oath, he called to his companion on the outside, who came running hastily around to his assistance. I knew that this was my last chance to catch them, for both would soon be free, and they might make it a little too hot for us. As he came rushing up to the door and laid his hand on the bar that held it, I grasped him around the body and hurled him violently to the ground and sprang on him. So great was his surprise that he lay stunned for a moment, but he soon regained his senses and began to fight like a tiger. He would have soon gotten the better of me in the struggle, had not Bell and Dent hurried to my assistance.

We soon had him tied hand and foot. The one inside threatened to shoot us and to burn the barn, but I had no fears from him, as there was no chance for him to do the former, and he did not dare, on account of his own safety, to do the latter.

Dent hurried to wake Mr. Winter, and we soon had a large and excited crowd standing around the barn. By daybreak the constable from the nearest town had arrived. Seeing that there was no chance for his escape, the one inside surrendered and was made fast. They then hurried to the cave, but no one was there. L. A. B.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE November number of THE STUDENT contains a great many interesting contributions. Judge Walter Clark, of Raleigh, N. C., has a short but interesting article that will add much to the literature of the great Napoleon. Dr. J. H. Gorrell gives the first of a series of bright and instructive articles on Old English Literature. Prof. R. L. Freeman writes on Politics in South Carolina. Mr. J. H. Gore contributes a story. Messrs. J. N. Tolar and J. C. McNeill give a bit of history.

NEVER were the literary societies of WAKE FOREST in a better condition for work, and never have they had so many men who are willing and anxious to work. This speaks well for the College and the student body. The literary societies are a vital and dynamic power in any institution of learning. If they are weak, the College is weak; and if they are strong, the College is strong.

The reason that many of the colleges have no success with their literary societies is that they have too many other secret societies and fraternities. We know of institutions where these fraternities exist, and have seen the workings of them and their effect upon improvement and progress.

IT SEEMS that Uncle Sam has sat down on foot-ball. It is well that he has, for in its present form it is too brutal to

receive the approval of Christian people. If old army officers want to fight over bets made on foot-ball games, it is no wonder that college boys do such things. Many people claim that foot-ball does not interfere with college work. It does not, provided they play only for exercise; but when a match game is arranged, then part of the time is consumed in practicing and the rest of it in thinking about the game. Let each college have its team by all means, but let it in no way encourage idleness and immorality under the guise of harmless sport.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

L. A. BEASLEY, Editor.

WITH the death of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, America loses the last and greatest representative of that brilliant group of writers to whom we are indebted for all that is good and most enduring in our literature. There will never be such another group—Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier and Holmes. During his college career he was one of the principal contributors to *The Harvard Register*, and was even then a writer and poet of marked ability. His contributions to the literary magazines of New England were a success from the very first. His writings, like the clear, crystal streams from a perennial fountain, charmed by their very spontaniety. As scientist, author, essayist, philosopher, or poet; as professor, delivering one of his carefully-prepared lectures to his medical class, or talking through his "Autocrat" to a throng of admiring listeners, his pleasant wit and genial humor, like the revivifying influence of morning sunbeams, left their warm glow and roseate hue on everything he touched. At his death every American feels almost a personal bereavement.

THE "money question" will not down at the command of political bosses and tricksters. The people have gotten it into their heads that the present state of affairs is due in a great measure to financial conditions, and the consequence is that there is great confusion in all sections and in all parties. Ohio has once before been wrested from Democratic hands because they favored free silver, and they came near losing Georgia quite recently on account of disputes about the same thing. The nation has the spectacle of a chief executive and his cabinet officers differing on the question of money. The Congressmen are confused and confounded. They don't know where to put their hands on, and they don't dare to keep them entirely off, Their salvation depends upon saying and doing something, and were it not a question of such importance to the country it would be ludicrous to watch some of their ridiculous antics. In some places when called on to declare their positions they are dumb as oysters, and in others they say something which they hasten to take back, as Mr. Reed did the other day in Michigan. It is no wonder that the politicians are confused, for the best of political economists differ, and nothing short of a trial under normal conditions will settle it.

NO BRANCH of study receives less attention at the hands of North Carolinians than that of State history. This should not be, for no State possesses a more brilliant record of brave deeds and daring achievements. The State cannot afford to let her youth remain longer ignorant of the deeds and the men to whom they owe their liberty. The consciousness of a splendid record acts as a stimulus and an incentive to better and higher citizenship and more exalted patriotism. The knowledge of past events will fire the soul of youth and arouse all the dormant energies of his being.

One great obstacle in the way of the acquisition of history is that we have no reliable and at the same time attractive

books on that subject. What knowledge the school-boy gets is in a disconnected form drawn from books full of gross misrepresentations.

What we want is a history written by our friends—a truthful and attractive monument worthy of the fair name of North Carolina. The Legislature should take up the work. They can spend the State's money in no better way than by giving to the youth a fair and impartial record of the past. For this purpose they should secure a scholar of profound learning and rare skill as a historian, and above all a man who loves the Old North State.

The work that Dr. Kingsbury has done in seeing that North Carolina may get credit for the part her men played in the late war, his wide knowledge and the interest that people all over the State take in his writings are ample evidences that he should write the history. A history written by him would be polished, accurate and full, and would meet all the requirements.

ONE will not have far to search to find a reason for the loss in some of the States of Democratic strength. In 1892, when they came into power, it was with the explicit understanding that they were to afford some relief to the oppressed people from the disgraceful, barefaced extortion that the party in power was responsible for. The Chicago platform contained the principles of true democrary; it was all any intelligent, fair-minded citizen could wish. The honest yeomanry of the land, ever the friends of reform and the advocates of Jeffersonian principles, caught up the rallying cry, and the triumph was such as the party had not achieved for more than a quarter of a century.

But all in the party were not true. Many traitors were in the camp, and on them rests the blame for defeat. The House of Representatives, fresh from the people and feeling the great responsibility upon them, made a great effort to do their duty.

Unfortunately, the country was on the eve of a great financial disturbance brought about by the bad management of Republican legislators, and they were diverted from the main issue. The Republicans claimed that the Democrats were responsible for this state of affairs, and by *argumentum ad hominem* and *ad ignorantiam* (the most effective weapons in Republican hands) they succeeded in making many believe it.

We all know the story of the tariff legislation. The House was willing but the Senate would not. Senators like Gorman, White, Smith and Camden proved traitors when their country and party needed them most. It did not take the other party long, using their same old weapon as skilfully as ever, to raise great prejudice against men who tried to do their duty.

One thing may be learned. It is no longer safe for the country to have such an irresponsible body as the Senate. Constituted on its present basis, it has outgrown its period of usefulness and must give place to a body more in sympathy with the people and more worthy of a great trust. Let the people elect them, and then we will no longer have a body dominated by legislative caucuses and representing but a small part of the people.

ABOUT a year ago G. W. Cable contributed as an article to the *Forum* an advertisement of his latest book. In this article he made the statement that fact and fiction could not be successfully combined in a novel. If his own works were taken as a criterion there are many who would be of the same opinion, but so many admirable works of historical fiction have been produced, so many artists peculiarly gifted in this kind of work have lived, that we have no difficulty in finding numerous examples.

The historical novel is of comparatively recent date. Not a single one of any importance was written before the eighteenth century. The history of the world had not been writ-

ten before, and there was nothing for a foundation. When legends had been gathered and facts collected and arranged, a great master, possessed of a daring spirit of innovation, struck boldly out and by his own efforts brought the historical novel to its highest excellence. This man was Sir Walter Scott. Many have since imitated him with splendid results, but none have surpassed him. Some would-be critics of the present day try to belittle him, and even go so far as to say that he was not a great author. Readers of vitiated tastes, imaginations excited and diseased by the unnatural, obscene and polluted productions of writers of recent years, are the loudest in their condemnation of his works; but to those of elegant and refined tastes, to those who have high ideals and noble aspirations, to those who can appreciate literary worth, Scott will continue to be a source of instruction and delight. The Heart of Midlothian will be read for its quiet domestic life and its moral beauty; Ivanhoe will continue to charm by its thrilling scenes and its true portrayal of the people, manners and customs during the period of the Norman Conquest. The Bride of Lammermoor will stand out as his best. Its beautiful and accurate descriptions of scenery, its play of passion, its mingling of the wierd, the gay and the pathetic are evidences of the touch of a master hand.

Dumas imitated Scott with good results. In his D'Artagnan series the history of the great Richelieu, Mazarin and the French is intertwined with the fictitious characters of the fickle Aramis, the good-natured Parthos and the noble Athos.

LITERARY NOTES.

J. L. CORNWELL, Editor.

THE PRESENT year is the hundredth anniversary since the death of the greatest of all English historians, Edward Gibbon.

THOMAS HARDY'S new story, with the singular title of "The Simpletons," will be begun in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*, and be continued till November, 1895.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard, in a recent address, advised students to apportion their day thus: Study, ten hours; exercise, two; sleep, eight; social duties, one; and meals, three hours.

IN AN early number of *Harper's Magazine* will be begun the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," by the Sieur Louis De Conte, who is described as the "most popular of American magazine writers."

SEVERAL WEEKS ago was celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the foremost representative of American literature, William Cullen Bryant. The date chosen was August 16, and a great open-air meeting of several thousand people gathered in a little grove adjacent to the old Bryant homestead, where many distinguished speakers paid tribute to the memory of the great American poet.

JOHN BURTLETT'S Shakespeare Concordance, which has been in preparation for over twenty years, is to be published soon. There are to be four hundred thousand entries, and references will be given not only to acts and scenes, but also to lines. The name of the editor of familiar quotations is a sufficient guarantee as to the accuracy of the forthcoming work.

AMONG THE principal works of James Anthony Froude,

who died October 20, are "Short Studies on Great Subjects," "The Shadows of the Clouds," and a "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth." His name will probably never be written in the front rank of the world's historians, but it is likely that many generations will bear witness to the enduring vitality of his work.

A STORY which deserves to live, is "The Untempered Wind," written by Joanna E. Wood. It has for its theme the struggles of a betrayed woman, a woman trying to reform and live down the scorn which is constantly heaped upon her by those of her own sex. The object of the story seems to be to show how contemptible, how "hard" is woman upon woman.

ADA NEGRI, the Italian poetess, has brought suit for libel against seventy-eight Italian newspapers. Signorina Negri, before she became famous, was a school teacher in Monta Visconti, the native place of President Carnot's murderer, who was among her pupils. The papers declare that the crime of the murder was indirectly due to the teaching of the poet, whose ideas are extremely radical.

A SUMMARY of the situation in Corea, China and Japan is given by the Rev. Dr. Griffis in the October number of the *Chautauquan.* Dr. Griffis lived for several years in Japan, and saw the gradual progress of the trouble which has culminated in the present war. He has written an interesting sketch, one that, while it offers no conjecture as to the outcome of the struggle, makes the situation very clear to the average reader.

MR. DRUMMOND'S latest work, "The Ascent of Man," is an attempt to reconcile evolution with revelation. Mr. Drummond insists that Darwin's explanation of the manner in which the various species of animals and plants have been developed under the sole influence of what is styled the "Struggle for Life," which results in the "Survival of the Fittest,"

omits an essential factor, which he defines to be "The Struggle for the Life of Others." His book is pronounced the most valuable contribution to evolutionary and moral science which has been given to the world since Darwin's "Descent of Man."

A SHORT while before his death Oliver Wendall Holmes said: "I am often asked whether I am writing my autobiography, to which my answer is: I am in the habit of dictating many of my recollections, some of my thoughts and opinions, to my secretary, who has, in this way, accumulated a considerable mass of notes. Many of these will be interesting to my family and intimates, some of them, perhaps, to a wider public if I should see fit to make use of them, or leave them to be made use of by others. It is the one thing a person long past the active period of life can do with ease and pleasure; and in the midst of much that might as well, perhaps, perish with the writer, will, not improbably, be found memoranda deserving of permanent record."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

S. R. BUXTON, Editor.

The Mnemosynean for October is before us. The editorial work is well done, and the contributions interesting. We always welcome it among our exchanges.

Tke Inlander, published by the students of Michigan University, is one of our best exchanges. Its contributions are, in the main, short and spicy, embracing the range of poetry, biography and fiction.

The Emory Phœnix for October is quite interesting. Its outside appearance is bright and attractive. "Jonquil" and "The Hero of a Lost Cause" are among its best contributions. Its editorials are short, well written and to the point.

Perhaps the best articles in any of the magazines which have reached us this month are "The Philosophy of English Literature" and "Literary Immortality," published in *Wafford College Journal.* Both of these essays show careful study and historic research.

The inaugural number of the *Trinity Archive* contains a portrait of President Kilgo and a brief sketch of his life. The *Archive* is now under the control of the Senior Class, and we wish to congratulate them upon the excellence of their first issue.

The Bucknell Mirror is truly a college magazine. Nearly the whole issue is taken up in college news, with only one contribution. To the student, no better medium is furnished for improvement in the use in English than the college journal, and the success of any magazine is dependent almost entirely upon the contribntions by the students.

The College Rambler is a very creditable magazine and speaks well for the college from which it comes. Not only are the departments well conducted, but the table of contents shows that much care has been taken in selecting a diversity of subjects. The article on "Capital Punishment" is one of merit and is well discussed.

We heartily endorse the sentiment of President Kilgo in regard to the preparation which a student should make before entering college. Under no consideration should a college lower its standard, for by so doing it comes in direct conflict with preparatory schools. We quote the following from President Kilgo's address:

"The Southern boy enters college too soon. He does not prepare for it. He counts the time, and the almanac overthrows every argument, and, half prepared, he enters college to break down in the Sophomore year, and enters the world conscious of a fearful defeat. Hence not more than one-third of matriculates ever graduate. This weakens the preparatory

schools, and to weaken them is to make the intellectual 'structure insecure to the topmost pinnacle.' Weak colleges will be the inevitable result of hampered training schools. The college fights itself when it fails to uphold a strong system of preparatory education.''

IT IS with pleasure that we note the growing interest manifested by some magazines in the Exchange Department. Among others, however, there is a tendency either to neglect it entirely, or merely to insert a few clippings, without any attempt at reviewing or criticising the exchanges. While we are aware that this, more than any other department, is neglected by the student, still it should not be excluded from our columns, for it is through this department alone, that we are enabled to keep in touch with other colleges. Not only so, but if properly conducted, it should be mutually beneficial. We do not believe in heaping praise upon any magazine unless it be deserved, but to criticise justly and point out the defects if there be any.

CLIPPINGS.

How dear to our hearts is
  Cash on subscription,
When the generous subscriber
Presents it to view.
But the man who don't pay—
  We refrain from description—
For perhaps, gentle reader,
That man might be you.—

Ex.

A pair in a hammock
  Attempted to kiss,
And in less than a jiffy
  They landed like this.

Ex.

1. Full moon;
Late birds;
Sleigh rides;
Sweet words;

2. He loved;
She loved;
One kiss;
Much bliss.

3. Both loved;
No jilt;
"Will thou?"
"I wilt."

4. Pa—Yes;
Ma—Yes;
All wet;
Day set.

5. Large church;
Sweet bride;
Gay groom;
Knot tied.

6. Small house;
Much joy;
Long life;
One boy.

Ex.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

S. W. OLDHAM, Editor.

—'49–'54. Judge W. T. Faircloth, of Goldsboro, has been elected Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

—'56–'57. R. M. Nelson, of Selma, Ala., is President of the Bankers' Association of America, a remarkably influential body of its kind, which is at present engaged in the solution of the confusing money problem. This body will press a plan of currency upon the next Congress.

—'61. Col. T. F. Toon is principal of Robeson Institute, at Lumberton, N. C.

—One of the leading business men, as well as one of the hardest worked physicians in Newbern, N. C., is N. H. Street, M. D., who was at Wake Forest from '72 to '76.

—'75. Rev. Thomas Carrick is pastor of the churches in Lexington and Randleman, and others in the surrounding country. He is also principal of the Lexington Seminary.

—W. M. Ward ('76–'81) is bookkeeper for J. C. Whitty & Co., the leading hardware establishment in Eastern Carolina.

—'81. Mr. Cary J. Hunter was elected President of the North Carolina Life Insurance Association, organized October 16 at Raleigh.

—'81. D. L. Ward, attorney at law, has recently located at Newbern, where the indications are that he will build up a flourishing practice.

—'81. Rev. M. V. McDuffie, who has been pastor in New Brunswick, N. J., since 1886, has merited the esteem of the Baptists of the North. He has recently received a call to Portsmouth, N. H.

—J. W. Norwood ('81–'84) is President of the Board of Directors of the Atlantic National Bank of Wilmington, and L. L. Jenkins ('83) Cashier of the National Bank in the same city.

—'84. Rev. W. V. Savage has been called to the pastorate of the Tarboro church. Rev. J. G. Blalock ('92) has been supplying for the Tarboro brethren.

—'84. Mr. Wade H. Kornegay is a member of the prosperous law firm of Kornegay & Davenport, Vinita, Indian Territory.

—W. A. Hobbs ('83–'84, '90–'92) was married recently to Miss Loula Beaman, of Clinton. Mr. Hobbs is principal of Harrell's Store High School.

—'85. Rev. J. A. Beam, is doing a good work as an educator. His school at Bethel Hill, N. C., has won a State reputation. This school has within the last few years prepared as many young men for Wake Forest as any other in the State.

—'86. Of Rev. J. L. White, of Asheville, Rev. Mr. Tyree speaks as follows, referring to the recent meeting in Durham: "I can say with perfect sincerity I have never heard

more attractive and effective preaching in any revival I have ever attended. * * * As an evangelist, it seems to me, in some important particulars he is more gifted and more effective than any evangelist I have ever heard."

—'89. Rev. C. J. Thompson, pastor of the College Hill Baptist Church of Lynchburg, Va., was married October 17 to Miss Mattie Alcott, of Clarksville, Va.

—'92. Mr. George W. Paschal, who is studying in the University of Chicago, has been appointed to a position on the staff of the University Library.

—Rev. A. J. Taylor ('90–'92) is pastor of churches in Orange and adjacent counties. He hopes to return to college in the near future.

—Mr. S. F. Boyles ('91–'93) is principal of the Stanhope Academy.

—'94. R. L. Freeman is principal of the Dovesville Academy, Dovesville, S. C.

—'94. J. E. M. Davenport is attending the Crozer Theological Seminary.

—'94. C. N. Beeher is teaching at Maplesville, Franklin County, N. C.

—'94. R. W. Haywood, valedictorian of his class, has been chosen to assist Professors Royall and Carlyle in the schools of Greek and Latin.

—'94. N. A. Dunn is merchandising at Wake Forest.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

S. R. BUXTON, Editor.

MR. W. A. OSBORNE ('91), who is now a traveling salesman for a Philadelphia house, paid us a visit last month for a few days.

HIS MANY friends were glad to see Mr. C. L. Haywood on the Hill for a few days.

MISS CARRIE HOBGOOD, of Oxford, spent a few days on the Hill on her way to the State Fair.

MISS LOLLIE LEWIS, who has been visiting the family of Prof. Mills, has returned to her home in Goldsboro.

WE WERE glad to see Mr. W. L. Foushee on the Hill for a few days. He has quite a large school in Roxboro this year.

OUR PULPIT was occupied on November 3 by Dr. G. W. Sanderlin, who gave us an interesting and instructive sermon on "A Purposeful Life."

MISS ANNIE POWELL, who has been visiting relatives here, left a few days since for her home in Savannah, Ga., much to the regret of her many friends.

IN COMPLIANCE with a request of the students, the Faculty gave Thursday, October 25, as holiday for State Fair. Quite a large number attended and report a pleasant time.

WITHIN THE past month we have been favored by two very interesting lectures by Dr. Edwin W. Hall, of New York City, "How to get Married and Stay So," and "Wanted a Man."

THE FOLLOWING gentlemen have been elected Marshals for Anniversary: Phi.: E. W. Snider, W. C. Barrett, and W. P. Exum, Jr.; Eu.: J. M. Heck, J. D. Hufham, Jr., and R. Sledge.

THE WAKE FOREST Mandolin and Guitar Club has been organized, with F. Cooke and T. Briggs, mandolins; W. Royall and E. Snider, guitars. They will be assisted by R. Walters and M. Purefoy, violins.

AT A RECENT meeting of the Wake Forest Missionary Society, Prof. J. F. Lanneau was re-elected President for the ensuing year. We were fortunate in having with us at this meeting Rev. S. J. Porter, who gave us an interesting talk on "Mission Work in Brazil."

THE POSITION of Assistant Professor in Latin and Greek, made vacant by the death of Prof. J. C. Maske, is now filled by Mr. R. W. Haywood. Mr. Haywood made an excellent record while here as a student, graduating with the highest honor of his class, and on him the position of professor is worthily bestowed.

AS A RESULT of the lecture given by Rev. Mr. Brockman in the College Chapel sometime in October, about seventy-five young men have joined the Bible classes, and are now actively at work. Each student who joins is required to devote a certain amount of time each day to a systematic study of the Bible. We heartily endorse this plan, and see no reason why it should not be productive of great good.

WE ARE indebted to a friend for the following description of the Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Brewer: "On Monday evening, November 5, the magnificent residence of Prof. C. E. Brewer was a scene of laughter and merriment. The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Brewer was being celebrated, the first ever celebrated in our village. The dwelling was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens of many varieties. Their many friends of the Hill were invited to be present during the earlier part of the evening, and judging from the number present, one would conclude that no one failed to accept the invitation. After spending a short time in pleasant conversation, we were invited into the dining-room to partake of refreshments, which were very abundant. After the friends had departed, the family, which numbers over fifty, gathered around the family altar, and after singing, "How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord," Dr. Mitchell read an appropriate passage of Scripture, and then offered prayer. Next, under the melodious strains of the Wedding March, played by Miss Julia Brewer, the happy company marched to supper. After supper was over, several poems and letters written by friends of the family, in honor of the bride and groom, were read. About midnight good-nights were said, and a most delightful evening was at an end.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE COLORS OF ANIMALS.

What Nature at one time provides for use, she afterwards turns to ornament.—*Emerson.*

Perhaps no poet has shown a keener sense of the beautiful or bowed before it with deeper reverence than John Keats. He says somewhere, "I have not the slightest feeling of humility towards the public, or to anything in existence but the Eternal Being, the principle of beauty, and the memory of great men." Inasmuch as color is a prime factor in the beauty of external nature, which he loved so ardently, one is not surprised to find a great wealth of color-epithets adding warmth and picturesqueness to his glowing lines. He revels in "the fair paradise of Nature's light." Take a few examples. This from "Hyperion":

> Eagles, golden-feathered, who do tower
> Above us in their beauty.

Of the serpent form of the nymph Lamia, he says:

> She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
> Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
> Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
> Eyed like a peacock, and all crimsoned barred;
> And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
> Dissolved, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
> Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries—
> So rainbow-sided, touched with miseries.

Again, from "I Stood Tiptoe":

> Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
> From low-hung branches; little space they stop;
> But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek;
> Then off at once, as in a wanton freak;
> Or, perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
> Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.

And from the little poem in imitation of Spenser:

> There the kingfisher saw his plumage bright
> Vieing with fish of brilliant dye below;
> Whose silken fins and golden scales' light
> Cast upward, through the waves, a ruby glow;
> There saw the swan his neck of arched snow,
> And oared himself along with majesty;
> Sparkled his jetty eyes; his feet did show
> Beneath the waves like Afric's ebony.

Few things could so mortally offend this worshipper of beauty as the effort to analyze its charm. The colors of field and wood, plant and animal, lose their delights for him the moment they are stationed in the solar spectrum, or their origin and utility become subjects of inquiry. For in that exquisite narrative poem "Lamia," from which I have already quoted, he exclaims:

> Do not all charms fly
> At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
> There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
> We know her woof, her texture; she is given
> In the dull catalogue of common things.

I confess that I share in some measure Keats' repugnance to a mere catalogue of unrelated and unsuggestive facts. I also would repudiate analysis as the end of science. Unless analysis can justify the destruction involved in the process by making possible a higher synthesis, it stands condemned at the bar of true science. It would be a species of vandalism and brutality to anatomize a thing of wonder, a thing of beauty, or a thing of life, if there were no aim beyond and worthier than the satisfaction of curiosity about its composition and structure. Analysis is a method of science, not the goal. Science destroys in order to build better. If she seems inexorable and irreverent in the application of the analytic method, it is only because she is agonizing into wider horizons of truth where smaller relations, sacrificed for the time, reappear in all-comprehending relations, and where the sense of

beauty or of mystery, apparently dead without hope, rises enhanced in intensity to a new life in a larger sphere.

With this slight propitiatory offering to the offended genius of the realm of the beautiful, I pass to the consideration of the cause and uses of the colors of fish, serpent, and bird—of animals in general.

Naturalists, some thirty years ago, were content to say that the varied colors of animals were designed for the delight of man. The same conception persists in the popular mind to this day. But the work of Charles Darwin supplied a clue to the true explanation of the wonderfully complex phenomena of animal coloration. Indeed, his reduction of this maze to order by the application of his great law of utility is one of the most striking triumphs of his doctrine. Many details remain to be worked out and many subordinate problems are yet to be solved. There is considerable discussion on some of the facts involved, showing that we are still in the stage of knowledge characterized as the "disagreement of the inquiring"; but there can be little doubt that the great law governing this department of biology has been ascertained.

Before setting forth this law it may be useful to refresh our minds about some principles of physics bearing upon this subject.

1. "Color is an attribute of light and in no sense a quality of the object in which it is manifested." It follows that in the absence of light there is no color.

2. The colors of objects are due to the effects which the objects produce upon the light received. The light may be—

a. *Absorbed* partially or wholly, the color depending upon the rays which are not absorbed (*cf.* the red pigment of the blood). In case of total absorption, the object is black.

b. *Reflected* (1) completely from an irregular surface with the result of whiteness, *e. g.*, fat and fur; (2) from a surface of very close parallel groves, with the effect of iridescence, as in the wing-covers of some beetles; (3) from superimposed

thin and transparent plates, producing iridescence, as in mother-of-pearl.

c. *Refracted*, resulting in the prismatic colors. The colors of some bird feathers and beetle scales are supposed to be due to this effect on light.

It will be seen that the colors of animals may be comprised in two classes: *pigmentary* and *structural*. In the first class belong those colors which are produced by absorption according to the chemical nature of the substance in which the color is manifested; in the second the color is due to its structure.

The question may be asked, Why seek for a special explanation of color in animals, if in them, as in all inorganic nature, it is due to the chemical constitution or to the minute surface texture of the colored objects? No one thinks of inquiring what service sunset clouds gain from their gorgeous tints, or what benefit its greenness confers upon the emerald. It is true that the presence of some color in animals requires only a purely physical explanation; but, on the other hand, the wonderful individuality of animal coloration and its localization in characteristic patterns compel us to regard it, not merely as a physical, but also as a biological phenomenon, for which, accordingly, a special explanation is demanded.*

The only satisfying explanation of these specialized colors which has hitherto been proposed is to be found in the theory of natural selection which, operating through many generations results in the adaptation of the organism to its environment, even down to the minutest details of structure and of coloration. I shall not discuss this theory here. Only a single suggestion may be offered. A clear indication of the correctness of this explanation of the markings of animals is the fact that in each species of wild animal they are constant, while in almost every domesticated animal they are variable. Compare, for example, the wild with the domesticated forms of pigeons and poultry. Now, domesticated animals are fed

*cf. Wallace: Darwinism, p. 189.

and protected by man; the wild feed and protect themselves. Variation of coloring is associated with the withdrawal of the necessity of self-protection. We may infer, therefore, that the constant and characteristic coloration of the wild species is of service to it in its unaided struggle for existence.

W. L. POTEAT.

THE ANGLO-SAXON COMMONALTY.

The literary productions of any period can scarcely win the gratitude of a later age, unless they present a faithful picture of that great middle class of the people which forms the bone and sinew of the nation. We are peculiarly fortunate in possessing an old English literature abounding in allusions to the every-day life of that "bold peasantry" who, in after years, maintained the supremacy of our mother-tongue over a foreign speech, backed up by all the pomp and circumstance of Norman rule.

In this article only a few characteristics of popular life can be noticed. The state of vassallage was a most important feature of this society; it was not a condition of harsh domination, much less of abject submission; simply the sense of mutual dependence led the weaker to place himself and all he had at the service of a stronger, who, in return for these voluntary obligations, was duty bound to render protection against the encroachments of a grasping neighbor. In war it was the duty of the vassal to venture his life for his liege-lord and an everlasting shame it was to desert the master in the face of the foe. Aelfnoth and Wulmaer, who received death in defence of the Lord Byrhtnoth at the Battle of Maldon, are mentioned with honor by the poet, and Oddan, Godric, Godrinc, and Godwig are contemptuously described as those who

* * * * "left their good lord
Who oftentimes to them many a horse had given."

Of all the retinue of Beowulf not one comes to his aid in his terrible conflict with the fiery dragon except Wiglaf. These two slay the monster, but the "dear lord" yields up his life in the fight; Wiglaf then turns in anger to his cowardly companions and thus addresses them:

> "Each man of you must be deprived of
> His possessions, his dwelling in his native city,
> After the nobles learn from far of your flight,
> Of your shameless deed. Death is far better
> To each one of earls than a life of disgrace."

A childlike sense of dependence and almost filial love was occasioned by this mutual intercourse of lord and vassal; freed from the responsibilities of the precarious livelihood of those rude days, the humble commoner passes his time in grateful labor, with the full assurance of enough bread to eat and garments to put on, and with the prospect of an occasional distribution of presents from his beloved "treasure-distributor." Woe be to that unfortunate who, after a taste of this life, is cast upon the cold mercies of the world! The wailings of the poor *Wanderer* contain some of the finest elegiac strains in the language. His "gold-friend" has long ago been "bedecked in the darkness of earth," and he, a wandering minstrel, must journey "winter-wretched over the woven waves of the sea." In unutterable sadness he looks back to the good old days.

> "He remembers the ball-heroes and the treasure-giving,
> How in his youth his gold-friend
> Decked him for the feast. Departed is all that joy."

Even in his dreams

> "He sees in his mind his man-lord,
> He clippeth him and kisseth him, and on his knee layeth
> His hands and his head, as in days of yore
> He enjoyed the gift-throne."

But now

> "Where are the joys of the ball?
> Alas the bright beakers! Alas the byrnied warriors!
> Alas the pride of the people! All are departed.

And now the storms are lashing,
The falling snow binds fast the earth,
The fearful winter, when it cometh wan,
The heavy shadow of night; from the North
Comes the rough hail to the harm of heroes."

This introspective or rather retrospective disposition of the Anglo-Saxons has given a decided tone of melancholy to a large part of their literature. The Englishman, says a learned German, has by nature a passion for melancholy. Looking back regretfully upon departed pleasures, or laboring under the burdens of a dreary life, the minstrels of this early people wail out their sorrows in elegiac measures. The beautiful poems of the *Wanderer*, the *Seafarer*, the *Ruin*, and the *Discourse of the Soul to the Body* all bear distinct evidences of this feeling.

"All is full of trouble," says the Wanderer, "upon this earth;
The decrees of fate are changeful under the heavens;
Here our riches are fleeting; here our friends are fleeting;
Fleeting here is man; kinsman also passeth away,
The world itself is but an idle thing."

From the depths of his despair there is, however, frequent recourse to the consolations of religion. The poet of the Beowulf thus moralizes:

"Woe be to those who shall
Through grim strife thrust his soul
Into the embrace of the fire; but happy is he
Who, after death's day, shall seek the Lord
And find peace in the bosom of the Father."

We shall not succeed in obtaining a correct estimate of the life of the man of the people without glancing for a moment at his every-day labors.

Aelfric's delightful *Colloquium* furnishes us a most vivid description of the occupations of the Anglo-Saxons; it is given in the form of a dialogue. "What sayest thou, earthling?" says the teacher to the ploughman. "How goest thou about thy work?" "O lo! lief lord, hard I toil; I go out at dawn,

driving oxen to field and yoke them to plough; never is winter so cold that I dare lurk at home for awe of my lord, and each day I must plough a full acre or more." "Hi, hi! much toil it is!" "Yes, dear sir, much toil it is, because I am not free." "What sayest thou, shepherd?" continues the teacher. "Hast thou any toil?" "Yes, I have; on early morning I drive my sheep to their pasture, and stand over them in heat and in chill with hounds, lest wolves devour them; and I lead them back, and milk them twice a day, and I am true to my lord." "Thou shoe-wright," says the teacher, "of what use art thou?" "I buy hides and prepare them by my craft and work of them shoes of different kinds, leather-hose, and bottles, bridle-thongs and trappings, and flasks, and buckets, halters and pouches, and none of you would ever get through the winter without my craft." "What sayest thou, monger?" speaks the teacher to the merchant. "I am needful to you all. I ascend the ship with my loads, and row over sea-like ports and sell my things, and buy precious stuff, and I lead it to you with mickle plight over sea and often I suffer wreck. I sell dearer than I buy, that I may get some gain to feed myself and my wife and my son." "In many ways I catch fowls," says the fowler, "sometimes with nets, sometimes with grins, or with lime, or with whistling, or with hawk, or with trap. My falcons feed themselves and me in winter and in spring I let them wind to the woods, and take me young ones in summer and tame them."

The life of the young scholar in those days was by no means agreeable. "Thou boy," says the teacher, "what didst thou to-day?" "Many things I did; on this night, when I heard the bell, I rose off my bed and went to church and sang morning-song with my brothers; after that we sang all-hallows and dawn-song and seven psalms and litanies and ate and drank and again sang and are now before thee. I eat worts and eggs and fish and cheese and butter and beans, and all clean things I may eat with mickle thanking. I drink ale, and water if I

have not ale. I sleep with my brothers, and, when I hear the bell, I arise, but often my lore-master awakens me harshly with the rod."

We may not go farther into these interesting characterizations. Suffice it to say, that in this faithful Saxon vassal, taciturn, with a tinge of melancholy in his temperament, this diligent laborer and earnest scholar, we find the true prototype of the sturdy English commoner of to-day. H. G.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Every race of people has had its peculiar customs and superstitious beliefs. Once the English people were firm believers in witchcraft, and frequently did they condemn the purest maidens of the land to be burned at the stake for witchcraft. In the early history of the American colonies, rigid laws were enacted against witches, and even that devout old minister, Cotton Mather, was zealous in their execution. And often in the cold winter evenings, as the families of those old "Puritan fathers" were gathered around a great log fire, would the parents relate to their children stories of hobgoblins and will-of-the-wisps. These superstitious beliefs were found in the finest mansions as well as the meanest hovel, with the most intelligent Caucasian as well as the most ignorant savage. This fear pervaded alike the heart of the bravest soldier and of the most delicate and refined lady. We have, to a large extent, broken off from those fears and crude notions, but still there are to be found houses about which mystic legend is so connected that they will never again be inhabited.

In the southern part of Orange County there is a house of this kind. As you approach this place the first thing that attracts your attention is an old barn situated in the midst of a grove of walnut trees. Behind this you will see an old house. It is two stories high, with but one chimney, and that of huge size and in the centre of the house. The roof is

almost covered with moss as the shingles are nearly rotten and are beginning to fall from their places. The front door, with the shutter held by one old rusty hinge, is almost obscured by the overhanging vines which cling to the decaying walls. The old locust tree, which so long stood like a lone sentinel in the yard, has recently fallen. The old well-frame is rapidly decaying, but the old "moss-covered" bucket fastened to an old rusty chain still hangs in its place.

Surrounding this house and not far away is a dense thicket of cedar and pine. Toward the north there is a gradual slope until you reach Hockett's creek, about half a mile away, where you will find a very rugged country. The hills are so steep and rocky that in many places you can hardly climb them. There is also a slope toward the south and the east to a small stream which flows into Hockett's creek.

A more lonely and desolate-looking place would be hard to find. The first time I passed this place was in the fall of 1892. It was late in the evening, and coming suddenly out of the thicket, through which my path led, I beheld this dilapidated old house. And, as I heard the gentle murmurings of the pines, mingled with the ceaseless roar of the neighboring stream, whose waters went dashing over the rocks, I was peculiarly impressed with the place.

I spent the night with a friend who lives near by, and heard the story of this house and its former occupants. Several years ago a man by the name of Simon Hockett and his brother James lived there and kept a tavern. They were old bachelors and the only occupants. They lived peaceably for some time, but the habit of daily drinking gradually grew upon them until they were frequently seen drunk. When in this condition, being giants in physique, they were fierce and dangerous men.

One evening, as the sun was sinking behind the pines and the shades of night were fast gathering upon the scene, Simon, being intoxicated, became angry at his brother and shot him—killing him almost instantly. But through the various tech-

nicalities, known only to the legal profession, he escaped punishment, and lived alone in this house until his death about ten years afterward. Rarely did he visit any one and as rarely were visits paid him. Various stories are related about things heard and seen about this house during this time. Familiar to every boy in the neighborhood are the stories told of the noises, of groans and cries distinctly heard in this house. During Simon Hockett's last sickness it was difficult to get any one to stay with him. One night, as a friend was watching by his bedside, he heard a noise upstairs just where James Hockett was killed. He quickly sprang to his feet, and listening, he distinctly heard the groans and cries of a man. It seemed to be coming down the stairs, but when it reached the door it suddenly stopped and mysteriously vanished. The most diligent search revealed no trace or clue to the mystery. One night after this the noise of footsteps was heard approaching the house. The old dog rushed out barking furiously, but soon gave a glad whine and returned to his kennel. The noise seemed to pass through the opposite room from where the sick man lay, ascended the stairs, and for some time an old rocking-chair, which was upstairs, was heard to rock. At last the two friends, who attended the sick man that night, summoned courage enough to attempt to see what it was, but just as they started up the stairs they heard a noise as if something brushed by them, but they could not see anything, neither could they find anything in the room where they heard the noise. The old chair was standing in front of the fireplace and had scarcely ceased to rock. The night before Simon's death the attendants, wearied by several nights of watching, fell asleep. When they awoke the light was extinguished, and by the faint glimmer of the firelight they saw something that almost chilled their blood. A ghostly apparition was sitting by the sick man's bed, but when they dared to stir and light the lamp again, no trace of it was to be found. The sick man seemed to be disturbed and was twice heard to say, "James, I didn't mean to hurt you"; then, turning upon his

side, muttered indistinctly something about "that dram" and "that awful night," and soon fell asleep, never to open his eyes again.

After this the house was rarely visited, and now not even the hunter's horn ever disturbs the silence of this solitary place at night. One night a young man, who had often boasted that he did not believe these reports, had been to see a friend and decided to return by this house, as it was the nearest way. It was a clear moonlight night, the ground was covered with snow. He came stepping along briskly, seemingly absorbed by his thoughts, when, coming to a turn in the path, he beheld a white object standing in the road just in front of him. He stood motionless for a minute with drops of perspiration upon his brow, as all of the stories he had heard about the place came vividly to his mind. Soon the object seemed to give vent to a short, low chuckle and started toward him. He turned and fled, as though his life were at stake. He reached home breathless and scared almost to death, but he was so affected by his experience that he never returned to see his friend.

The man who owns this place says he would rather give a man a deed to the entire farm than to stay alone in this house one night. I have often heard the children of the community tell of their trips after the cows, that would wander off in that direction, and how lightly they would step while passing this place, and how swiftly they would hurry the cows on their way.

The second time I passed this place was in the night, and, not being well acquainted with the road, I lost my way and wandered around for some time. How lonely did that old owl's hoot sound in that thicket! and swift were my footsteps when I again found my way.

The old house is probably destined to decay without ever being inhabited again, save by the rats and an occasional owl that hides there and gives voice to the night, for the general belief is that the spirit of the murdered brother lingers about the place.

G. E. LINEBERRY.

BRIGHT WITHIN.

Plashing, plashing all the day,
  Falls the cold and dreary rain,
With no music in its play,
  Beating on the window pane.

Fitful gusts come whirling by,
  Freighted with dead winter leaves,
Quickly to the earth they fly,
  And each pool a coat receives.

Near the house the branches bare,
  Of the ancient sturdy oaks,
Swaying through the chilly air,
  Strike the roof with lonely strokes.

But the leaden clouds above,
  Cannot make me sad and cold,
For the sunlight of sweet love
  All my spirit does enfold.

May that love forever stay—
  Of my being make a part,
Till the end of life's long day,
  Making sunshine in my heart.

'95.

"ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

It was in a small town in the Wild West, in the sixties, that a school teacher, Professor Lake, had started to the academy one bright morning in May. The long steep ascent leading from the village to the top of the academy hill was lined with

boys and girls of all sizes and appearances, hastening on with books, baskets and balls, all anxious to be first there and greet the new comers. The pious preceptor viewed with pleasure the great work which he had accomplished as instructor of the young of that border town since its earliest settlement; but he now thought his life might be made more happy by retiring from the school-room and returning to the association of old friends in Kentucky, his longed-for State, which he had left years before. At last he put in an appearance, but found the building silent and deserted. The scholars had played truant and were now miles away. It is not necessary to speak of the strange sights and pleasures of the day, or the depredations done to orchards, or the more serious experience of the next day when the trustees gathered to maintain the good name of the village school. This incident is only mentioned because it brought forward the lad who is to become the hero of this narrative. He was the leader of this movement. Such were his youthful exploits. What he was to achieve later is yet to be told. Everything was smoothed over and the preceptor offered a more enjoyable holiday at no distant day. The merry party went off on a picnic to an Indian reservation. That was a day ever to be remembered, spent among the Indians, who, though living so near the settlements, yet in their general appearance reminded one of the horrible tales written about them in colonial days. The girls readily accepted the guidance and protection of the boys. Our lad, Josiah Abbot, had been reported as being desperately in love with the beautiful and accomplished Mamie Peebles. This was the day that acquaintance was fully established. It is not thought necessary to relate how slowly Josiah succeeded in his first love experience, yet he knew he loved her. She would often smile upon him with such tenderness that Josiah remarked more than once that it was a small heaven on earth. But what troubled him most was that she so much enjoyed being with his most bitter enemy, George Dakin, who was

five years his elder. However he delighted himself with the thought that young Dakin would soon be off on a long visit to relatives in an Eastern State.

Josiah was a lad of eighteen summers, proud and handsome. He had been raised on the farm amid abundance. His parents were Southern people and they had often, when he was smaller, amused him with their many interesting accounts of life in the South. In his boyhood, his mind had turned to the old home in Georgia where cotton grows, and to the old plantation where his father had grown up, and especially did he long to see those cousins who had written him so many nice letters, and the darkies with their droll songs. Thus he was rapidly growing to manhood, but he never forgot his first love of boyhood. Before he had finished at the academy, his father's failure and financial loss changed his entire future. Once one of the wealthiest men near Decatur, his father was now unable to keep his family in that circle of society in which they formerly moved. While it was humiliating to submit to this, it was a sign of an honest man not to defraud his creditors by a transfer of property but to retire from vain pretentions. Josiah suffered more keenly than anyone else. His bright future had vanished and he must return to the country, but not to the large farm and elegant home of earlier days. They moved to a more humble home not far distant. When the news first came to him his heart was overcome, and he stole away to a quiet place to think of his misfortune. How like drudgery his new life would be! But nothing added more to his unhappiness than the thoughts of having to give up all hope of seeing Mamie Peebles again. Her father was the largest merchant of the town, and surely he would not allow his daughter to receive from him further attention. He felt heartbroken, but he strived to brace up and be a man. He did not know whether to go and tell her why he was going to leave or to leave unobserved. Without deciding just what to say, he set out to her father's residence,

only to see the girl he loved strolling with Dakin. And envy most unrelenting sprang up in his bosom as he thought, "When I tell her I am going to leave and that I am destined to lead a solitary life, she will, in her heart, rejoice that our relation can now quietly be changed, and while she may express some regret, after the farewell is spoken she will soon forget it all." And he thought, "I should care just as little as she if I could only forget the past, if, to be frank, I did not love her."

The truth was, she loved Josiah, though she tried to conceal it from him and received the courtesies of others to test his devotion. His last call was a pleasant one, and the welcome was unusually cordial. They strolled down the walk, and he felt he must tell her all, and then he would imagine how he would be cast off, and he really rejoiced that it would all soon be over and that he would soon have other things to engage him. But, on hearing his story, she was meditative and cared more than she expressed or he could detect. She wished him unbounded pleasure and a country lass for his own. Her innocent remark, intended only to hide her own emotions, went to his heart like an arrow. She did not say that she hoped they would meet again, or that this sudden separation would in the least darken her pathway, or that the pleasures of the past would haunt her, but simply said farewell! Josiah felt he wanted to unburden his heart of deep emotions, but he did not find it in himself to do so, and thus an association of years came to an abrupt close.

The young man began to work as manager of a small farm and became resigned to his fate. After his father's death, new duties devolved upon him, and he assumed them cheerfully. He assured his dear old mother that she was the only woman he ever expected to love. But there were times when he would remember, however much he tried to forget, that last fond look of hers, hopeful and encouraging, which moved his soul to higher deeds. He was capable of more than an

obscure prosy life, and through a relative secured a position with a large business firm in the distant city of New Orleans. Having felt only the least of trials, as he thought, he went out into the wide, wide world. He was prompt and attentive to duty, and grew in favor with his employer. Life with its fortunes and adversities was before him. Shrewd and calculating, in a few years he was superintendent and chief owner of the establishment. He inherited wealth from Southern relatives because he had proved himself capable as a business man and worthy to perpetuate the former family name. How easily he could have moved in the highest circles of society, but he always declined the invitations to gay gatherings. Women had ceased to charm him, and bachelordom did not seem to have any terrors for him. He would not surrender himself to one creature, who would henceforth deprive him of his liberty and take his time and thought.

Josiah, the lad of our first narrative, is now Mr. Abbott of New Orleans, known far and wide in the business world. After all, it is only ten years since the first events of this narrative.

He resolves to take a rest and to visit his boyhood home in the West. He now recalled all his love for the young lady of his youthful admiration. He had never seen her since that evening years ago. He wondered if he should find her. He thought he loved her still, but then she had long ago forgotten him or was happily situated in life. He, at any rate, decided to make the attempt.

He arrives and is received into the pleasant home of an elderly gentleman who had known him years before. Many changes had been made during his absence. His host gave him the information he sought. His lengthy stay caused inquiry as to the object of his visit. At last he again met her who had come into his life and so long ago departed.

She had led a quiet and happy life and had retired from active society, but she was still young in heart.

He visited her home and the past was related. He frankly told her all. There remains no more to be said, but to record the fact that they were quietly married at her father's home. He surprised those who were deprived of the facts above given; but, to one who had known the entire history, it appeared to be a very natural as well as a romantic event.

JASPER HOWELL, JR., '96.

THE MISSION OF POETRY.

[ORATION.]

Poetry is everywhere. Whether borne upon the soft breath of morning, or sparkling in the sun-kissed dew, or wreathed in the azure light of the distant clouds, it is the same—beautiful, impressive, eternal. The brook glides with rythmic flow over the stones that pave its bed; the waves of the ocean rush together with a grand symphony; the very stars, affected by poetry's subtle influence, tremble in conscious unison.

> "Loveliness, magic, grace,
> They are here! they are set in the world,
> They abide; and the finest of souls
> Hath not been thrill'd by them all,
> Nor the dullest been dead to them quite.
> The poet who sings them may die,
> But they are immortal and live,
> For they are the life of the world."

Deep in the human soul there is a chord responsive to every touch of Nature and beauty. Too often are these higher, nobler impulses repressed; too often is the better nature crushed by a gross and false materialism. We do not study poetry as we should; we do not let it guide us right.

Poetry is the greatest of the fine arts because it combines all the excellencies of the other arts with much that is peculiarly its own. It has the vivid beauty of painting, the graceful symmetry of sculpture, the voluptuous swell and touching cadence of music, with many other graces all its own. Time,

which crumbles most things, has had no influence upon the great pieces of poetry except to make them holy. The sublime epic of Job, written thousands of years ago, still has its poetic beauty. Homer's Iliad, written in the infancy of the world, has never been surpassed in its simplicity and awful grandeur. The Venus of Appeles and the Grapes of Zeuxis have vanished, and the Music of Timotheus is hushed; but the Bowers of Circe are unfading, and the "Chained Prometheus" has outlived the Cupid of Praxillites and the Brazen Bull of Perrillus.

Poetry is the voice of Nature. When the epic of Greece had been debased to serve a tyrant's whims or laud the race-track and the games, when the epic had become in turn conventional, cramped, and then effete, the poets turned to Nature and once more fired the hearts of Greece with songs and dramas drawn from lowly life. In England the story has been the same. From Caedman the cowherd's stirring the English people with bursts of impassioned song, to Alfred Tennyson, with the beautiful legends of his Table Round, the poet, Antaeas-like, has been only strong and powerful when dealing with his own people and his native soil.

Poetry is the breath and soul of patriotism. Nothing else has ever aroused the British heart like the songs of her bards. Every great war, every great movement, every great step in the direction of liberty was the direct result of the powerful influence of English poetry. It was with poetic song that the "Lord of Snowdon" infused new life into his Welsh subjects and caused them to roll back the formidable tide of hostile invasion from their mountain homes. It was with poetry that the sublime Milton caused the people to rise and shake off the shackles riveted upon them by the "divine rights of Kings." Scott by his ballads, Wordsworth by his sonnets caused England to rise and hurl back in irreparable confusion the terrible forces of "the great Napoleon." The trumpet blasts of Alfred Tennyson, in his Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava,

aroused British enthusiasm to a pitch never before attained and made the continent of Europe tremble at his martial music.

Poetry is the handmaiden of science, for all science is poetic. Lord Macaulay said that, as nations become more civilized they go from the concrete to the abstract, from the individual to the class; that the progress of science and learning sweeps away all those superstitions which make poetry possible; to be a great poet, or even enjoy poetry, one must be possessed of a species of insanity! This is the opinion of a great many, but it is unjust and untrue. Science is nothing more than a knowledge of the relations in Nature. Poetry, in its perfection, is the outcome of this knowledge. Goethe, the world-poet, was a great scientist. Side by side with Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer and Darwin was the immortal Tennyson, whom Mr. Gladstone justly calls the greatest philosopher of his age. In his *In Memoriam*, his deep and lasting faith, his keen, prophetic vision is joined with an all-consuming desire to fathom the mysteries of Nature and advance the cause of science.

Poetry is the source of our best literature. All that is purest, all that is noblest has been drawn, consciously or unconsciously, from the inexhaustible fountain of poetry. Like a great river, rising in the high and inaccessible regions of Himalayan snow, increasing in volume as it flows along, here rushing between narrow walls, and there widening and moving in silent and majestic grandeur, is the great stream of the world's poetry. Far away, at its source, a Homer set its limpid tide in motion, then a Pindar, a Virgil, a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Goethe poured forth a crystal flood and made forever green the barren fields of prose.

Poetry is the most potent factor, the most vital power in religion. The celebrated English critic, Matthew Arnold, says:

"Poetry is nothing less than the most perfect speech of man, that in which he comes nearest to being able to utter the truth. In poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies,

our race, as time goes on, will find a surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable. Not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry."

Poetry is the harmony of Nature, the incentive to patriotism, the source of literature, the helper of science, the teacher of religion, the refuge in trouble, the universal panacea for every human heart. In the rush and whirl of our progressive civilization, when genius has soared over the Alps of every difficulty, when invention has chained the powers of thundering Niagara and lighted the earth with a brilliancy which vies with the sun, when the scientist with his microscope has revealed the fairyland about us and almost laid bare the mysteries of life, still greater possibilities are opened up for the display of man's noblest powers in the field of poetry. As ages roll on, man will more and more have recourse to poetry to please the fancy, to strengthen faith, to explain mysteries, and to interpret the book of Nature. Under its ennobling influence man will rise to the exalted state for which he was intended, develop the wonderful capacities of his being, and at last bring the world under the control and the everlasting dominion of universal law. L. A. BEASLEY.

THE DARKIES' BALL.

Bright stars shining in the sky,
Gay dressed darkies passing by.
"Whar yer gwine, down ter der ball?"
"De tickets sez, 'Come one en all!'"

Sawyer plays the violin,
"Step light ladies! 'Taint no sin!"
Plink! Plunk! the banjo sound,
"Fust fo' forward! Hands all 'round!"

Smell of musk is in the air,
Smells like darkies at a Fair.
"'Even, Miss Sue! Wont yer gimme fust set?"
"Dat yo', Johnson? Why, yo' bet!"

"Ezra Jackson, clar de flo'!
Dancin' gwine ter 'gin fer sho!"
Plink! Plunk! the banjo goes
For dusky dames and dashing beaux.

So the happy evening goes;
So the merry chatter flows.
Plink! Plunk! the banjoes ring,
Music comes from every string.

R. A. LEIGH, '96.

GRAY AND HIS BARD.

The poetry of the eighteenth century marks a period of transition in the history of English verse. The machine-like, artificial, monotonous productions of Pope; the pedantry, ostentatious parade of learning, and servile imitations peculiar to the classical period, began to give way to that free, flowing, natural verse which some years later reached its highest perfection in the poetry of Byron, Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth. Men no longer got ideas from books, but from that best of all teachers, Nature. They opened their eyes to the things about them and began to take an interest in the lives of the lowly.

Four great poets, Thompson, Gray, Cowper, and Goldsmith, heralded the coming of the Romantic school. Of

these, Gray stands deservedly high. To no other English poet have so many glowing tributes been paid as to Thomas Gray. Such illustrious men as Sir William Forbes, Cowper, Adam Smith, Sir James McIntosh, and Matthew Arnold, the eminent literary critic of the present century, have placed him in the front rank of English poets. But two famous men, Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith, were adverse in their criticisms of him. The former was prejudiced, and naturally incapable of appreciating the simplicity, music and exquisite beauty in Gray's verse; the latter was a *curio* of the first order, and his opinion as critic is worth but little.

That Gray was a man of profound scholarship all agree. His friend Temple says: "Mr. Gray was perhaps the most learned man in Europe. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original histories of England, France and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics made a principal part of his study. Voyages and travels of all sorts were his favorite amusements, and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening." He was a close student of botany, natural history and entomology. He was familiar with the languages and literature of northern Europe, and especially that of Wales. His poems are among the finest in the English language. He is known best from his Elegy; but his grandest production is The Bard. This poem is founded on a tale that is not true, but from a poetical standpoint it is perfect. The metre changes with the lines—some times iambic, and then trochaic, with the lines rhyming irregularly. However much he may try, Gray is unable wholly to depart from the classical style. The personification of words, as conquest, confusion, ruin, the use of such terms as "Sorrow's faded form," "fell Thirst and Famine," "fierce War," "pale Grief," and "pleasing Pain" are remains of the classical period. He is at his best when he describes scenery and things that can be seen by the eye. Few descriptions can surpass these:

"With haggard eye the poet stood,
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)."

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realms
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes."

"He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night."

Such innovations as these did not suit the age in which Gray lived. As time passed on he began to receive his just reward. Had he lived later or sooner than he did, instead of the few poems he wrote, it is probable that he would have written a great number. L. A. B.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

The drowsy heron droops and dreams,
While over the river the sunlight streams
In a golden flood, and the eddies clear
Play at his feet. From a tree-top near
Comes the robin's carol, modest and sweet,
As he flutters about in his cool retreat.
The hum of the bees, collecting their store,
The laugh of the ripples that plash on the shore,
The blast of the dinner-horn, far o'er the hill,
The woods with a musical peacefulness fill.

Humanity still has an Eden of gladness,
Which banishes every semblance of sadness.
All men are welcome—the Greek and the Jew,
The prince and his lowliest subject too—
To enter and rest 'neath the forest's shade,
Explore the wonders which Nature has made,
Enjoy the perfume shed abroad by the flowers,
And give wings to the darkest, dreariest hours.

—J. C. McNEILL.

THE DECAY OF THE ROUND TABLE.

Since the days of Geoffrey of Monmouth the legend of King Arthur has been growing, and finally it has developed into a magnificent English epic.

It is true that Stopford Brooke works an allegory out of Tennyson's Idylls, and he does it very prettily, too; but then we must remember that Mr. Brooke is a parson and is expected to moralize whenever the opportunity offers.

To understand thoroughly the beauty of the Idylls, one must constantly keep in mind the decay of the Round Table.

This decay is brought about in two ways: first, by the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere; secondly, through the insane vows taken to follow the Holy Grail.

Guinevere scorns Arthur for—

> "Swearing men to vows impossible."

And Merlin says:

> "Such vows as is a shame
> A man should not be bound by, yet the which
> No man can keep."

Had they kept their vows, it is certain that Arthur would have had a noble court and a powerful kingdom. He made them swear—

> "To reverence the king, as if he were
> Their conscience, and their conscience as their king;
> To break the heathen, and uphold the Christ;
> To ride abroad redressing human wrongs;
> To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it;
> To honour his own word as if his God's;
> To lead sweet lives of purest chastity;
> To love one maiden only—cleave to her
> * * * until they won her."

The whole epic is weird and full of the spiritual. It opens with the gladness of a May morning, and closes with the wailing of a Winter wind.

The first three Idylls are devoted to the upbuilding of the Order; the rest to its decay.

The first hint of the Queen's unfaithfulness is given in the *Marriage* of *Geraint.*

> * * * "A rumour rose about the Queen,
> Touching her guilty love for Lancelot."

This rumour is the—

> * * * "little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
> That rotting inward slowly moulders all."

In tracing this decay Tennyson shows his master-hand; it is the finest act in the Idylls.

The first unclean note is struck in the harlot Vivien,—she it was who attempted to corrupt the King himself.

Vivien first appears in *Balin and Balan.* Her first work is the destruction of Balin's peace of mind, and she finally accomplishes his death, also.

In *Merlin and Vivien* the harlot is painted in her brightest colors. She captivates hoary old Merlin, and Arthur lost his mightiest counsellor.

The decay had reached its height in *Lancelot and Elaine.* No longer was the guilt concealed.

The mystic year had reached the height of summer, and even then the autumn was drawing on.

Fair Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, checked the downfall by her purity and simplicity. We almost envy her the pure, holy death in the midst of so much sin and corruption. Even Lancelot awakes for an instant to his true self; and it seems he would throw off his evil life, but the Queen held him too closely—he was powerless. Elaine checked the downfall only so far as lust and vice were concerned.

Checked in their evil career, the knights were seized with a wild, religious frenzy, and many of them swore to seek the Holy Grail for "a twelvemonth and a day."

In their failure to find the Grail the knights recognize their doom, and give way to their weaknesses.

We have lust and religion, the opposites, hastening the same end.

Elaine is a lesser Vivien, and her success shows to what a state the kingdom had fallen. In a similar manner Pelleas is like Gareth; both were impetuous and eager to fight for their king; but Gareth conquers, and Pelleas fails.

We might justify Lancelot and Guinevere's guilty love to some extent, but not the example that it gave to the court followers.

The Last Tournament opens in full autumn, but with the autumn glare and glamour that hides the true rottenness within. In its beginning Dagonet, the fool,

> "Danced like a wither'd leaf before the hall;"

but at its close, when all was sadness and gloom, the poor fool clinging about Arthur's feet answered the King's questioning—

> "I am thy fool,
> And shall never make thee smile again."

Arthur, who in all the former Idylls has been cold and passionless, shows his true character in *Guinevere.*

He leaves a part of his shattered band to guard the Queen in "the wild hour," and his tears seem to be in his words when he says,

> "Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
> That I, the King, should greatly care to live;
> For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life."

And Guinevere is not untouched by his manly speech, for after he has gone she calls for him and asks—

> "Is there none
> Will tell the King I love him, tho' so late?"

She recognized his higher nature after it was too late; *then* she could see the difference between the warmth and color of Lancelot and the coldness of the King, but the time for seeing such differences had passed.

I doubt not but that Guinevere would have made a true, constant wife to Lancelot, or to someone suited to her passionate nature, but Arthur was above her—she could never reach his level.

In *Lancelot and Elaine*, she says:

> "He is all fault who hath no fault at all:
> For who loves me must have a touch of earth."

The Passing of Arthur is rather an epilogue and scarcely concerns the decay of the Round Table.

It is full of mysticism, and is the most unnatural of all the Idylls.

The prophecy of Merlin is fulfilled in regard to Arthur's death, and

> "From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

TH. H. BRIGGS, '96.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN THE December STUDENT, Prof. W. L. Poteat gives an article on The Colors of Animals; Dr. J. H. Gorrell tells of the Anglo-Saxon Commonalty; T. H. Briggs writes on the Decay of the Round Table; G. E. Lineberry treats of ghosts; J. C. McNeill and *R. A. Leigh* have poems; Jasper Howell, Jr., gives a story. Other contributions are, The Mission of Poetry, Gray and His Bard, and Bright Within.

COLLEGE BOYS do not pay enough attention to that part of our current literature which is devoted to political science. Not more than one in a dozen has any clear conception of the questions of the day, and a much less number can discuss those questions intelligently and sensibly. They see Tariff, Currency, Silver, Bonds, National Banks made mention of every day, but they hurry on and read sensations and murders with the greatest avidity. Almost any boy can give you a history of foot-ball, but he cannot tell you a single cardinal principle of any party. How many boys studied long and faithfully the pictures of the ball games of Thanksgiving and failed to notice the article in the *Forum* on the Baltimore Plan. Read editorials. They will give you another point of view, and you will come to have an opinion of your own.

WAKE FOREST has for a long time needed two things—a Chair of Biblical Instruction and a Law Department. She has the Law School, and now she must have the Bible. Both, from an educational standpoint, are indispensable for turning out well rounded young men. All people need to study the Bible, not disconnectedly and spasmodically, but with system. For the highest success in that study, an enthusiastic ripe Bible scholar is needed as teacher. The Bible should be put into the curriculum of every college in the United States, not as an elective for preachers, but as a part of the prescribed course for every man that comes to college. Davidson College has a Bible course arranged in this way, and her success is due to the fact that her graduates are well grounded in the Bible. Some may at first object to a course of this kind, but by and by they will catch the *esprit du corps* that inevitably follows this kind of study under such circumstances, and will become, not only enthusiastic Bible students, but active and zealous Christians.

As for the study of Law, its benefits are incalculable—natural, practical, logical, and scientific, it charms and trains as does no other study. Most of the great men of the United States began life as lawyers. Many of them, after holding the highest offices in the gift of the people, have gone back to their first love—law. If one never intends to practice, yet it is worth all the time taken to acquire it. Blackstone by itself is a mine of knowledge, without which much that we see every day must ever be wrapped in confusion and mist.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

L. A. BEASLEY, Editor.

PERHAPS THE most justly praised novel of the present is Mrs. Ward's "Marcella." It is a sociological novel, yet the story is so well told that the reader cannot find fault with it for teaching at the same time a lesson. There is an utter absence of that flat vapidity, that lack of morality, that sickly sentimentalism, and those unhealthy heroines that characterize *fin de siecle* novels. The plot is interesting, and the style is, throughout, easy, natural, and graceful.

Graphic powers of description, accurate and faithful portrayals of life, a thorough knowledge of people, both high and low, genuine sympathy and unbounded powers of imagination, all ruled by good common sense, are qualities needed to write a good novel. "Marcella" has all these in an extraordinary degree. One can see the stately forests about Mellor tinged with the sunset glow; the starved, ignorant peasants in their miserable hovels; the snowy landscape gleaming at night with its silver-whiteness. Aldous Raeburn is a philosopher, and Lord Maxwell a noble, broad-hearted specimen of humanity. At first, one is impatient with Marcella, but as she becomes more womanly, as she gets more experience, as she sees that the world, despite some abuses and mean people, is governed in the best possible manner, the reader's admiration increases until he is held under a spell of enchantment.

THE DEMOCRATS are not the only ones who have recently met a Waterloo. The advocates of Woman Suffrage are equally disgusted. They made a strong fight in the Empire State, and for a time the current periodicals were full of the discussion *pro* and *con*. Women discussed it sentimentally;

men, legally and practically. The result was that, when the time came to vote, the people, hard as it was, said the fair petitioners nay. Colorado had the ridiculous spectacle of woman's wrangling over politics, and woman's running for office, and they have decided the question by letting the women stay at home a while longer.

Last week the Woman's Christian Temperance Union met in Cleveland and had a very harmonious session. Miss Francis E. Willard made a speech which attracted lively comment throughout the land. While her enthusiasm for the suppression of the liquor traffic meets with the approbation of every true citizen, yet the same thing cannot be said of her plans for accomplishing that end. Even worse than the government ownership of railroads would be the government ownership of the press. In the resolutions of the Convention is the advocacy of woman's going into politics and having the right to vote.

It is woman's duty to make herself acquainted with politics and to keep up with the outside world, but it is not her duty nor her place to take the stump and vote. The world does not want masculine women or effeminate men, but manly men and noble women. Woman can do incalculable good in her own sphere. She is not the "lesser man," nor is she a "blinder motion, bounded in a shallower brain," but a being spiritually, morally and intellectually man's equal, and in her own dominion should be treated as such. She is entitled to engage in any work she pleases to make her living. She is not entitled to exercise the right of the elective franchise, for that not only implies the right to enjoy the protection of the State in peace, but the duty of defending the State in war, and that woman can never do.

THE RECENT declarations of some of the prominent leaders of the Republican party, that Republican success did not necessarily mean a return to protection, are significant as out-

lining the future policy of that party. The situation is the more interesting because they have a majority in both houses of Congress, and can do as they wish concerning the management of governmental affairs. For flexibility and manysidedness, that party has no equal, and this, in some measure, accounts for its charmed life. It can champion high protection and low protection, reciprocity and every other expedient with equal cheek.

The Republican platform of the last national campaign was evasive and indefinite about the money question. The advocates of both gold and silver could get equal solace from its declarations. In all their State campaigns this year, their silence on that subject is very significant. If they find that the people intend to have a change in money, and that by giving them the change they can stay in power, they will not hesitate to do so. It will not be surprising to hear in the future of the Republicans advocating a reduction of the tariff and championing the cause of free silver. They can successfully manage and carry out any plan they wish, for they have no Judases to betray them to the enemy.

IT SEEMS that the Democratic administration cannot be satisfied without one last and crowning act of stultification. Now comes the issuing of more bonds and the imposition of heavier burdens of taxation on the already oppressed and long-suffering people. Secretary Carlisle's policy has been throughout short-sighted and pig-headed. Much of the money that passed out of the treasury was to be either silver or gold, at the discretion of the Secretary. Unfortunately, his discretion was to pay out gold only, and the government has been brought on the verge of bankruptcy.

There must be another remedy found for the restoration of confidence and credit besides the manipulation of government bonds by the head of the government for the interest of bankers

and syndicates. The bonds thus let out will do the government no good, but just furnish a bait for the money sharks.

There must be a better and more far-reaching remedy. The Baltimore plan and the Rhodes plan will be much discussed in the future, and one of them may be just the thing needed, but it has yet to be proved. The Baltimore plan is the bankers' own game, and it pleases too well those advocates of "sound money" in the North. In both the Democratic and Republican parties, those who advocate gold are loud in their praise of this plan; and this, if nothing else, should make the plain, honest people look at it closely. It is an attempt to lead the popular mind away from the main questions of financial reform. It is an attempt to silence the voices of those who advocate the money of the Constitution.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

J. R. MOORE, Editor.

—Rev. F. M. Jordan ('50–'52), though a veteran in the ministry, is still strong and vigorous and doing good work in the Western Convention. In a notice of his recent work at Waynesville we read this comment: "Bro. Jordan is a wonderful preacher."

—Mr. B. F. Hester ('54–'58), Oxford, N. C., though considered an old man, is yet a very successful farmer.

—W. L. French ('56–'57) is a very successful lawyer at Lumberton, N. C. In all his long experience he has never lost a murder case.

—'71. W. D. Trantham, Camden, S. C., one of the most prominent members of the South Carolina bar, is another son of Wake Forest who has won an exceptional reputation as a criminal lawyer. Out of thirty murder cases he has never lost one.

—'78. N. D. Johnson is teaching at Whiteville, N. C. Success attends him there, as it has in all his extensive experience.

—'79. E. F. Aydlett, of the firm of Grandy & Aydlett, Elizabeth City, is one of the foremost lawyers of the State.

—'80. Prof. J. T. Alderman is teaching with wonderful success in Tallapoosa, Ga.

—J. W. Bivens ('80–'83) succeeds himself as Register of Deeds in Union County, N. C. This is his third term.

—His many friends will be glad to note that Rev. E. E. Blount ('84–'86) is comfortably situated and well cared for, under the best medical skill, at Johns Hopkins Hospital. We hope for him speedy restoration to perfect health.

—'85. Rev. A. T. Robertson, D. D., of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, led to the hymeneal altar, November 27, Miss Ella T. Broadus, the accomplished daughter of Rev. J. A. Broadus, D. D.

—'86. Rev. J. L. White has received a call to Macon, Ga. The constant complimentary notices seen warrant the assertion that he is too much loved in North Carolina for him to seek other fields. We must not lose him.

—Rev. G. L. Finch ('86–'88) is pastor of the church at Biltmore, near Asheville, and is highly prized by his people.

—'87. W. J. Matthews, having taken the M. A. degree here, and having honored his profession as pedagogue for several years, has turned to the pleasures of the planter's life in Richmond County.

—'88. Rev. M. L. Kesler is the much loved pastor of the churches at Red Springs, Spring Hill and Lumber Bridge. Among many complimentary notices of him we find this one: "He is a long-headed young preacher."

—'88. R. B. Lineberry is teaching at Fair View, Chatham County, N. C.

—J. R. Edwards ('88–'90) graduated last year at Hamilton College, N. Y. He was elected Librarian for the present session, and is taking a course there now in Theology.

—'88. G. C. Thompson is taking an advanced course at Johns Hopkins. He will be heard from in the front ranks soon.

—Profs. Walter A. Montgomery ('88–'90) and J. R. Hawkins ('90), both of whom took high honors at Johns Hopkins, are at the head of the Graded School at Eufaula, Ala. Proper inducements would bring these two most excellent young teachers back to the Old North State, and such inducements should be forthcoming. We can't afford to lose them.

—W. L. McNeill ('89–'90) is teaching at Galatia, N. C.

—Rev. J. O. Gough ('89–'93) is at Manning, S. C., and serves the church there and some others.

—'89. H. M. Shaw, a promising young lawyer of Oxford, was recently married to Miss Bessie Buxton, of Jackson, N. C.

—'89. G. P. Harrell, who is teaching in McDowell County, was married last summer to one of Wilmington's brightest daughters.

—'89. W. C. Dowd, one of Mecklenburg's most prominent young citizens, though well known as editor of the *Mecklenburg Times*, is to be better known as Senator Dowd, for he will reflect honor upon the position so fitly placed into his keeping.

—Rev. R. A. Hedgepeth ('89–'91) has just accepted a new field in Cumberland County.

—'90. Rev. H. C. Moore is the popular pastor at Monroe, N. C.

—'90. T. W. Bickett, Danbury, N. C., is making a fine reputation as a lawyer. He recently declined a handsome salary as Superintendent of the city schools of Knoxville, Tenn., preferring to aspire (which to him means attain) to yet higher distinction in his chosen profession.

—E. J. Humphrey ('90–'91) is of the firm of Humphrey & Humphrey, attorneys at law, Emory, Texas.

—'91. Rev. B. W. Spillman is pastor at Smyrna, N. C.

—W. J. Thompson ('91–'93) is telegraph operator at Pacolet, S. C.

—'91. Prof. J. L. Kesler, of Howard Payne College, Brownwood, Texas, is making a reputation in journalism. He has recently written a series of able articles, entitled "More Light." Mr. Kesler was married in November to Miss Kate Hayes, a highly accomplished and intelligent lady of Missouri. Can't we induce them to settle in North Carolina?

—'92. Rev. M. A. Adams is succeeding well in the pastorate at Reidsville.

—'92. Rev. S. J. Porter, while kept from his chosen work in Brazil, is pastor of the church at Morehead City.

—'93. E. B. Lattimore is at Davidson College pursuing a course in the Medical Department.

—'94. J. D. Robertson is at the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, and is one of the editors of the *Seminary Magazine.*

Having noted above the influence of Wake Forest in almost every other vocation, we wish to give a brief summary of a few of her sons as they, by the recent election, have been called upon to figure in the political arena:

Senate—R. W. Lindsay ('61), J. Y. Hamrick ('75–'78), C. W. Mitchell ('77–'81), O. M. Sanders ('82–'84), W. C. Dowd ('89), J. E. Fowler ('89–'91).

House—C. S. Wooten ('61), B. B. Winborne ('74), J. J. Bagwell ('80–'82), J. F. Mitchell ('90), W. O. Howard ('91).

Solicitors—J. L. Webb ('73–'74), C. M. Bernard ('75–'76), W. E. Daniel ('78), J. F. Spainhour ('73–'75), H. F. Seawell ('89–'91).

Judge Third Judicial District—E. W. Timberlake ('73).

Chief Justice of Supreme Court—W. T. Faircloth ('49–'54).

—'72. C. H. Martin will contest the election of J. A. Lockhart as Congressman from the Sixth District.

LITERARY NOTES.

J. L. CORNWELL, Editor.

QUITE A thrust at the advocates of the so-called "Woman's rights" is Mr. Sydney Grundy's latest work, "The New Woman."

THE TITLE of Mr. Hardy's story, now begun in Harper's as "The Simpletons," will be changed in the next installment to "Hearts Insurgent."

"THE BAPTIST IN HISTORY, with an Introductory Chapter on the Parliament of Religions," is a small volume of somewhat more than a hundred pages, by the Rev. George C. Lorimer.

"CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS" is an American reprint of a work just published in Shanghai, of which only a few copies found their way to this country, but which was pronounced by one discriminating reader, "the best book on the Chinese people" ever issued.

FEW VOLUMES of short stories compare in interest with Mrs. Catherwood's "Chase of Saint Castin." This lady fashions her tales upon the traditions of the French in the New World, and in this little volume she presents a gallery of portraits of gallant and adventuresome worthies.

A VALUABLE little book is "The Rise of Democracy," by Charles Borgeand. It is not like so many other contemporary writings on institutional history, a mere record of facts, but a study of principles and a philosophical attempt to account for facts that are already known.

"THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE, or Historical Characters of the Reign of Queen Anne," is pronounced Mrs. Oliphant's best work. While the book has a permanent value as a con-

tribution to history and literary criticism, the elegant and tasteful form in which it is brought out is likely to make it one of the favorite gift-books of the holiday season.

"ENGLISH HISTORY IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS," by B. E. Warner, is a unique book, which should be generally and carefully read. As a commentary upon the history in Shakespeare's plays, it is highly interesting; while the views of English History, shown through the medium of the great poet, are admirable. After reading this work one should be a far more appreciative student of English History and a more interested reader of Shakespeare.

THE IMMORTAL regrets expressed by Heine over the departure of the "Gods of Greece" were, it seems, prematurely pathetic, for these delightful creatures still live and are annually reproduced in beautiful books and beautiful sculptures. Not the least attractive among these books is the "Age of Fable, or Beauties of Mythology," by Thomas Bulfinch. This is a volume which can be consulted freely by the reader who loves Keats and Shelley and Milton and Gray—a volume which will explain, by quotation and translation, the many allusions in contemporary and other literature, especially in the poets.

WITH ERUDITION equalled only by a warm sympathy with the very nature of the ancient bard, with as keen an appreciation of the rules of poetry as of the requirements of Latin syntax, Mr. Gladstone has sent forth a work which will delight the heart of the poet and charm the scholar's mind. The laughing Odes of Horace have been rendered into bright and merry song; the stately measure lives in stately English verse. No beauty has escaped his eye; no skillful turn of Roman measure deceives his keen and ever active scholarship. This work, sent forth in the last evening of his life, gives Mr. Gladstone's colossal fame a mellowness and a glow such as are but to some lofty mountain, when the sun hangs low in the sky.

MR. STEVENSON'S new romance, "The Ebb-Tide," begins with the picture of three men in the South Seas. These three men have come by very different routes to this common lodging-house of poverty. One of them is a university man who has fallen lower and lower through want of backbone. Another is a captain who has lost his ship through drunkenness, and the last of this trio is a cockney cad of the most brutal type. It is said by some that this work of Mr. Stevenson's is badly constructed, a mere random series of adventures, sliced out of a chain of heterogeneous episodes that might have gone on forever. In reality, the story is so symmetrical that it is perhaps the best constructed of all of Mr. Stevenson's works, and it might therefore seem surprising that critics could be found blind to so striking a unity as the book manifests.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

S. R. BUXTON, Editor.

WE ACKNOWLEDGE the receipt of *The Blue and Gold*, published by the students of Bethel College, Kentucky. We are glad to note the interest manifested in the Exchange Department.

THE *William and Mary College Monthly* for October, which reached us only a few days ago, contains a valuable article on the "Study of the Classics."

THE NOVEMBER number of *The Adelphian* is bright and attractive. Its contributions, while rather short, are good, and well worth reading.

WE WELCOME among our exchanges *The Crucible* of the State Normal School of Colorado. It contains some good reading matter and is well conducted.

QUITE AN interesting article on the "Hull House" of Chicago, as "a new social movement," appears in the *Brown Magazine* for November. It is by far the best description of this noted institution we have seen.

THE *Davidson Monthly* is one of our best exchanges, and is well worth the support of its many friends. Its leading article, "The Silver Question," is well written, and very fairly discussed.

THE *Nassau Literary Magazine* for November is indeed a good issue. While all the contributions are good, the article styled "The Pathology of Literary Taste" deserves special mention, and is one of rare merit.

WE ARE glad to see on our table the *Literary* of Baylor University. Great care seems to have been shown in the selection of its contributions, but scarcely any attention is paid to its Editorial Department. No magazine can neglect this department and expect to attain to the foremost rank in college journalism.

THE *Peabody Record*, which we consider the equal of any college magazine, contains an ably written article on "The Chivalry and Tradition of the South," by Ernest W. Edwards. The piece throughout is one of interest. In no instance does the writer attempt to engender bitter feelings between the North and South, but rather to dispel all such from our minds. In speaking of "the chivalry of those days," he does not forget to mention the loyalty and allegiance of the "Southern woman" to the "Southern cause."

MEMORY.

Oh, for some soothing, lethean stream,
Some opiate draught to numb the pain
Of aching hearts; some hopeful gleam
To light the lonely way again—
I would I could forget!

My soul is haunted by the past;
Of thee I think—at matin's call;
In garish noon; when thick and fast
The shades of night about me fall—
Why cannot I forget?

Joy hath its ending, pain its cure,
And sorrow finds relief in sighs:
But love devout as Hope, and pure
As Faith—a true love—never dies.
I can't—I *can't* forget!

Harvard Advocate.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

S. R. BUXTON, Editor.

THE GYMNASIUM has recently been refitted with new apparatus.

WE WERE glad to see Mr. T. J. Pence on the Hill a few days since.

MISS HELEN FOOTE, of Warrenton, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. G. Simmons.

MISS ANNIE YARBOROUGH spent a few days on the Hill, visiting Mrs. C. F. Reid.

MISS BEULAH SANDERLIN, of Washington, D. C., spent a few days on the Hill, visiting friends.

WE REGRET to announce the resignation of Mr. S. W. Oldham, as Associate Editor of THE STUDENT.

MISS CARRIE BUSKEY has returned to her home in Norfolk, Va., much to the regret of her many friends.

MRS. J. A. WRAY, formerly of the Hill, now of Winston, N. C., is visiting her father, Prof. L. R. Mills.

AT A MEETING of the Athletic Association, Mr. Robert Royall was elected Treasurer for the ensuing year.

IT GIVES us pleasure to note the election of Mr. J. R. Moore as successor to Mr. Oldham as Associate Editor.

QUITE a number of students and citizens of the Hill attended "Spark's Circus," given at Forestville on November 22.

MRS. JOHN O. GOUGH, who has been spending some time on the Hill visiting relatives, has returned to her home in Manning, S. C.

AT THE last meeting of the Bible Bands, Prof. W. B. Royall delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on "The Characteristics of the Gospels."

TENNIS is one of the most popular games among the students just now. We hope a tournament may be arranged for in addition to the regular exercises next Field Day.

REV. T. G. TAYLOR, of Warrenton, has been assisting our pastor in a protracted meeting for the past two weeks. He is a man of great power and magnetism, and soon succeeded in arousing the whole village. Several additions were made to the church.

THE STUDENT will be represented at the Baptist State Convention by Prof. J. B. Carlyle and our Business Manager, Mr. J. W. Carlton. Among those who attended the Convention as delegates from Wake Forest are, Dr. C. E. Taylor, Prof. W. L. Poteat, Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, Prof. C. E. Brewer, J. C. Caddell, P. A. Dunn and W. Royall.

AT THE December meeting of the Missionary Society, Prof. R. W. Haywood read an able paper on the "Reflex Influence of Missions." Mr. C. L. Greaves then addressed the Society on "Adaptation of Christianity to Man." Quite an enjoyable

letter from Dr. George B. Taylor, missionary to Rome, Italy, was also read by the Corresponding Secretary.

ON THURSDAY evening, November 15, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mr. E. Y. Webb ('92), one of Shelby's most promising young lawyers, was married to Miss Willie Simmons, Dr. C. E. Taylor officiating. Owing to the sickness of the bride only a few friends of the family were present. THE STUDENT extends to them its hearty congratulations and best wishes.

COLLEGE exercises were suspended on Thanksgiving Day, according to the time-honored custom. Thanksgiving services were held in the college chapel in the morning. In the evening Dr. J. A. Holmes, State Geologist, gave us an interesting lecture on "The Public Road Movement in North Carolina." Photographs were shown, by means of a stereopticon, of some of the most beautiful roads of France, Switzerland, Germany and America.

THE WAKE FOREST Scientific Society held its regular meeting in the lecture-room of the Laboratory Building on December 4. The subject for the evening, "The Folk Song and its History," was discussed by Prof. B. F. Sledd. The lecture throughout was one of interest, and highly enjoyed by all present. At the next meeting Professor Gorrell will lecture on the "Science of Language." Mr. J. D. Hufham, Jr., will also present a paper on "Monazite." These meetings are always interesting as well as instructive, and are largely attended by the students.

A VERY enjoyable entertainment, in the way of an informal recital, was given at the residence of Mr. W. O. Allen on Friday, December 7, under the management of Miss Lena Allen. The programme was interesting throughout, and we but voice the opinion of all present in saying that it was a grand success:

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

PIANO DUET—March in Norma.
Misses Bertie E. Edwards and L. Foy Allen.

RECITATION—Heartsease.
Miss Lizzie G. Allen.

PIANO SOLO—Playful Rondo—Green.
Miss Marie E. Lankford.

RECITATION—Annie and Willie's Prayer.
Miss Bertie E. Edwards.

PIANO SOLO—Knickerbocker Quickstep.
Miss L. Foy Allen.

SHORT SKETCH OF SCHUMANN'S LIFE.
Miss Marie E. Lankford.

VOCAL SOLO—Water Cresses.
Miss Mary Lanneau.

PART II.

PIANO SOLO—Queen of the Fairies—Smith.
Miss Lula I. Dunn.

FLUTE SOLO—Selected.
Robert Royall.

PIANO SOLO—Polish Dance.
Miss Mary P. Taylor.

RECITATION—The Last Hymn.
Miss Marie E. Lankford.

PIANO SOLO—Secret Love.
Miss Bertie Edwards.

RECITATION—No Kiss.
Miss Mary P. Taylor.

VOCAL SOLO—Lullaby.
Miss Mary Lanneau.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETIES.

While THE STUDENT is not dependent upon its advertisers, yet they help considerably in defraying our expenses. For the last few years the receipts from subscribers and advertisers have not met expenses and of course the Societies have had to pay the balance, which has been a heavy burden. Unless we secure more subscribers and advertisers, this will continue to be the case.

The merchants and business men of Wake Forest depend largely, directly or indirectly, upon the students of the college, and it is nothing but just that they should advertise in THE STUDENT. Some of them have been faithful to us and advertised in each issue, and these deserve the patronage of every student.

Boys, examine closely the ads. in THE STUDENT, and buy only from those who advertise in it. Patronize those who patronize you.

J. W. CARLTON,
Business Manager.

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BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

MANAGER, J. W. CARLTON, WAKE FOREST, N. C.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

Vol. XIV. Wake Forest, N. C., January, 1895. No. 4.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

[For the Student.]

THE SERENADE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLAND.)

"What wakes me from my sleep, dear mother?
What sweet strains do I hear?
Oh! mother, say; what can it be?
Pray, tell me, mother dear!"

"I hear no sound, my poor, sick child;
'Tis far into the night;
No music breathes upon the air.
Sleep on till morning bright."

"It is not earthly music, mother;
'Tis heavenly sounds I hear,
The angels call me with their songs;
Good night, O! mother dear." —X.

THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE. *

In presenting this subject for your consideration, I am confronted at the outset with the question: Can the study of language be called a science? There are some who, restricting the domain of science within the limits of what our German brethren call the "bread-and-butter sciences," look upon all study that has to do with the investigation of the laws of speech as useless and impractical. "Know thyself"

* Address delivered before the Wake Forest Scientific Society, January 15, 1895.

has always been acknowledged to be a most practical injunction, and no one, I think, will refuse the name of science to anything that concerns itself with a response to this command. Now, there is nothing more intimately connected with man's existence than those means of communication which have attended him throughout all time, which have raised him above the brute and made him a little lower than the angels —his language. The study of this subject then fulfills the condition imposed upon a science by Lord Bacon, that it should be "a rich storehouse for the glory of God."

The investigation of the subtle processes of language holds its place without controversy among the historical rather than among the natural sciences. We do not look upon language as a crystalized and unchangeable structure, but we study it as a life and a growth; it lives with the life and grows with the growth of the peoples that speak it; it is purely conventional and arbitrary, and, like all historical sciences, is most delusive in its methods; it is ever surrounded by a mist of improbabilities, submits to no absolute demonstration, and will not be bound down by any invariable laws. Our study, therefore, of language is directly regulated by the same considerations: we must gather our facts with the utmost care here, there, and everywhere; we must conduct our investigations with strict regard to the time, manners and condition of the speakers, and we arrive at our conclusions for the most part by a strictly inductive process.

The scientific study of language, or what is now commonly known as Comparative Philology, is relatively modern. True, crude attempts had been made at this study in the earliest times, but they are of interest to us simply as displaying an immense mass of inaccuracy, ignorance and prejudice. Considering their own language to be the only intelligible one, the early Greeks denominated other nations as barbarians or incoherent talkers, and it was not till Christianity sent its missionaries into all the world that the study of languages

assumed any importance. A serious drawback, however, to the successful result of these studies was the assumption that the primitive language was the Hebrew. The church fathers all believed this, and this idea persisted pretty generally until the time of Leibnitz. Other ludicrous hypotheses were also in vogue, as, *e. g.*, Goropius, a Dutchman, wrote a book in 1580 to prove that Dutch was the language spoken in the Garden of Eden; Becanus, an enthusiastic Anglo-Saxon scholar, declared in 1605 his belief that this language was that of our first parents;* and Kempe solemnly announced that God spoke to Adam in Swedish, Adam answered in Danish, and the Serpent tempted Eve in French. Leibnitz, Hervas, the Russian Empress Catherine, and many others, faithfully pursued this study; but the results of their labors are interesting only to antiquarians, embodying a prodigious number of facts, without any sure basis upon which to form their classifications. There was still the old difficulty with regard to the primitive language. This stumbling-block was, however, in a great measure removed by the discovery about 1780 of the relation of Sanskrit to the other languages. As a language Sanskrit had been known long before, but what was not known was, that this language, which had been spoken centuries before the time of Solomon, which was still spoken at the time of Alexander, and which possesses a literature over twice as large as all the literature that remains to us of Greece and Rome—that this Sanskrit language is intimately connected with Greek and Latin and German, standing to them in somewhat the relation of an elder sister. Since this time, therefore, the study of language has built upon a sure foundation, commanding the respect and attention of scientific thinkers, and presenting a splendid array of names of learned workers, such as Herschel, Bopp, Grimm, Humboldt, Rask, Schleicher, Max Mueller, Brugmann, and our own American, Prof. William Dwight Whitney.

* Wuelcker's Grundriss zur Geschichte der Angelsaechsischen Litteratur, p. 10.

Since we are now upon the threshold of our subject, the questions arise: Where is the cradle of the human race, and how did language begin? Many and various answers have been proposed to the first query. It was at first thought that the site of the Garden of Eden could not be elsewhere than near the sources of the Tigris and the Euphrates; the region of Turkestan was also believed in; and for a long time men held faith in a hypothetical Lemuria now at the bottom of the Indian Ocean. There is now strong linguistic evidence pointing to Scandinavia as the first abode of man.

The second question, as to the origin of language, can be more satisfactorily answered; but even upon this subject so vast has been the erudition expended and so discordant have been the views advanced, that the stoutest heart may well quail in an attempt to reduce order out of the existing confusion. The following unsatisfactory presentation of the facts must therefore suffice. A view which has had its adherents among the vast number of unscientific thinkers, and which is still held by some in our day, is the divine origin of language, that the first human being was endowed at his creation with a perfectly formed speech. This indolent philosophy which introduces the *deus ex machina* to solve every problem in the great drama of man's existence, is being rapidly abandoned by scientists, and hence we may not delay longer in combatting this theory. The next two hypotheses to be mentioned are of far greater importance, and merit more minute consideration. These are dubbed by Max Mueller the "Bow-Wow" and the "Pooh-Pooh" theories respectively. To the first, we may give the more dignified title of Onomatopoetic Hypothesis. It was first advocated by Herder before the Berlin Academy. It assumes that language began by the process of imitating the sounds we hear. An incident from Prof. Sweet's book on Phonetics illustrates the supposed operation of this theory: "An Englishman was once traveling in China, who couldn't speak Chinese. One day he was dining at an eating-house, and the waiter brought him in a meat pie. As

he was very hungry he ate it up and thought it very good, but he couldn't make out what it was made of. He thought it was probably duck pie and so, when the waiter came to clear away the dishes, he pointed at the empty pie dish and exclaimed, 'quack, quack?' The waiter at once shook his head and said, 'bow-wow.' So the Englishman knew he had been dining on dog-flesh." We shall see further on that imitation of sounds does really play an important part in the formation of language; but we must hasten on to the second theory, the so-called "Pooh-Pooh" or Interjectional Hypothesis. Condillac was a prominent advocate of this. "Man," says he, "utters cries, sobs, or shouts according as he is affected by fear, pain, or joy, and these cries or interjections are the natural and real beginnings of the human speech, and everything is elaborated after their model." There are, besides these, two well-known theories for the origin of language: First, that promulgated by Locke, Adam Smith and others, that language originated by the arbitrary use of the proper names of individual objects; secondly, that proposed by Leibnitz, that general terms form the essential constitution of language and that these general terms were afterwards specialized by usage, just as the name Ganges originally meant simply a "going" stream, from Sanskrit *Ganga*. Max Mueller is also inclined to accept this view, but he extends it by the introduction of four or five hundred so-called "phonetic types" which originally existed by the hand of God.

These, then, are the five important theories for the origin of speech. Which of these shall we choose? Let us consider a moment. Obviously the *raison d'etre* of language has been owing to no other cause than the desire of communication. When this necessary element of communication is absent from any cause whatever, clearly no language can result. This is the only rational explanation of the fact that the deaf are always dumb, for, although the organs of speech are perfectly devoloped, the lack of communication with the outside world,

caused by the defect in the auditory nerve, effectually prevents the development of speech beyond a few incoherent sounds. On the same principle we may justly reject the stories told of Psammeticus of Egypt, or of Frederic II. of Swabia, or of James IV., of Scotland, and of others, who claimed to have isolated infants from all communication with the outside world, which children at a certain age spoke words occurring in known languages. Such experiments would be regarded by all sensible men as inhuman and ridiculous in the highest degree. There are three common means of communication—grimace, gesture, and voice. In a very limited degree all of these are also employed by the lower animals, and with this wide definition animals may be said to possess language. The adoption of the voice as the instrument par-excellence for the production of language is easily seen to be due to the fact that man alone is endowed by God with the ability of infinite development of this faculty and its adaptation to express the thoughts of the soul.

The same principle holds in our determination of the original form of spoken language. The means that are best adapted to man's need of communication are the only rationally conceived beginnings of speech. Now, imitation is one of the essential principles in human history. Man is an imitative animal, "not in an instinctive and mechanical way, but because he has the capacity of noticing what he sees in other animals and producing this in imitative show." What further strengthens this theory of the imitative origin of speech is that this onomatopoetic tendency is specially strong in the oldest and slightly developed languages, and plays an important part even in modern language, as we have *mau* for *cat* in Chinese; *kaka* for *crow*, and *dundu* for *drum* in Sanskrit; *shi-shi-gwa* for *rattlesnake* in Algonquin; *bous* for *cow* in Greek, and in other tongues such forms as *ulule* for *flute*, *pipit* for *whistle*, *kwa-lal-kwa-lal* for *bell*, *pung* for *gun*, *heitschu* for *sneeze*, *bufa* for *bellows*, *hee-hee* for *laughter*, and the remark-

able number of imitative words in our own language—as *hiss*, *twitch*, *boom*, *fiz*, *pop*, *cuckoo*, *roar*, *hum*, etc. What more reasonable theory, therefore, could we adopt for the origin of speech than to assume a tendency, which is of the strongest kind in human nature, and is not only present in the ancient languages, but plays so important a part in modern tongues? An objection may be offered that these imitative words form in reality only a small part of the vocabulary of languages. True, but it must be remembered that our oldest records are separated hundreds and probably thousands of years from the primitive speech; and hence innumerable changes, both in sound and orthography, have taken place. Then, again, a most important factor of change in language is the tendency of man to indulge in comparison or analogy. Many objects may bear a slight resemblance to an object that has already received its name; what is more natural than to conceive that these objects were given the name (possibly with a few changes) of their prototype. In course of time these resemblances are felt no longer, and other changes are gradually introduced into the words until it is impossible to recognize their relationships to the primitive word. This process is carried on *ad infinitum* and prevents any clear statement of the original form of language. Changes, both in orthography and signification, similar to those just assumed, are seen in abundant examples in comparatively modern times, as, *e. g.*, the Greek word *Episkopos* meant, originally, simply an *overseer;* it has now been elevated to the honor of characterizing the highest dignitary of a great ecclesiastical organization. Let us notice the changes in form in this word. The English and German, dropping the first and last parts, have left us *bishop* and *bischof* respectively; the French drops the last two syllables and produces *eveque;* in a somewhat similar way the Spanish writes *obispo* and the Portuguese *bispo*, while the Danish reduces it to the monosyllable *bisp*. Now, the general speaker has not the slightest idea of the relation of these words to the

Greek, and only the trained etymologist can restore the original fabric from its mutilated remnants. Very numerous are the changes in sense of words — a *priest* is no longer simply an "older person"; a *volume* originally meant something "rolled"; a *book* was a block of *beech*-wood; a *bank* originally a *bench*, and a *bank-rupt* was one whose bench was broken; a *candidate* was one "dressed in white"; a *barrack* is no longer simply a "hut"; *soldiers* were originally "paid" men; *company*, those who eat "bread together"; *lieutenant*, simply a man "holding a place"; a *clock* was originally a *bell*, but it has now been given both face and hands. This last observation leads us to the interesting subject of personification in language. "An animal," says Whitney, "has a *head*, and so has a pin and a cabbage. A river has also a *head*, and so it has *arms*, which are called by some *branches* or *feeders*, or *tributaries;* it has also a right and a left *side;* it has a *bed*, in which it runs instead of lying still; and then at its farthest extremity, instead of finding its foot, we find its *mouth;* a class also has its *head* and its *tail*, and so has a coin; a sermon often has several *heads;* a sore comes to a *head;* we give a horse his *head* which he already had, and, when we become angry, we are so unfortunate as to lose our *heads*."*

Let us recapitulate: We have stated our belief that language originated in great measure by the attempt to imitate the sounds or qualities of objects; that this process was greatly extended by the influence of comparison and analogy; that corruption, both in form and meaning of words, set in at an early period; and lastly, a purely arbitrary introduction and manufacture of words takes place—so that language presents itself to us as a fabric formed of the most diverse materials woven together in every conceivable way.

Before leaving the subject of primitive speech, we may well make an investigation into the supposed condition of language in its earliest state. It is generally acknowledged by scholars

* Whitney: Life and Growth of Language, p. 86.

that all things tend to show that primitive language was composed of *roots;* these so-called *roots* "indicated some conception in entire indefiniteness as concerns its relations, neither to be looked upon as the concrete name of an object, nor as attribute only, nor as predicate, but equally ready to turn to the purpose of any of the three." The nearest approach to this condition is seen in the Chinese, where the same word can act the part of a noun, adjective, verb, or adverb.

Now, how do we trace a word back to its root or original form? As an illustration of this process we may take the common English word *listen.* The middle English is *list-n-en* and *lust-n-en;* the *-n-* is an insertion and *-en* is the infinitive ending; hence we should expect Anglo-Saxon *lyst;* we find this, together with a prefixed *h* which has since been lost, in Anglo-Saxon *hlystan; -an* is again rejected and *-st* is a substantial suffix and does not belong to the original word; hence we have left *hly;* but we know that *y* in *hly* comes from *u*, and so we have reduced the word to *hlu;* turning to the earliest Teutonic language we find the Gothic form *hliuma;* hence the Gothic base is *hliu* or general Tentonic *hleu;* now, applying Grimm's law, we find the earliest Indo-European form or root to be *kleu*, denoting the general idea of hearing. This root is clearly seen in Sanskrit *cru*, "to hear," Greek *kluein*, Old Latin *cluere*, Welsh *clust.* Having found the root of *listen*, we may inquire whether there exist other words from the same root *Kleu.* We find another in Greek *klutos* (Sanskrit, *cruta*), *i. e.*, "renowned," which gives us Anglo-Saxon *hlud*, middle English *lud*, English *loud.* The Swedish word *lomra*, "to resound," also comes from the same root; and from this we derive our English word *lumber*, as the "*lumbering* of the wheels." From Latin *cluere* we get *cluens* and *cliens*, "one who hears," whence the French *client*, English *client.*

The Greek also possesses another derivative *kleos*, from which comes Old Latin *cloria*, later *gloria*, whence French *gloire*, English *glory.* In Slavonic an initial *K* changes to *S;* hence

in Old Slavonic we find *sluti*, "to be named;" and allied to this is old Russian *slovene*, Middle High German *slave*, New High German *sklave*, French *esclave*, English *slave*. So from this root *kleu* we get the apparently unconnected words, *listen*, *loud*, *lumber*, *client*, *glory* and *slave;* these, together with their derivatives, and their representatives in the various tongues, amount to hundreds of words proceeding from this one root. Similarly from the root *gheu* we derive *alchemy*, *chemistry*, *fuse*, *confound*, *refund*, *confute*, *font*, *fount*, *foundry*, *geyser*, *gush*, *gutter*, *chyle*, *ingot*, etc.*

Another important characteristic is the diversification and differentiation of languages. The only reasonable explanation for the divisions of tongues is the fact that no two persons in the world actually speak the same language; there are minute and unimportant differences in the pronunciation and use of words which are generally not noticeable. But let us suppose these two persons to be separated for many years, with no opportunity of intercommunication, and pursuing different vocations; under these circumstances the former minute differences in language will be greatly exaggerated. Prolong these years into decades, and these decades into generations, and multiply the individuals who are so separated, and we shall have the formation of what we call *dialects*. Allow the different dialects to pursue their several courses, according to the peculiar developments of different peoples, and let the time be extended to centuries and milleniums, and we have the formation of separate *families of language*. In olden times, and among savage tribes, the dialectical divisions were far more varied and important. Pliny tells us that in Colchis alone there were more than three hundred tribes speaking different dialects. A writer in 1626 describes every village of the North American Indians as speaking different tongues; and the early missionaries in Central America found that the language of the same people had so changed in ten years that

*See Skeat's Principles of English Etymology, p. 286.

a dictionary made at that earlier period had become entirely useless.*

Now, this inherent tendency of man to differentiation in language is the only satisfactory explanation that can be offered for the division of tongues, and is the only explanation that is to be desired by the scientific student of language. This differentiation is greatly increased by the peculiarities of the different countries and peoples. The Chinese, for example, with their immemorial tendency to conservatism, have preserved language in its simplest and most primitive form, while the Greeks, on the other hand, have worked over and developed their language to an amazing degree. Such influences are recognized in common parlance, when we speak of the heaviness of the German, the grace and lightness of the French, and the curt and slangy American English.

There are three great divisions of languages, the marks of differentiation being the different methods of formation of words. As primitive speech consists of roots, we make the different methods of combining these roots the basis of our classification.

In our first division roots may be used as words, each root preserving its full independence. The Chinese is a representative of this class. It is, therefore, monosyllabic, and is the poorest of all languages as regards formal structure. Phonetic corruption cannot enter. There is no formal distinction between a noun, a verb, an adjective, an adverb, or a preposition. The same root, according to its position in the sentence, may be employed to convey the meaning of greatness, great, greatly, and to be great. An example of this usage is the following sentence: *Sha jin y cang;* this literally means, "kill man *use* stick," and the verb *y* is employed with exactly the same function as a preposition; hence we may render it, "To kill a man *with* a stick."

In the second division of languages two roots may be joined

* Max Mueller's Science of Language, p. 58.

together to form words, and one of these roots loses its independent form and meaning and becomes a mere sign of derivation or of case. Hence, phonetic corruption can take place in this changed root, but cannot in the principal radical element. These languages are called "agglutinative," since we have here two primitive forms glued together to form a complete word. This family of languages is known as the Turanian family, and embraces the Turkish, Mongolic, Finnic, Tamulic, Malayic, etc. This process of glueing together is so loosely done that the word can be dissected with the greatest ease. Let us take one instance—the conjugation of the Turkish verb "to love." The root *sev* has the general idea of loving; to this root is first attached the participial ending *-er*, hence *sev-er* means *lov-er;* to this then they add the personal pronouns *im*, *sen*, etc., in which alone there is change from their original forms; therefore, the present indicative of this verb is *sev-er-im*, *sev-er-sen*, *sev-er*, *sev-er-iz*, *sev-er-siz*, *sev-er-ler*.

In the third and highest division of languages two or more roots are joined together to form words, and in these compounds both roots may lose their independence; phonetic corruption takes place, both in the principal root and in the terminations. To this class belong the Semitic family of languages, including Hebrew, Arabian, etc., and the great Indo-European family, including Sanskrit, Persian, Greek, Latin, Albanian, Lithuanian, and the Germanic or Teutonic languages. This division of languages is of special interest to us, for in its writings are contained the most precious relics of ancient civilization, as in Sanskrit, Hebrew, and Greek; from the Latin have sprung the modern Romance languages—the French, Spanish, Italian, and Portugese; and in the great Teutonic class are found the High German, the Dutch, Swedish, Norse, Danish, Icelandic, and our own English, which is but a dialect of Low German. Owing to the highly inflectional system of most of these languages, especially the older

ones, a world of meaning can be crowded into one word, and a single form, as the verb among the Greeks, can be expanded and developed to a wonderful extent.

This principle of change, both in the principal root and in the derivative forms, as well as the confusion of forms by reason of analogy, can be well observed by the comparison of a few examples. The oldest conjugational system of our verb "to be" is made up of the root *as*, "to breathe," and the different pronomial forms which have suffered change; hence, the Sanskrit conjugation is *as-mi*, "breathe I"; *as-si*, "breathe thou"; *as-ti*, "breathe he"; now in the plural the accent falls on the last syllable, and hence the original root is weakened from *as* to *s*, so we find *s-ma-s*, "breathe I and thou," *i. e.*, "breathe we"; *s-tha*, "breathe ye"; *s-anti*, "breathe they." One can very readily trace the connection of these forms with the corresponding Latin *s-um*, *es-*, *es-t*, *s-umu-s*, *es-ti-s*, *s-unt*, and the Greek *ei-mi* (for *es-mi*), *ei* (from *es-si*), *es-ti*, *es-men*, *es-ti*, *ei-si*. In the same way other verbs are conjugated, as, *e. g.*, from the root *dha* "giving," we have Sanskrit *da-mi*, *da-si*, *da-ti;* Latin *do* (for *do-m*), *da-s*, *da-t*, and the Greek with the extended form *didomi*, *di-do-s*, *di-do-si*. These forms, not containing the idea of time, were not formerly regarded as a tense, but a past was by and by made by prefixing an adverbial element, the "augment" of the Greek, meaning "then," as Sanskrit *a-da-mi*, "then give I," *i. e.*, "I gave," shortened to *a-da-m*, whence Greek *edon*; again, there was another tense of completed action, made by repetition of the root, "reduplication," as Sanskrit *da-da-mi*, "give give I," *i. e.*, "I have given." The common root *as* was also used in tense formation, as seen in the *s* in such forms as Greek *elusa* and *doso* (from *dosio*, Sanskrit *da-syami*).* The other tenses and moods are similarly constructed, Each language has in a great degree its own system of derivation, and the original significations of such terms were lost in an astonishingly short

* See Whitney's Life and Growth of Languages, p. 202.

time; one would hardly recognize the French *aurai* as a corruption of *habeo-habere*, or *meme* as an abbreviation of *semetipsissimus* or *aujourd' hui* as originally the four Latin words *ad diem de hodie.*

This great Indo-European family has been subjected to more thorough investigation than any other family of languages; its resources have been thoroughly utilized, its different divisions have been distinctly marked, and the laws of change well established. Prominent among these are Grimm's Law which explains the changes taking place from the passage of Latin *pater* to English *father*, or of Sanskrit *duhitri* to English *daughter*, etc., and Verner's Law, which explains the change of *s* to *r* in *forlorn* as compared with *lose*, and the interchange of hard and soft sounds in *mouth-mouths*, *wife-wives*, *advice-advise.*

English-speaking people may well congratulate themselves on their inheritance to so rich an accumulation of all the tongues of earth. Besides our glorious Anglo-Saxon mother-tongue, we talk constantly in many languages, when we use such words as Icelandic *geyser*, Swedish *flounder*, Danish *fog*, Dutch *walrus*, Welsh *maggot*, Latin *second*, Italian *canto*, Spanish *alligator*, Greek *telegraph*, German *meerschaum*, French *bayonet*, Bohemian *polka*, Lithuanian *talk*, Persian *awning*, Sanskrit *banyan*, Turkish *ottoman*, Hebrew *cherub*, Syrian *damask*, Arabic *alkali*, Malay *bamboo*, Russian *mammoth*, Australian *kangaroo*, North American Indian *hominy*, *moccasin*, etc.

Now for a few general remarks. One language may borrow thousands of words from other languages, but its grammar is always its own and is never borrowed. The conventionality and arbitrariness of language is due entirely to the supreme will of the people; hence, when a new idea is demanded by the exigencies of the time, that indefinable feeling for language adopts a suitable term to express it; but no individual has the power to change or introduce an expression

in the language, unless this change or introduction appeals with distinct force to the language feeling of the people at large. When the Emperor Tiberius had made a mistake in his language, and was reproved for it by Marcellus, another grammarian named Capito remarked that what the Emperor said was good Latin, or, if it were not, it would soon be. Marcellus, more of a grammarian than a courtier, replied: "Capito is a liar; for, Cæsar, thou can'st give the Roman citizenship to men but not to words."

I have endeavored to show, in this most imperfect sketch, the principal facts in the origin, and general relationships and dissemination of languages on the earth. In it all we see the Divine hand working out the mighty system of the advancement and development of mankind; and, though at first we may reasonably be astounded at the seeming inexplicable jargon of tongues, yet, by means of the Science of Language, they present themselves clearly as harmonious parts of one stupendous whole, obeying tolerably fixed laws, constantly aiming at simplicity and exactness, and ministering to the ever-increasing need of the communication of man with man. Surely, no one can observe all these results of our science without reading a higher and a truer meaning in those sublime words of Coleridge:

"Earth with her thousand voices praises God."

LIFE IN BRAZIL.

Brazil was first known by the name of *Terra da Santa Cruz* (Land of the Holy Cross), but was afterwards given its present name because of the red brazil-wood found there in such abundance. It is also frequently called the "Land of the Southern Cross," a name applied to it by Cabral, the discoverer, on account of four large stars, three of which are of the first magnitude, seen in those beautiful Southern skies.

Their position gives them the exact appearance of a cross, which is represented on many of the Brazilian coins.

Brazil has an area of 3,286,000 square miles, being, therefore, larger than our own country. It comprises one-half of South America. It has a seacoast line of 4,000 miles. There are twenty States, all of which border on the Atlantic, except four; and these last four are almost twice the size of all the other sixteen together.

This land is the natural home of gorgeous flowers and brilliantly plumaged birds, which form the leading topic for most travelers and writers who undertake to tell of this truly wonderful country. Worthy of notice are they, indeed; but in this paper my purpose is to mention some of the customs among the people.

We are not surprised to find the customs of Brazilians different from ours, when we remember that they have sprung from a race, or races, entirely different from our own, and whose institutions and surroundings from early history have been foreign to anything with which we are acquainted.

Brazil is inhabited by a mixed race: first, there is the European element—largely Portuguese; next in number and power are the Negroes; last, the native South American Indian. There have never been any Indian wars in Brazil, as with us; but the Indian tribes are assimilated as rapidly as civilization encroaches upon their savage solitudes.

With this complete mixture of races confronting us, we are prepared to look for some of the fruits of European civilization, mingled with African ignorance and superstition, and the heathenish cruelties and hatred of the American Indians.

The people are slothful and easy-going, and backward in making use of modern improvements. Time is almost a valueless commodity with the ordinary Brazilian. Patience is their favorite virtue. Frequently they will spend more time in making a bargain than the article bought is actually worth. With them "money saved is money made," and they

will congratulate themselves, if, after contending for an hour, they save as much as one penny in making the most insignificant trade.

There are about thirty-five railroad lines in the country, which belong principally to English capitalists; but by no means has anything like a system of railroads been yet perfected, and hence a great deal of the transportation is still done on the backs of pack-mules. These mules go in droves varying in number from twenty to one hundred, each drove having two or three drivers. They do not wear bridles, but each mule is tied with a halter to the tail of the one in front of him; and here they go, each one with at least a half-dozen bells jingling around his neck. When the lead-mule trots, the others must trot, when he walks the others walk. They seem to understand one another admirably well. Their saddles are made of raw hides, upon each of which can be placed a burden of two or three hundred pounds. A great deal of the coffee which we use is carried thus on the backs of mules from the plantations to the seaport towns.

Oxen are for drawing carts. It is no strange sight to see twelve stout oxen drawing an oddly fashioned cart with large block wheels, whose hideous creaking reminds one of howling wolves, or the midnight music of backyard cats. The drivers of these oxen use long poles into the ends of which are fastened sharp iron goads with which they cruelly tear the hides of the poor, faithful beasts.

A large field of coffee presents a beautiful scene. The blossoms are white and delicately fragrant, and the ripe berries resemble cherries and have a dark-red color. Plows are not used, but the weeds and grass are dug up by means of large wrought-iron hoes. The berries are gathered by hand, and the husk, or chaff, is generally removed by passing them through a coarse kind of mill.

Brazilians have two meals per day—breakfast at 9 A. M. and dinner at from 5 to 8 P. M., while hot coffee is taken at

almost every hour of the day. The chief articles of food are *farinha*, a meal from the mandioca root, *carne secca*, or dried beef, and a species of dried beans. In all the towns and cities coffee-houses and restaurants are numerous, and are daily visited by large crowds of coffee-drinkers.

The chief amusement is found in attending balls, circuses and theatres, for all which Sunday night is the most favorable and popular time with the Brazilians.

Lotteries are numerous. Riding on the trains or street cars, walking the streets, or in the stores, you are constantly startled by having a bunch of lottery tickets violently thrust into your face, while the agent, with a loud, shrill voice rudely solicits you to buy. Thousands, expecting to get rich by the tickets which they buy, live in idleness and want.

Young ladies are seldom seen on the streets alone. Some of them, with their heavy braided hair and black eyes, are models of beauty. Young men are not allowed to call on young ladies, nor take them to ride. Marriage is effected through parents and others, and frequently a girl is engaged to a man whom she has never seen.

The manner of burying the dead is of the most revolting character. Those families which are able have vaults, into which their dead are placed in flat coffins. The coffins are mere wooden frames, over which is fastened fine purple cloth. The vault is opened about once a year, and the remains of the coffin and corpse are removed, after which the vault is ready for use again. The poorer classes have no vaults, but each family is assigned a place large enough for a grave, which is dug and redug as occasion requires. Take a walk through a Brazilian cemetery, and you are horrified at the ghastly sight of pieces of coffins, bones and human hair, which have been thrown from the vaults and redug graves.

Only about one-third of the territory of Brazil is occupied by European races, the remainder being still occupied by native Indians, thousands of whom do not even know that

there is such a thing as the Republic of Brazil. But the country is rapidly being opened, and large numbers of immigrants yearly find their homes in this great country.

Brazil has an interesting history, and some of her heroes are worthy of admiration, but as one of the great nations of the world, her history lies in the future, and is to be written by the hand of progress in the wonderful deeds which are to make her free from ignorance, strife and superstition.

SAMUEL J. PORTER.

AT THE MILL.

Late in the afternoon one bright winter day, just after I had got up from a spell of sickness, I made up my mind to take a walk. When I started I knew not where I'd go, but in some way I took the road towards the creek on which there was long ago an old mill.

When I was a mere child I used to go to the old mill site very often, and would sit on the dam and watch the little fish as they played about the moss-covered timbers of the old mill. I've sat there many a time and fished for hours without getting a nibble.

My joy and delight was to meet an old negro woman who used regularly to fish there. She was said by some of the negroes to be a conjurer. If she ever conjured anyone I do not know it. But since leaving home I have thought very little of aunt Jane and the tales she used to tell.

This evening as I walked slowly along the sandy road many pleasant remembrances came to me. There was a soft breeze playing with the leaves here and there. Now and again a small white scud crossed the sun. I felt gay, and had I not been weak I should not once have thought of my late illness. I crossed the bridge and walked a little more rapidly until I came to the dam; there I stopped. Nothing was

changed yet everything seemed to be. The sycamores were no taller, the cedars seemed to have changed none. I did not expect to see any violets, yet I missed them. In spring the whole dam is covered with them, white and blue. Here and there a lonely bluebell, made more beautiful by its loneliness, climbs a bush and droops its lovely head over the path to tremble in the breezes, but there were no bluebells now. This was a disappointment, but as I walked along I saw a beautiful little snake-root flower. Why was it so pretty? Because it was alone, battling with the storms and the cold, possessing that kind of loneliness that approaching death gives to all things.

I came near the old mill site. All was quiet save the snipe whistling from her marshy home and the thrush mingling her sweet tones with the "soft susurrus and sighs' of the boughs. I stood a moment, but the silence was broken by a voice crying:

"Well, de Lors a massy, ef dat ain' you, Honey, an' wha you come fum?"

"I'm just walking about for my health."

"You looks like you needs it. I 'clare you looks wusser dan a gose. Wha you been all dis time? I s'pose you ain' married yit?"

"No, I'm not married, but I feel like a married man. I've been at home sick for sometime. I had fever."

"You looks like de same Johnnie, 'ceptin' you is a little po' an' lean."

"Well, Aunt Jane, have you forgotten how to tell tales yet?"

"I don' know as I is. Why you wan' to know dat fur? Ain' you got edification 'nuf fur to quit likin' sich as dat?"

"I like them now better than ever. You seem to like the old mill, Aunt Jane?"

"Yas, I does like dis hea mill, 'case it done keep me outen de po' house all dis time, and den morn dat, I war bred an' bawn right over yander behine de mash on dat hill. You see dem oaks; yas, dat's de place."

"Yes, I remember your telling me that when I was a boy."

"Ain' nebber tole you 'bout dis hea mill?"

"No."

"Well dis hea mill war belong to my massa an' he groun' all de cawn in dis country 'roun' hea. When de war come on he volumtair an' got to be captain of our boy's comp'ny. He went 'roun' wha dee call him. My ole man, Jim, kep' dis hea mill fur him when he war gone. When dee war gwine to stawm Fisher, you knows dee war oodles uf dem nasty Blue-coats prowling 'bout hea.

"One day 'bout noon one little cock-eye, crook-nose Blue-coat come to de mill fur sometin' t'eat, or some sich, an' Jim sen' him to de missus. He say he war sick, an' de missus let him stay at de house 'spectin' him to git well an' lef us alon, but he got wusser an' wusser, an' dee sen' fur de doctor. He stay hea, de Lawd knows how long, an' de doctor come to see him fur de longes' kind uh time. Jes befo' de secon' stawmin' of Fisher he got so he could git 'bout sorter soso.

"You know de massa's gal took a likin' to dat nasty blue-coat, an' de Lawd knows she had plenty jularkies widout dat un, an' dee war carryin' on pow'fully, a ridin' hea an' yander, an' de Lawd knows ebbrywha, but de day ater Fisher fell de ole massa's body come all boun' up wid sheets Dat gal's heart mos' broke, an' dat Blue-coat help 'bout de buryin,' an' he war 'commodatin' as you ebber seed, an' right ater dat I hea dat dey war gwine to git married befo' long.

"'T warn't long ater dat befo' de mawkin' bird war singin' ober de grabe ob de ole missus. You hea de mawkin' birds singin' jes befo' dawg days? Dee sing all de blessed night den. Gertrude, fur dat war her name, den went to her brudder's an' lef' us hea. Well, I jes like to buss open when she say we war free an' dat she gwine to lef' us. I did love dat gal, she war allers good to me. She was jest as purty as a pea-blossom.

"'T warn't no time befo' dat blue-coat come an' took her

to Phi'delphy an' den dee sole dis hea lan' an' de mill. Me an' Jim stay right hea 'tel one dem black days jes 'bout de time we gits in de cawn 'bout hea. Jim say he gwine to de mill, an' I tole him he warn't gwine to do no sich for dee war gwine come a stawm. Nemine he sot he head to go an' den put out. He got to de mill 'bout de time de win' come 'roun' de house wid dat saw-mill kin' uh fuss. I come to de do' an' des hea sycamo' war flappin' an' twistin' in de win' jes like one dem reeds you see yander in de mash. I come back to de chimley to see 'bout de bread and greens. 'T warn't long befo' I come back to de do', an' Lawd bless you sole, de mill war gone. I sent Remus jes as hard as he could tare and den I put out. When we got dar dat whole mill war turn ober in de pon'. I didn't see Jim nowha, so I got scared. De mill war close de sho' so I put a plank to de do' an' sen' Remus dar to look in, an' jes inside de do' right by de cawn box war Jim layin' mos' dead. I sen' fur help an' got him out an' carry him to de house. We done ebery-ting in de worl' for him, an' ater a while we got him so he could speak. He tole me he cutinly war gone dis time, I tole him he war foolin', turn ober an' res' heself. Night come on an' Jim got wusser. Dee kep' me makin' tea all night, but 'twarn't tea dat Jim wan', he wan' to go home. Jes ater moon-up he got more better an' den I thought he war cutinly gwine git well. Jes 'bout time dem red streaks come climin' ober dem trees ober yander behine de mash I hea him call:

"'Jane! Jane!'

"'What you wan' Jim,' I say.

"'I jes wan' you to tell dem chilen' to do as de dad befo' 'em done. I seed de angels jes now. I am gwine habe a better mill up dar dan dat un ober yander.' He face war jes like he gwine laugh w'en he say: 'Dar, I seed Jesus,' an' he neber spoke no mo', but he die jes like one dem little win's in de summer time."

"Jim war buried down de crick under dem pines, but I hea yit, an' 'tain' gwine be long befo' I gwine to be put to res' under dem pines. I sees goses sometime an' dee tells me 'tain' gwine be long. I likes to see dem goses.

"Lors a massy de days fur habin' good time been lef' us long ago. Dee tore de mill to pieces an' lef' dis place like you see it. 'Tain' nutin' to do now, but work a leetle in peanut-time an' den fish. Dee say Gutrude gittin' 'long jes common ordnary in Phi'delphy wid dat Blue-coat. Dat's de las' I hea of her. Des gals de beatenest tings I eber hea of, allus gittin' married an' gwine Lawd knows wha.

"Well, I jes as well go home wid dis hea catfish. Thank de Lawd fur seein' you, Honey. You better git 'long home, 'case I seed a ring 'roun' de moon las' night wha didn't habe but one star in it. Dat's sho' sign rain befo' one day gone."

As she walked up the bank from the stream's edge she said: "I is got de wust misry in my breas'. Lawd bless you, Honey. Good ebenin'."

"Good evening Aunt Jane. Do you need anything; if so I'll get mother to send you something?"

"De Lawd bless you, Honey, I needs eberyting, an' if you sen' dat wha you say I'll be obleeged to you.".

She went away stopping now and again to glance back, finally she stopped and called me.

"Look hea, Honey, you better trot 'long home, don' you gwine git wet as a coot."

I left, and as I entered the door at home it began to drizzle. Truly it did rain "befo' a day war gone".

J. Homer Gore, Jr.

"PETER MOUNTALL."

PART I.

O reader! listen! learn the deeds
  Of Peter, surnamed Mountall,
Who gazed too high and sowed the seeds
  That wrought his ruin and downfall.

He dwelt amid the rugged hills
  Where Yadkin's waters murmur,
Where pure air charms and nature fills
  The soul with pleasing wonder.

His father owned abundant wealth
  In lands and stately buildings,
Who never stooped to deeds of stealth
  In all his acts and dealings.

He tried to teach his youthful son
  The ways of truth and justice;
He told him of great battles won
  That made men's names illustrious.

The youth grew up with scarce a care,
  So good his father's kindness:
His hands were soft, his face grew fair—
  Alas! his mental blindness!

No work his father made him do,
  While under his protection;
Companions, friends, and sweethearts, too,
  Were left to his selection.

Some five miles distant toward the west,
  Amid these scenes of grandeur,
A lovely village lay at rest,
  Which seldom saw a stranger.

No place you'd find scarce anywhere,
  That had such rare attractions;
For here were youths and maidens fair,
  And men of upright actions.

Now Peter loved to pass his hours
  About this lovely village;
He loved its neighboring streams and flowers,
  Its hills and lands in tillage.

But Peter's mind and heart were set
  On something more attractive;
A maiden fair, with curls like jet,
  Had run him quite distracted.

And Peter had a rival, too,
  Who loved this dark-eyed maiden,
And he was good and brave and true;
  His name was Will McAden.

One night when Will and Pete had met
  To sooth each other's sorrows,
Pete said, "I'll take the curls of jet,
  And you may have Miss Morris."

But Will just smiled and thus replied,
  "That's nice for you, I grant you,
But Sir! such plans as those you've tried
  Don't fit my favorite fancy."

The rivals soon were forced to part,
  Their compromise defeated;
Each went his way with weary heart,
  His passion greatly heated.

It was a beauteous night in June,
  The stars were shining brightly,
The scent of flowers, the clear new moon
  Had made them fresh and sprightly.

Each mused as toward his home he went,
  "I'll win by all my powers,
The prize on which my heart is bent,
  More pure than mountain flowers."

The two made calls by nights in turn
  To chat their charming lover;
And each was anxious, too, to learn
  Just how she liked the other.

Once Mountall said with earnest look,
  His face all full of sadness,
" Dear loved one! think of yonder brook,
  Where once we roamed in gladness,

" 'Twas there we played long years ago,
  I know you well remember,
You called me then your little beau,
  With voice so sweet and tender.

"I know those days are past and gone,
And we can ne'er recall them;
Still round me cords of love are drawn
That bind me fast in thraldom."

Then Peter paused and said at length,
"Now dear one! can't you love me?"
She smiled and said, "By deeds of strength
Let rivals prove who's worthy."

When Will had made a like request
With fear and hesitation,
Again she smiled—and he was left
In solemn contemplation.

And she looked and saw a tear
That from his eyes had started;
She bade him kindly not to fear,
And Will McAden parted.

Now Mountall dreamed a dream one night
Of great and grand proportions;
He swore he saw a grander sight
Than mountains, seas, or oceans!

"I dreamed," said he, "of sorrows first,
And then my heart grew gladder;
My bands of grief all seemed to burst—
I gazed on Fame's great ladder!

"I mounted one by one her golden rounds,
Which led me up to glory;
I seemed to hear celestial sounds,
I saw the clouds below me.

"The topmost round was reached at last,
I entered Fame's great palace,
And there I found a rich repast,
And drank from a golden chalice.

"And lo! there stood before me there
That lovely dark-eyed maiden:
I looked around but saw nowhere
The form of Will McAden."

Just then the palace shook and fell,
And down went Peter Mountall;
And when he woke he scarce could tell
What caused his dreadful downfall.

PART II.

Next morn he rose with buoyant hope
  And high determination;
He boasted loud that nought could cope
  With him in all creation!

A college course just suited him,
  He'd speak in French and Spanish—
Success he'd win though stars grew dim
  And sun and moon should vanish!

He chanced to meet good parson Gaines
  Outside the gate that morning,
Who, learning Mountall's lofty aims,
  Administered timely warning.

The father likewise warned his son
  Against air-castle-building:
"Success," said he, "was never won
  By vain and fancied gilding."

The village people noticed, too,
  The change in Mountall's manner;
All gazed at him, from Mayor Drew
  To Joshua, the tanner.

Old Mrs. Brown went running round,
  Which was her custom daily,
Conveying news of things profound
  And talking and dressing gaily.

She told of Mountall's lofty dream,
  And how it had inspired him;
"To hear him boast," said she. "it seemed
  The very gods had fired him."

And when the people found forsooth
  That Pete was going to college;
Old cross-eyed Jacob said 'twas truth
  He had no head for knowledge.

Another said that college walls
  Were sure the source of "big-heads,"
Where students fool with bats and balls,
  And graduate worthless niggards.

But "peg-leg" Joe and Squire McCann
Held views of different nature;
"We need," said they, "a college man
To send to the Legislature."

How Mountall held his head on high
To hear the people praise him!
He'd fairly make his rival sigh,
If lore and wealth could raise him.

He left the village soon one morn
In clear and sunny autumn;
The maidens gazed with looks forlorn,
Because they always sought him.

"Farewell!" he cried, "ye maidens fair,
Why stand ye thus a-gazing?
The deeds I'll do, the name I'll bear,
Will simply be amazing!"

At last he reached the place he sought
All full of smoke and dusty;
He found it not the place he thought,
And owned he was rather rusty.

The students soon came crowding round
To see this future statesman,
Whose aims and ideals knew no bound—
The visionary "great man!"

That night he said to Freshman Rakes,
Who sat in lone sedateness,
"Most desperate toil," my friend, "it takes
To grasp the goal of greatness.

"But I shall hew my rugged way,
And e'en outstrip Old Hickory;
And lo! on graduation day
I'll win the valedictory!

"Let learning's ramparts reach the stars,
By all that's great and glorious
I mean to break her brazen bars
And be a judge censorious!"

But Mountall's aspirations quailed
Like mists before the morning,
For Greek and Latin simply failed
To heed his dreadful storming.

"But classic lore is bosh," said he,
"And so's the valedictory;
I'll simply take a lower degree,
And win a glorious victory."

A few more dreadful days rolled by,
And Mountall's dreams departed;
He hung his head and heaved a sigh,
Forlorn and broken-hearted.

He started West one stormy day,
Disheartened by his downfall,
But no one ever knew, they say,
The fate of Peter Mountall.

M. B. DRY, '96.

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

Many years ago, while a student at Wake Forest College, my attention was forcibly called to that peculiar characteristic of human nature—Devotion. It was in the year 189– that the little town in which the college is situated was thrown into consternation at the mysterious death of one of the students. The student to whom I have just referred was tall, of dark complexion, well built and agile. He was studying medicine under a resident physician. The physician had often remarked that Kirkwood was a trifle absent-minded—a peculiarity produced most probably by melancholia, to which he was a victim. We were rooming then in the "Eu." end of the old dormitory, which has long since been supplanted by the Childs-Drexel building. Our room was a typical one. The furniture consisted of a table, two chairs, a bureau and a bed—or what then passed for one. In speaking of a bed the average college student thinks of a quilt spread over several slats. As I have enumerated all the furniture, I must not forget to mention the steel engraving (?) "White Cloud." Why he took such special delight in it I never knew, but we may account for it by saying that he was

eccentric—so much so that he had few friends. He would never receive pennies in change on Monday, as he considered it an evil omen to do so. The owl, strange to say, was one of his most frequent companions. He delighted in long walks at night, and, more especially, in meditation. He often expressed himself, "There are moments when I want to be alone." Unfortunately, he fell in love with Helen Moore, a daughter of his preceptor. Every line of her figure, every movement, told of vigorous health. Her hair was the darkest brown, curling and thick. Her eyes of blue-gray were soft; the nose had a slight aquiline curve which gave it strength; and the skin was brown and smooth, with a tinge of rose in the cheeks. She, with her parents, resided in a large brick dwelling near the junction of Faculty avenue and the Boulevard. The house, surrounded by a large cluster of elms, has from time immemorial been called "*Trisaieole*," probably called so from the fact that Helen's great-great-grandmother willed it to her. Helen was sitting one evening at the piano, and from the expression on her face one could tell she was waiting for someone. She was playing one of Beethoven's Symphonies when the servant announced "Mr. Kirkwood." He was ushered in and offered a seat on the luxurious divan. It was nothing unusual for him to call. He had been paying her attention for two years. The conversation naturally fell upon music, for awhile, and wore away those "first few moments" which are in some instances almost painful. Finally, the topic of conversation fell upon that all-important, all-absorbing question which, in its most interesting stage, is developed by moonlight. "Helen," he said, and a soft light kindled in his eye, "I have told you many times of my untiring devotion to you. I am poor, as you know, but I offer you my heart and soul. Will you accept it?" An expression of sadness came over her face, and the sweet smile which previously had lit up her face now seemed to Douglas as a light which had crossed his path

never more to return. Struggling, as if to regain her wonted composure, with resolution she said, "No! I cannot break an engagement sealed in heaven! Go! I can bear it no longer." He could hear her weeping as he stepped out into the cool, bracing atmosphere. Kirkwood walked a short distance through the moonlight into the shadow of a large oak near the center of the campus. He took from a phial, which he carried in his overcoat pocket, a white substance, swallowed it and sank to the ground. As soon as he had taken the contents of the phial he thus spoke: "Thou hast seen me, my friend, in prosperity—in studying under your cool branches, or perchance with Helen. As you have seen me in enjoyment, so shall you see me also in sorrow. I am friendless and will take this, the balm for all sorrow."

The professor was just returning from a meeting of the Scientific Society and was meditating upon the formation of crystals. He was a lover of nature. The cry of a whip-poor-will reached his ear. He answered the bird's cry. The bird responded confidently and they thus exchanged salutations, and the professor began to think he had been admitted into the fellowship of the gods, till, upon walking a short distance, he saw a man in the act of swallowing something, he knew not what. Arriving at the prostrate form he summoned aid and carried Douglas to my room. I came in a short while afterward, and imagine my surprise at finding Douglas attended by a physician. The doctor motioned to me to be silent, and said "*Actum est de eo.*" Upon examination by the professor of chemistry the contents of the phial was found to be potassium cyanide. Kirkwood's grave may be seen to-day in the beautiful cemetery on the western limit of the little town. Only a rough, unhewn stone marks the resting place of Douglas Kirkwood. "Peace to his ashes!"

W. HICKMAN CARTER, '96.

BELOW THE CHAPEL.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

A chapel, from out its umbrage,
  Peeps at the vale below,
Where the gladsome lay of a shepherd lad
  Blends with the rivulet's flow.

Hark! The bell is tolling!
  Lo! A funeral train!
Hushed is the shepherd's singing
  As he hears from the dirge a strain.

They laid beneath the flowers
  One cherished by them all.
O! shepherd lad now joyous,
  This, too, to you must fall.

J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

THE HOME OF NORSE LITERATURE.

In the enthusiasm with which we pursue the study of Greek and Latin classics, we come near losing sight of another very important branch of literature—that of the Teutonic people. That literature, and all pertaining to it, should be of interest to those whose ancestors belong to the Teutonic race; for in the ancient history and literature of northern Europe can be found many of those elements which go to make up the most striking traits in the characters of all the descendants of every branch of the Teutonic race. Those old "sea wolves" were brave to rashness; they had a high morality and the deepest reverence for all that pertained to the family and the home. "Dark and true and tender is the North." Over their characters brooded a sad and grim fatalism which, when softened

and tempered by Christianity, was succeeded by calm resignation and sweet trust.

All have been delighted with the myths, fairy tales and legends of the Germans; but very few are aware that there are equally as rich treasures in the old Norse literature and mythology. This literature had its rise in eddas and sagas (sayings). The sagas were handed down from father to son in a popular, colloquial style. Indeed, the style was much like that in the histories of Herodotus, thus showing that history repeats itself, whether under the bright and sunny skies of the South, or wrapped in the cold, icy mantle of the North. The saga often had its characters embellished with beautiful fancies and clothed with divine attributes. It treated of poetry, love, war and the gods, and showed that the people knew how to make home attractive and life beautiful and worth living.

Iceland is the home of this literature as well as the ancient seat of Norse culture and refinement. As has been before remarked, the people of northern Europe were passionately fond of the sea. This had a great influence in shaping their subsequent history. About the middle of the ninth century, Harald Fairhair, after a stubborn resistance, usurped the monarchy embracing Norway, Sweden, Denmark and upper Germany. The kings of the various little kingdoms, being brave and free, and unwilling to submit to the rule of a tyrant, took their families and set sail to find new lands over the sea. This migration was the most important event in the middle ages. The weak and effeminate nations of the West had sunk to the lowest state of ignorance and indolence, and the influx of foreigners brought that new life and imparted that energy and vigor that has since made them the masters of thought and the rulers of the whole civilized world. The inhabitants of Germany and Denmark went to England and France; those of Norway to Iceland.

Those who went to Iceland quickly established a free government and organized an althing, or parliament. Many things united to make that land the home of the great literature which has since excited the wonder and claimed the admiration of every scholar that has taken the trouble to investigate it. Being far out in the ocean upon an isolated island, they were keenly alive to every story of adventure and travel. They were of noble birth, and they delighted to preserve and recount the deeds of their ancestors. The Skalds, with their ready wit and poetic talent, gained admittance to the courts of every foreign king where the Norse language was known, and they always brought back a vast stock of information. As merchants, vikings and explorers they increased this information and handed it down to their children.

Another thing which helped to make the literature great and to perpetuate it was the attitude of the Icelanders towards their old traditions after their conversion to Christianity. In almost all the other lands where the new faith was introduced it brought with it a lot of foreign monks and priests who regarded with indifference, or worse than that, with fanatic hatred, the intellectual productions and legends of their converts. In Iceland the priests and teachers were natives, and they had much more learning and much less of the blind zeal which characterized the monks of other lands. They regarded with respect and reverence the intellectual monuments and traditions of their ancestors.

To read their poems is like drinking in long, deep breaths of the bracing Northern air and having the heavens spread out before the eye in a grand panoramic view. The descriptions have a Homeric simplicity and beauty, and when they describe man they attribute to him higher aims, nobler aspirations, and purer motives than those that belong to the classical hero of southern Europe. L. A. BEASLEY.

DEVIL'S ALLEY.

There is only one place by the wayside in the whole thirty miles of rough road that extends from Rutherfordton to Marion that is much dreaded by the benighted traveler. Still there is nothing markedly peculiar in the appearance of the place. After a few hours' travel from Marion, over hills and round little mountain peaks, the old country road runs alongside a little stream enlarged by lesser rills from the neighboring hillsides. About a mile's travel down this stream brings one in full view of this nocturnal retreat of strange beings. On either side of the little stream is a precipitous cliff on which grow a few sickly mountain laurels, cedars and tamaracks, just such a place as childish imagination would select as the retreat of the wildcat, the bear and other wild beasts of the forest. Between the foot of these cliffs and the stream is a little strip of level land, now grown up with swamp willows, briars and vines. The general appearance of the place is calculated to leave the impression that once a large stream wore its way through this little mountain range, and now, for some unknown reason, has become a small creek flowing along in its little tunnel cut out in the middle of the old bed.

Now there is a prevalent story among all the people who live anywhere within a circle of ten miles of this place that once there lived in its vicinity a happy family among the early settlers. The brave father had made many adventures among his enemies, and provided for his wife and little children what would have been a pleasant and comfortable home had it not been surrounded by hostile red-men, who were ever jealous of the intruders' encroachments on their hunting grounds. The house was built of logs, after the old fashion, and roughly covered over with boards. Many a night of uneasy rest was spent in that pioneer home while the Indians gathered in the little valley between the cliffs to enjoy themselves in their savage-like manner. They would dance around the big log

fire, and tell their tales of adventure until the night was far spent. Often at these gatherings did they fill the night air with wild shrieks, cries and war-whoops, for they became enraged when the idea of being driven from their old hunting grounds by the white man was stirred in their breasts. So the Indians met at this place not only for enjoyment but to hatch their plots of vengeance on the intruder.

For some time everything moved along smoothly in the little pioneer home of Mr. Clarke. But one gloomy night in December, when the chilly winds were whistling through the keyholes, Mr. Clarke heard the rustling of many feet among the dry leaves. His keen perception of sound told him that they were coming directly towards the house. He hadn't time to think what it all meant before these cruel red-men were upon him. Mr. Clarke, his harmless wife and little children, were dragged from their warm beds and comfortable home to suffer at the hands of their enemy. To the usual place of rendezvous the victims were carried and mercilessly put to death. Their scalps were taken, and the dead bodies laid away in one of the cliffs and there remained until years after, when they were found by an old hunter.

From then till now the place has been known as "Devil's Alley." The benighted mountain boomer invariably whistles or sings some old familiar air when he is compelled to pass through this much-dreaded gap, out of which he is frequently accompanied by a headless companion, who suddenly disappears at the distance of about a mile from the Alley. When the traveler is not attended by this strange apparition, a low and pitiful cry, as of some poor woman in distress, causes his hair to kindly lift his hat and he is at once endowed with swift-footedness. These and other strange apparitions are said to be experienced in "Devil's Alley," making it a place very undesirable to the nocturnal wayfarer. J. L. C.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE STUDENT for January contains the following contributions: "The Science of Language," by Dr. J. H. Gorrell; "Life in Brazil," by Rev. Sam. J. Porter, who spent some time there as a missionary; "At the Mill," J. H. Gore; "A Midnight Revery," W. H. Carter; "The Home of Norse Literature," L. A. Beasley; "Devil's Alley," J. L. Cornwell; "Peter Mountall," M. B. Dey; "The Serenade," by X.; "Below the Chapel," J. D. Hufham, Jr.

MAJOR J. M. CRENSHAW has presented to the Phi. Society an elegant portrait of the lamented Henry W. Grady. Those who knew Mr. Grady say that the portrait is a striking likeness, and that the keen eye of the artist has succeeded in catching the expression he wore in life. The author of this fine crayon work is Miss Jennie Griffin, of Franklinton, N. C.

EXAMINATIONS are hard, especially from the standpoint of the ones who have to submit to them. They are, however, necessary, and it will be a long time before colleges do away with them. Nothing else gives such a clear view as a backsight. Nothing else is productive of so many good results as an honest, thorough review. It gives a comprehensiveness obtainable in no other way; and it is generally those who do not study hard during the term that make the most objections to examinations.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

L. A. BEASLEY, Editor.

ONE of the boasts of the Democratic party is its conservatism, and nothing else contributed more to its defeat in 1888, and again in 1894, than its inaction and adherence to this principle. Previous to both these dates the country called for needed reforms and entrusted the work to the Democratic party; but it failed to answer the call, and the sceptre was put into the hands of a party that has never been a laggard, though it has often done much detrimental to the best interests of the American people. Thus it has been, the Democratic party defeated by *inaction;* the Republican party by *action.* Both parties have received some wholesome lessons of late years, and it remains to be seen which will be the most apt pupil in the practical application of the things so dearly acquired. It seems that both are trying to strike a happy medium on the money question, both no longer hold extreme views on tariff legislation and governmental policy.

ENGLAND is one of the most grasping modern nations. The roll of her drum, following the course of the morning sun in his daily journey, is heard around the world, and yet she is not satisfied. The control of India, Egypt and southern Africa, the subjection of the countless islands of the Pacific, a large slice of North America (which ought to be ours) is not enough. She is ready to steal a part of a weak little repnblic of South America, and to incite a band of ignorant Indians to resist a regularly constituted government in Nicaragua. The United States should not let this kind of work go on. There are two things that our government should do: first, it should insist upon a rigid observance of the Monroe Doctrine; second, it should get possession of everything that will in anyway help to strengthen our republic and advance its inter-

ests. We need the Nicaragua canal, because it will furnish us a short waterway for commerce, and will be serviceable in time of war. We need Hawaii because it is the key to the northern Pacific, and its possession by the United States would endanger the interests of no other nation, while it might be a source of some trouble to us if some other nation should get it. The Union should wake up; for the nation which gains the most power in the twentieth century must be preparing for it in the nineteenth.

AMERICANS have no lack of opportunity to see themselves through others eyes. It is now becoming quite common for the foreign telescope to be leveled upon them. While they are not averse to learning something, yet, as Mark Twain humorously remarks, it is of interest to them sometimes to find out the *diameter* of the telescope. Indeed, it seems that its intensity increases as the square of the distance. Many of the criticisms ventured by these come-and-spend-a-day observers are ludicrous, shallow and untrue. A few days is not sufficient time for anyone to learn all about such a great nation as the United States, and he who tries it on such short notice has no chance to display any accomplishment beyond a well-developed asininity.

Mr. John Burns, who has lately paid us a visit, is worthy of much praise. He has shown himself in the affairs of his own land a skilful organizer and leader, and an incorruptible, unswerving statesman; but, like all of John Bull's sons, he wanted to tell the people on this side the Atlantic something. He said that the Constitution was obsolete, and that it should be repealed. Now if there is one thing of which every American is proud, if there is one thing that marks the nation as American, it is the Constitution of our fathers, "the sheet-anchor of our liberty." It is more effective than his boasted British Constitution, which is clumsy and made up of a confusing patchwork of Parliamentary acts.

FOR SOMETIME all eyes have been fastened upon New York. The gigantic struggle which Senator Hill made against almost overwhelming odds, the brilliant and aggressive work of Dr. Parkhurst, the crippling of the Tammany tiger, the astounding disclosures made by the investigation of the Lexow committee have all served to awaken the public and to create a healthy, moral sentiment throughout the land. The outlook for honest government in the Empire State is daily brightening, and when it comes, the whole land will be made the better on account of it. Gov. Morton's first message to the State Assembly is worthy of notice and significant as to his future policy. He says: "The chief executive should never use the veto to aid in impressing or imposing his will upon the Legislature, nor should it be invoked to serve personal or partisan ends." This is quite in contrast to the sentiments of his late predecessors, Governors Hill and Flowers, who had no moral or ethical motive whatever in the exercise of their offices. They were dominated by political expediency and the "wire-pullers" of Tammany. Gov. Morton is equally as emphatic in his stand for honest elections. Those who know the Governor's political history know that he is honest and sincere in all that he says. When he occupied the chair of Vice-President, under Harrison, instead of joining in the conspiracy with his party, or at least acquiescing, as they, drunk with victory and burning with hatred, sought to fasten upon the South an odious Force Bill, he stood up against the outrage, and thus showed himself an honest man.

THE STUDENT is always willing to be criticised and to profit from it. It seems that some criticisms are actuated more by a spirit of fault-finding than by the desire to aid those criticised. A little prejudice goes a long way towards swaying judgment and ruling reason. *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine* has been so kind as to say a few words for our edification. It objects to our using undergraduate contributions.

Well, contributions from undergraduates may be hard on the readers, but everyone will admit that they do the writers much good. All the success THE STUDENT has achieved in its fourteen years of existence has been almost wholly due to the work of undergraduates. The ideal college magazines, both North and South, are those that encourage their undergraduates to write. That is what college magazines are for, and we want more of the same kind of work. Again, our able contemporary objects to political editorials. His predecessor sang that same tune. The discussion of politics in a college magazine is a matter of taste. Some do not do it, because they *can not*; and some object to such discussions for the same reason. One thing is certain. Every American citizen, whether he desires to or not, must be a politician, and nowhere can a boy make a better start than at college. He may not write with the power, pungency, brilliancy, maturity of intellect and soundness of judgment which characterize the writings of such men as Watterson, Dana and Stead: but his work, however weak and puerile, will be of infinite good in expanding his political horizon and stimulating his fellow students to do work of the same klnd. It is much better to fill the editorial columns with politics than to use those pages, as is too often the case, to make pusillanimous remarks about new students, retail stale jokes and print bits of foolish verse to delight those who are equally as soft and good-for-nothing.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

S. R. BUXTON, Editor.

IN REVIEWING the various magazines that come to us from month to month, we cannot fail to notice how integral a part of the average college publication is the Local Department. In a magazine that attempts to perform, in addition to its literary character, the functions of a newspaper, such a

department, if properly conducted, cannot be objectionable. In many instances, however, we find, not a record of local happenings, but page after page of squibs and jokes, interesting perhaps to those whom they directly concern, but which fail to be attractive to the outside reader, and necessarily detract from the magazine. How much better would it be to eliminate all such personal cuts as, "Ask Ben Ainsworth where his scarf pin has been," or "Dutch Oetjen wants to know where the Isthmus of Sahara is at," and to allow nothing to be published that will in any way lower the standard of the magazine.

WE WELCOME to our table the *Seminary Signal*, published by the societies of Georgia Female Seminary. The first number, while rather small, is well gotten up. We wish for it much success.

THE LAST number of the *Vassar Miscellany* is decidedly the best we have seen. The originality of its contributions, and the dignity and strength of its editorials, are much to be admired. "A Woman of Impulse," a charmingly written piece of fiction, was read with much pleasure.

LONGINGS.

'Tis strange
When Duty's voice sounds clear,
We idle lie;
When opportunities appear
We pass them by.

'Tis strange
What most we long to do
Is left undone;
We wait our timely moments through
Till they are gone.

'Tis strange
When noble thoughts inspire,
Our hearts misgive;
We find the lives we most admire
So hard to live.

'Tis strange
We hope to gain the prize
Without the cost,
And thus the gift that in us lies
Is often lost.

O, for the willing, tireless heart,
Content to play the humble part,
Content to toil to gain the prize,
Content to make the sacrifice
To reach at last the grand ideal,
And make its dear ambition real.

—*Brown Magazine.*

SEVERAL ARTICLES of no mean literary merit appear in the *Southern Collegian* for December. Mr. C. L. Crow, in an article styled "A Gœttengen Examination," gives an interesting account of the formalities and embarrassments to which one is subjected in obtaining the degree of Ph.D. in the universities of Germany. "Faithful—An Historical Sidelight," and "A Royal Missionary," are pieces well worth a careful perusal. The department headed "Silhouettes," which contains short stories and bits of verse, add much life to the magazine.

The North Carolina University Magazine, occupying, as it does, a high rank in college journalism, is one of which our University should justly be proud. With no little pleasure have we noticed the marked improvements made in the magazine during the past year under the efficient management of Professor Collier Cobb. The last number contains a portrait and an admirably written sketch of William George Randall, who graduated from the University in 1884 with high honors.

"To-day he is in Paris studying with the great Bougereau at the Studio Julien, and the people of his native State and the sons of his *alma mater* are watching his career with interest, confident that the pluck and determination which have never deserted him, united with the strength and character which he has always exhibited, will some day give to North Carolina the greatest artist of this land."

SWEET PARTING.

Good-bye, Sweetheart;
Was parting e'er before so sad
As this we bide?
It seems my heart would burst with pain
From this deep grief;
And yet, just now, when I,—so glad
Since at thy side,—
In those dear eyes saw coming rain,
And that smile brief
Pass quickly, like a summer's beam
Of sunshine bright
Between dark threat'ning clouds, that gleam
With hidden light,
I could yet know my hope not vain,
And though we part must meet again,
Good-bye, Sweetheart. —*Inlander.*

THE LEADING article in *The Carolinian* for December is "The Greek Letter Fraternity—Its Value and its Outlook." The writer discusses at some length the benefits arising from and the advantages, moral and social, afforded by such an organization, He claims that "those who are unbound by the pleasant ties of fraternity interests lose a great part of their devotion to the college with the graduation of their personal friends, and that the interest which remains is only a lukewarm concern for the welfare of the college, without any affectionate social feeling towards the boys who subsequently attend it. While we do not concur fully in the above statement, and do not believe the fraternity is without its evil tendencies, we feel sure that it can never be entirely abolished from our colleges and universities, unless, as the writer states, the college authorities discountenance them generally.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

J. R. MOORE, Editor.

—Mr. R. L. Brewer ('45-'47) is proprietor of a prosperous jewelry establishment at Suffolk, Va.

—R. F. DeVane ('71-'73) is doing a very successful lumbering business at Red Springs, N. C. He stands among the leading business men of Robeson County.

—W. B. Stewart ('76-'77) is running a good and prosperous lumbering business at Clinton, N. C.

—R. L. Brewer ('76-78), of Wake Forest, was married on January 2d, 1895, to Miss Lillian Bickett, of Monroe, N. C. THE STUDENT extends congratulations.

—B. F. Beasley ('77-'78) is proprietor of a jewelry house in Fayetteville, N. C.

—A. F. Howard ('81-'83) is principal of Salem Academy, the oldest in the State.

—Dr. J. R. Rogers ('83-'84) is practicing medicine in Wake County, N. C.

—'84. Prof. C. L. Smith occupies a chair of professorship in William Jewell College, Mo. "He is one of the coming men of the Wake Forest alumni.".

—Dr. Clement Ritter ('85-'87) is a successful physician at Selma, Ala.

—C. S. Jordan ('85-'87) is a very popular physician of Asheville, N. C.

—J. D. Hanby ('85-'87) is succeeding finely in his practice as physician in Savannah, Ga.

—O. T. Smith ('85-'88) is traveling salesman for R. F. Morris & Son, of the Durham Manufacturing Company.

—W. R. Powell ('85-'92), whose name we all hail with pleasure, has a fine and paying position with the Savannah Naval Stores Company, Savannah, Ga. Roy, for several years, was one of the most important players on our baseball team, and assisted nobly in making the brilliant records of our team. We miss him.

—D. R. Millard ('86-'87) stands among the most successful pharmacists of Washington City. He was recently married in Washington, his brother, Rev. J. W. Millard, officiating.

—J. F. Highsmith ('86-'87) of the firm of March & Highsmith, Fayetteville, N. C., goes this month to New York, to take a special course in medicine.

—C. B. Edwards, Jr., ('86-'92) has a position in the Government printing office at Washington, D. C.

—'87. E. L. Justice is practicing law at Marion, N. C.

—W. B. Dowell ('87-'88) is business manager of the commissary department for the Connersville Coal and Coke Company, Connersville, Ala.

—J. V. McGugan ('88–'89) is practicing medicine at Fayetteville, N. C.

—D. T. Oates ('88–'92) is reading law at Clinton, N. C.

—'89. R. W. Watson is reporter to Congress, Washington, D. C.

—'89. C. G. Wells is principal of the Warsaw Institute, Warsaw, N. C.

—'90. T. W. Bickett changes his address from Danbury to Louisburg, N. C., where he takes charge of the law office of Judge-elect E. W. Timberlake.

—'90. L. S. Cannon is chief clerk in the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

—E. M. Hobbs ('90–'92) is principal of Clinton Collegiate Institute, Clinton, N. C.

—Rev. J. A. McKaughan ('91–'94) is preaching at Enfield, N. C.

—'92. C. L. Haywood has recently passed his examination before the State Board of Pharmacy.

—'93. John G. Mills is teaching at Franklin, Va. School full and progressive.

—'93. Rev. W. A. Smith, who has been quite successful as principal of the academy at Cedar Rock, desires to share his profits, and so was married at Chapel Hill, January 1, 1895, to Miss Mary D. Cheek.

'94. Of the Class of '94, R. H. Carter is principal of a good school at Fair Bluff, N. C.; J. J. Payseur principal at Matthews, N. C., and John Minor principal at Advance, N. C.

—Scotland Neck prospers! Why? Among those who aid in her prosperity are the following Wake Forest Alumni: W. O. McDowell ('73), physician; N. B. Josey ('76–'77), merchant; A. McDowell, president of bank, manager of knitting mills and broker for the firm of W. H. White & Co.; F. P. Shields, cashier of the bank; E. E. Hilliard ('82), editor of *The Democrat;* D. M. Prince ('93) and C. W. Wilson ('93) have charge of the Male Academy.

—Wake Forest's last additions to foreign field: Revs. D. W. Herring ('82), W. E. Crocker ('90), F. M. Royall ('92), T. L. Blalock ('91–'92) are hopeful in their new work in interior China.

—Rev. R. H. Hewlett, who was with us in the fall term, was married December 27, 1894, to Miss Rosa Montford, near Wilmington, N. C., and is now taking a course at Crozier Seminary.

LITERARY NOTES.

J. L. CORNWELL, Editor.

A MOST interesting as well as timely book is "The Life of Alexander III. of Russia," written by Charles Gowe, the author of "The Life of Bismark." It gives some account of the predecessor of the late Czar and is, moreover, brought completely up to date.

"PICTURES OF Swedish Life, or, Svea and Her Children," stands without a rival as a history of Swedish home life and a chronicle of the deeds of many of Sweden's sons, as well as a description of the habits and customs of the people. It is deeply interesting, delightfully written, and beautifully illustrated. The entire book is well-nigh faultless and deserves unstinted praise.

"THE STORY of Portus, and Songs of the Southland," by Mary H. Leonard, is a volume which contains the verse offerings of one who has evidently been in close touch with the Southland and its people, and has poured into rhyme the genuine feelings of her heart. The spirit of such pieces as the one to "Jefferson Davis," that to "Henry W. Grady," "Beauty's Service," and "Christo Gadsden," is patriotic and full of sweet sympathy.

JUST NOW an interesting question before the people of the United States is that of city government. Mr. Conkling, of the New York State Legislature, has prepared a little volume entitled "City Government in the United States," which collates much useful information about the government of our cities. It has grown chiefly out of Mr. Conkling's experience in New York City, where he has rendered valiant service as a municipal reformer, and has helped to expose and punish corruption at the polls.

SIBYLLA IS said to be among the best of the most recent novels of a serious cast. The characters, well-drawn and of distinctly separate types, belong to high English social and public circles, and there is a background of political life. The reader's interest is mainly concerned with the marriage relations of Sibylla and her husband. Affairs are strained exceedingly at one time, but they resolve themselves happily. This is a novel of character study rather than of incident, and is written in a finished, restrained style.

A NUMBER of Bryant centennial celebrations and memorial meetings have been held at different dates in different sections of our country. Cummington, Great Barrington, Brooklyn, New York City and Galesburg have all done their part to keep the poet's memory green. A volume containing an account of the exercises that took place at Cummington, Bryant's birthplace, including the speeches, poems, etc., by Parke Godwin, Julia Ward Howe, and others, will soon be issued. Mrs. Henrietta S. Nahmer may be addressed at Cummington, Mass., by those wishing to secure the volume.

SO MUCH has been written about the New England colonist that it is but fitting that his Southern contemporary should be commemorated. "The Colonial Cavalier," by Maud Wilder Goodwin, while it modestly disclaims being a history, is an interesting compendium from many authorities of his mode of life in Virginia and Maryland. His amusements, dress and education, his home and his church are described in pleasant fashion, and show what manner of man he was. The book is not only a readable one, but a creditable addition to colonial literature.

IT IS WITH a feeling of deep loss that the English world has heard of the death of Robert Louis Stevenson. In his early life ill health fastened its dreaded clutches upon him. Though most of his life has been devoted to the writing of fiction, his experience has no doubt been greatly enriched by

his search for the place to repair his ill health. Some of his work was done in his native land, some on the continent, some in America, but finally he settled in his far-off South Sea home and there finished his life work. Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1850, and died December 3, 1894. Now, with a fame as an author that will hand his name to posterity with that of Scott and Dickens, he rests on his lonely mountain top among the far-off Southern seas and thousands of hearts turn thither, and will yet turn there for a year or two of our poor human time. *The Critic* devotes more than three pages to a biographical sketch of him and to an estimate of his work, summing up as follows: "It is significant that in some of Stevenson's best tales the end is the beginning of a new and more interesting situation. This is a formula which is certain to lead to success: set the wheels of action in motion instead of bringing them to a dead point; work to a commencement, and then stop and let the reader's fancy carry the story forward. It is true that Stevenson never produced the great work that was so confidently expected of him (unless "Treasure Island" be accounted such a work); but his mastery of his craft, the brilliancy of his style, which adapted itself to every subject and mood and phase, and his rare imagination, made whatever came from his pen an event in the world of English letters." The article contains three portraits of Stevenson, one of Mrs. Stevenson, and a picture of their Samoan home.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

TH. H. BRIGGS, Editor, pro tem.

NEW STEPS have been placed in the dormitories.

MRS. AYLOR has returned to her home in Virginia.

THE LITERARY CLUB is still engaged in the study of Browning.

MISS CAD LITCHFORD, from Raleigh, is visiting Mrs. C. C. Baker.

MISS IDA POTEAT spent several days with Professor Poteat recently.

MRS. W. J. FERRELL and son have returned from a visit to Virginia.

PROF. STEPHEN MCINTYRE and wife, of Louisburg, spent Christmas on the Hill.

MR. JOSEPH J. THOMAS, of Henderson, made a flying visit to Wake Forest recently.

MISS MARY PUREFOY and Birdie Dunn, from the Oxford Seminary, spent the holidays at home.

IT IS RUMORED that a social club will be organized soon with the suggestive name "D. V. L."

THE BELATED trains on the Seaboard Air Line have caused great inconvenience for the past month.

MR. CHARLES N. BEEBE, who is teaching near Louisburg, spent several days on the Hill after Christmas.

THE PONDS have been frozen over several times lately, and the skaters made the best of the short cold snaps.

MR. GREY L. KING, '97, has been elected as business manager of THE STUDENT from the Euzelian Society.

MR. ISAAC M. MEEKINS, '96, has been elected to represent the Euzelian Society at Morehead in the debate next July.

MAYOR GEORGE DAVIS has resigned, and has moved back to the country. Mr. T. E. Holding has been elected to succeed him.

HON. JOHN RANDOLPH TUCKER, of Washington and Lee University, has been invited to deliver the literary address at Commencement.

THE YOUNG ministers at college, who serve churches near by, are doing a great work, and are adding to the reputation of our literary societies.

AT A RECENT MEETING of the Class of '95, W. C. Newton was elected prophet, and L. A. Beasley, poet.

MISS ANNYE CARVILLE, who was in Wake Forest during '91–'92, stopped over a day recently while on her way home.

THE WATER PIPES in the college have burst twice during the past month, and consequently the water has been cut off.

MR. EARLE H. SNIDER, '96, has left college, and Mr. J. N. Tolar, '96, has been elected Chief Marshal from the Phi. Society for Anniversary.

THERE IS a movement on foot to have a Junior banquet on Tuesday night of Commencement. It will be a good custom, and '96 will do well to start it.

PROFESSOR DURHAM expects to have the first gymnasium exhibition on February 14—the afternoon before Anniversary. The class has already commenced work.

MR. WILLIAM REID and daughter, Miss Grace, from Michigan, spent sometime last month with Mr. C. F. Reid. Miss Alston, of Franklinton, was with them.

THE GILL brothers have bought out the firm of W. C. Powell & Co., and with their sister, Miss Mattie, have moved into the house formerly occupied by W. O. Allen.

MR. S. T. FORD gave a humorous reading on January 10. It was held under the auspices of the Athletic Association. The lecture was good and was appreciated by a small audience.

MISS HELEN N. FOOTE has returned to her home in Warrenton after a six weeks visit to her aunt, Mrs. Simmons. On Christmas evening Mrs. Walters gave a tea complimentary to her.

ON JANUARY 8 Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., delivered his lecture on "The Gates of Heaven and Hell in Modern Babylon." Of course it was a success;—Tom Dixon is Wake Forest's idol. The lecture was under the auspices of the Athletic Association.

CHRISTMAS WAS very quiet on the Hill. There were a few teas and parties, but no public entertainment. The few boys who remained seemed to study most of the week, and there was no disorder.

AT LAST Wake Forest has a college badge. It is a very neat button, designed by Mr. John M. Heck, '96, and contains a tiger's head over the letters "W. F. C." The colors are in old gold and black.

MISS MINNIE HOLDING spent a few days after Christmas with Mrs. W. W. Holding. Her brother, Mr. Calvin Holding, gave a party complimentary to her at the homestead, nearly a mile from Wake Forest.

AT A MEETING of the Athletic Association Mr. John H. Gore, Jr., '96, was added to the advisory committee. Mr. Meekins, '96, the manager of the baseball team, promised to put out a winning team this year.

MISS ANGIE WHITE, who for many years was a cook in the family of the late Rev. James S. Purefoy, died recently and left one thousand dollars to the college. The interest is to go to her brothers during their lifetime.

REV. JOHN A. WRAY, of Winston, preached twice on January 20, and fully sustained his former reputation at Wake Forest. Dr. Taylor preached on the 23d. Mr. Gwaltney was too unwell on both Sundays to fill his pulpit.

THE DECEMBER meeting of the Missionary Society was addressed by Prof. J. B. Carlyle amd Mr. H. H. Mashburn, '96. The subject was, "The Relation of Education to Missions." Report says that this was the best meeting the society has held during the term.

A MINSTREL CLUB has been organized and will give its first performance on February 14. The club expects to show at Henderson, Franklinton and Louisburg. The Mandolin Club will assist. Mr. John H. Gore, Jr., '96, is manager; W. Durham, '94, treasurer; T. Briggs, '96, secretary.

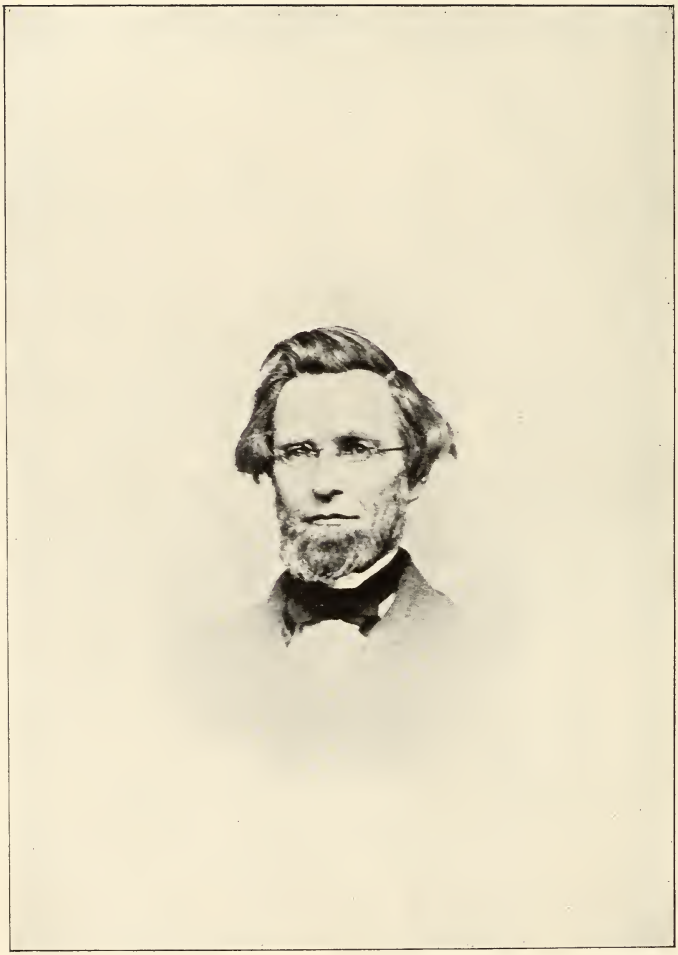
THE BIBLE classes are in a flourishing condition. Public addresses are delivered semi-monthly. The last one was by Dr. Gorrell on "The inter-Biblical period among the Jews."

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY met on January 15. Dr. Gorrell read a paper on "The Science of Language"; Mr. J. D. Hufham, Jr., '96, followed with a paper on "Monazite." Mr. W. A. Jones, '92, reported that an allotropic form of stannic sulphide had been prepared, and discussed a new theory of solution.

EXAMINATIONS are over, and there is not a man in college, from the prep. to the senior, who does not feel relieved. It is an abominable custom to have examinations just after the holidays, and they should be either postponed or abolished altogether. A petition from the students to have the examination before Christmas was not granted by the Faculty.

THE SWEDISH QUARTETTE appeared in Memorial Hall on December 14. Their voices blended nicely, and they made a decidedly good impression. "Lill' Anna Marie," a folk song, was good, as was also "The Long Day Closes." If there should be any special mention, Mr. Laurin, the second tenor, deserves it. Miss Barden, as a reciter, was also good. After the concert the Society halls were opened and an impromptu reception was held.

PROFESSORS CARLYLE, Sledd, Lanneau, Brewer, Poteat, Gulley and Dr. Taylor spent Christmas at home. Professor Mills spent his week in hunting with John; Dr. Gorrell attended the meetings of the American Modern Language Association, and read a highly complimented paper; Professor Royall and wife took a flying trip to Florida; Professor Ferrell went on a lecturing tour; Professor Haywood went to visit his mother in Jones County; while Professor Durham visited Norfolk.



DR. J. B. WHITE.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

REV. J. B. WHITE.

Rev. J. B. White, the third President of Wake Forest College, was born at Bow, New Hampshire, March 10, 1810. On his mother's side he was descended from a family of Carters, who were conspicuous for courage and ability in the war of the Revolution. His father won distinction as an officer in the war of 1812.

He was prepared for college at Pembroke Academy in his native State, and graduated at Brown University in 1832. During his career at this famous institution he showed great fondness and aptitude for mathematical studies, and gave promise of the brilliant success attained in after years. For some time after his graduation he taught at New Hampton Institute in New Hampshire. It was while teaching here that, in connection with his other work, he organized and conducted a normal class composed of persons preparing to teach. This was, perhaps, the beginning of a method of instruction which has since become so useful and popular. He was admirably fitted for the delicate and difficult duties of the teacher, combining rare tact in management with marked executive ability and thorough scholarship.

Resuming the study of law, interrupted by his connection with New Hampton, he obtained license and was admitted to the bar in Greenville, Ill., in 1836. Here his ability and integrity won for him such distinction that he was chosen Judge of Probate in 1837.

But his tastes were those of the teacher. The law could not satisfy him. Conscious of this fact, he was induced one year later to resign his position as Judge and accept the chair

of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Wake Forest. His work in his department was so successful and satisfactory that, eleven years afterwards, he was chosen to succeed Dr. Hooper in the management of the affairs of the institution. His administration was eminently successful. Confronted by difficulties peculiar to a young and a growing institution, he met his responsibilities and discharged his duties in a way that reflected credit on himself and contributed to the progress and prosperity of the College.

During his stay at Wake Forest he became impressed with his duty to preach, and was ordained to the work of the ministry. In the years 1859 and 1860 he was pastor of Greenville Baptist Church, Illinois.

In 1854 he happened to visit Greenville, Ill. By accident, as it seemed, he interested Mr. Morse, his friend and college mate, in female education to such a degree that he gave a large sum of money for the establishment of a college for the education of girls. Almira College, named for the wife of Mr. Morse, was the result. Professor White was induced to resign his connection with Wake Forest and become president. The institution, under his skillful leadership, exerted a strong and healthful influence in all southern Illinois, and still commands a liberal patronage. Its success may be attributed almost entirely to the efforts of President White, who continued, to the end of his life, identified with its management, excepting an interval of two years while he was chaplain of an Illinois regiment in the late war.

On the 5th of April, 1838, he married Miss Mary P. Merriam, a Virginia lady of rare accomplishments, who contributed in no small measure to the power and success of her talented husband. A second wife, Miss Elizabeth Wright, married in 1850, is still living in Greenville, Ill.

President White died about the year 1889. His long life was spent in one continuous effort for the advancement of education and the uplifting of humanity.

THE SCHOOLS OF TEXAS.

From a land of romantic adventures for the filibusters Nolan, Magee and Lafitte, Texas has, since 1820, passed through revolution and evolution until to-day she stands abreast of any State in the Union in progress and civilization. The young blood and youthful energy which Texas has all along drawn from the older States and other countries will, in a large measure, account for the supremacy which she has attained; for in a country where the natural advantages are much poorer, virile vigor, unrestrained by senile sluggishness and unhampered by aristocratic frowns and indifference, would accomplish wonders. But all of this youthful activity could have resulted in little real improvement had it not been directed by educated intelligence.

The early settlers were not rude, ignorant, nor largely composed of refugees from justice, as is generally supposed. A teacher who came to Texas in 1828, writing long afterwards, says, "No one estimates more highly than the writer the intelligence, enterprise and virtue of the present population," and yet he fully believes there were in the early history of Texas more college-bred men in proportion to the population than now, and as much intelligence, good common sense and moral and religious culture among the females as among the ladies of the present day. But these men, however appreciative of the advantage of an education they might have been, were cruelly hampered in the education of their children. Outside of a few missions of the Roman Catholics, there was no place where an education might be obtained, and these schools were doubtless avoided by the colonists who, though required to become nominally Catholics, had no desire to imbue the minds of their children with such doctrines. The colonists themselves, it seems, never intended that their conversion to Romanism should be permanent. Many at this time sent their children to eastern schools.

A Mexican school-room of this period is described as commodious, furnished with rawhides and a few benches on which a dozen urchins repeated their lessons as loudly as they could bawl, while the pedagogue, ferule in hand, and more grotesquely dressed than the Knight of La Mancha, stalked about the room. So you will not be surprised to read the following extract from a Texas lady's letter, dated November 5, 1830: "Of our educational advantages I cannot boast. Mexico has recently passed two laws, one that a school shall be established in each division of the State, the other that the children shall be taught reading, writing, arithmetic, Roman Catholic religion and the catechism of *all the arts and sciences!* These laws amount to nothing. * * A few private schools exist."

One reason assigned in the Texas Declaration of Independence for that step was that Mexico had failed to establish any public system of education; another, closely akin to it, was that Texans were denied the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. To Texas the Battle of San Jacinto meant more than the Battle of Quebec for the other States, for not only was religious freedom at stake, but intellectual progress as well.

About 1840 the Republic took the first steps towards establishing free schools, and fifty leagues of land were set apart for a university. As early as 1853 the State set apart two million dollars for a permanent school fund. At first only the poorest children were allowed to attend, and the schools were poor. After the reconstruction period attention was again given to public schools: steps were taken which created an immense public school fund, but it was not until the '80's that much advantage was reaped from these measures, and things assumed definite shape. It was at this time that the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction was created, the permanent fund was invested in six per cent. bonds, and the State stopped selling its valuable school lands

at the insignificant sum of fifty cents per acre. It was also at this time that the school term was nominally lengthened to six months, and that there was a great awakening in matters educational all over the State.

By the Constitution of 1875 all alternate sections of land reserved by the State out of railroad grants, and one-half of the public domain, were added to the school fund. When we call to mind the enormous amount of land formerly owned by the State, we see that Texas has been very generous to her schools. It is difficult to ascertain with certainty what the exact amount of the permanent school fund may be, for the reason that much of it consists of lands yet unsold, which have a variable value. The sum of $7,484,598 is invested in interest bearing bonds; the State holds land notes from settlers to the amount of $14,000,000 or more. These notes bear a low rate of interest and are payable forty years from date of making, and the interest is due annually. Twenty-three million acres of land has not yet been sold, of this all but 3,000,000 acres is leased to stockmen at an annual rent of four cents per acre. Much of it is worthless, and the greater part not well adapted to anything but grazing. Were it put on the market it would not now bring an average of more than one dollar per acre.

The permanent fund should perhaps be held as sacred; and such was the intent of the framers of the Constitution. A few years ago, however, forced by the stress of "hard times," and willing for future generations to bear a portion of their own burdens, our lawmakers so changed the law that now one per cent. of the permanent school fund is transferred annually to the available school fund; the remainder of this annual fund is made up of one-fourth of all occupation taxes, one dollar poll tax, interest of school bonds and notes, rents for land and a tax not to exceed twenty cents on the hundred dollars valuation of property. In many counties this is supplemented by a county school fund, and nearly every town and city in the

State of any size levies a special tax sufficient to increase the length of the school term to eight or nine months.

There has been a general decrease in the amount expended by the State for schools in the last four years, as may be seen from the following figures: State apportionment, 1891–'92, $2,627,257; 1892–'93, $2,904,342; 1893–'94, $2,245,504; 1894–'95, $2,428,132. This falling off happened notwithstanding the fact that one per cent. of the principal of the permanent fund was appropriated for the annual fund, and was caused by a general shrinkage in the value of all property, the responsibility for which the Hogg men place on Mr. Cleveland, the Clark men on Governor Hogg and the Populists on both. But while the school fund decreased $200,000 during these four years the scholastic population increased from 583,835 in 1891 to 693,752 in 1894, or more than 100,000. The per capita apportionment for these years was $4.50, $5.00, $4.50 and $3.50 respectively.

The amount expended for public schools will compare very favorably with other States, while North Carolina is left far behind. In 1882 Texas apportioned $3 per capita, North Carolina $1.20; in 1892 Texas $5 and North Carolina $1.30. These statistics make no allowance for the amount given from the public school fund of North Carolina to State schools for higher instruction, while the University of Texas is supported from its own funds.

Texas has a constitutional requirement that schools shall be maintained for at least six months in the year, but, like a somewhat similar mandate of the Constitution of North Carolina, it is obeyed only in more populous communities; nor can it be complied with unless the salaries of teachers are cut or greater revenues are raised by taxation. The former alternative will hardly become effective soon in lengthening the school term, for the tendency is toward an increase rather than a decrease of salaries. The legislator in view of the constantly increasing number of children is turning to taxation as a solu-

tion of the dilemma. Governor Hogg advocated this in nearly all of his messages—notably in his first and in his last.

Nearly every town in the State has invested large sums in school buildings, furniture and apparatus designed to assist in instruction. For example, the buildings, fixtures and furniture of the Fort Worth schools are valued at upwards of $200,000.

Texas, unlike North Carolina, has adopted no uniform textbooks for the whole State, but the selection is left with the school committee of the district. This causes parents who move from one district to another much useless expense.

Teachers' certificates are obtainable on very much the same conditions as in North Carolina, but the requirements here are much greater. For a third grade certificate an applicant is examined on seven subjects, for a second grade on twelve, for a temporary first grade on eighteen, while for a permanent first grade a passing knowledge of twenty-five subjects is required. Among these branches are History of Education, Psychology, Civil Government, etc. Graduates of the University and the State Normal Schools are given permanent certificates, and those holding diplomas from approved colleges may obtain permanent certificates without examinations after having taught in the State three years. Many of the cities require even more elaborate examinations for certificates, the object of course being to secure teachers of broad if not deep scholarship.

But if the requirements are great, the teacher has very superior advantages for the better preparation for his work. Summer normals are held all over the State, and county, city and associational institutes periodically throughout the year. These are well attended, and are doubtless of much value in giving suggestions for better methods and inspiration for more determined efforts. In many parts of the State one hundred miles is not considered far to go to such a meeting, and I have known attendants from much greater distances. Nearly every

teacher reads books on pedagogy and one or more educational periodicals. Having employment for long terms at living salaries, they are enabled to devote considerable attention to improvement.

This leads me to speak of the salaries of teachers, in which many of my readers may be more vitally interested than in the teachers themselves—explainable, however, only by the fact that they have never seen the young ladies who instruct the Texas youth.

In Fort Worth the superintendent is paid $2,000 per annum, the principal of the high school $150 per month, the principals of ward schools from $75 to $100, and teachers from $40 to $60, owing to the length of time they have been teaching in the city school. High-school assistants receive from $70 to $85 per month. In many of the larger cities principals and teachers get much better salaries. In smaller towns the superintendent is paid about $1,250 or $1,500 per annum, while teachers receive about the same as in larger towns. In the country the salaries generally range from $40 to $75.

The following table will show how remunerative teaching in Texas is, as compared with the general average for the United States, for other Southern States and for North Carolina. It will also show the average duration of the school term in days:

	Av. Salary.	*Duration in Days.*
1872		
United States	$199 79	133.4
Other Southern States	180 42	100.
Texas	436 86	140.
North Carolina	62 50	50.
1882		
United States	202 60	131.2
Southern States	144 68	90.
Texas	196 00	93.
North Carolina	86 46	62.5
1892		
United States	297 34	137.1
Southern States	171 14	100.
Texas	281 64	105.9
North Carolina	86 75	62.4

From these tables it will appear that the Texas teacher is paid about 3½ times as much as his North Carolina brother for teaching a little more than half as long again. As compared with teachers in other parts of the country, he has little cause for complaint.

I will say here, by way of parenthesis, that living in Texas, as a rule, costs somewhat more than in North Carolina, and this must, of course, be taken into account. Board and room rent vary, according to locality, from $10 to $25 or more.

The scholars are not more difficult to manage than those in Eastern States. The cowboy even does not differ in nature from other people, and in western Texas, where I had several such, I found them gentlemanly, studious and respectful. The same qualities in a teacher command respect the world over. Of course these children of the plains could not endure a compound of conceit and asininity. The Texas pupil surpasses his North Carolina cousin in broadness of scholarship, but often knows less of a particular subject than the Carolina child of the same age.

The school age is from eight to seventeen, inclusive. In many towns scholars are taken over and under those ages. The graded schools usually offer a course of ten or eleven years. The graduates of the high schools are well prepared to enter college. They have often been much better trained than those who have finished the course offered by North Carolina academies, a knowledge of more subjects being required. Still, to some so many studies are a hindrance, and these pupils leave school thinking they are learned, when, in fact, they know only the nomenclature of half a dozen sciences and a few other things. But even in his ignorance a Texan will succeed, such is his confidence in himself, where the less assertive Carolinian would fail.

Teachers lose no opportunity to teach the children lessons in patriotism and love for their State. For the children Texas is not only the largest State in the Union, but her heroes are

the greatest as well. Holidays tell when the anniversaries of the Texas Declaration and the battle of San Jacinto come round.

The State supports two normal schools—one for whites and one for blacks. All who attend pledge themselves to teach a certain length of time in the State. It also has an agricultural and mechanical college, and a university, which is one of the best institutions in the South. "The State bonds owned by it, amounting to $576,540, bear $31,728.60 annual interest, which, together with interest on land notes, $2,624.06, and lease of its lands, $8,689.20, constitute its available revenue, on which it must depend for support, except when aided by the Legislature." It owns 2,000,000 acres of land, which is not leased to much advantage.

Nearly all of the denominations have excellent colleges, which are popular and are doing a good work. There are also many "colleges" little better than our North Carolina academies. Other private schools exist. The Catholics, who do not generally patronize the public schools, have many, and these convent schools often do good work. Some of the more liberal Catholics patronize the common schools, notwithstanding the "great danger" the nuns may see in them. As a rule, schools and colleges in Texas are co-educational, there being no schools exclusively for males.

For the young men and women of the South who expect to make teaching a profession the field is almost necessarily confined to the Southern States. Here only will be found separate schools for the races. Even so good a Democrat as Mr. Cleveland, when Governor of New York, signed a bill destroying the last vestige of separate schools for the races in that State. Texas is certainly among the best States in the South for the teacher. He is fairly well paid, and, though never exactly a neighborhood demi-god, is generally respected as he deserves.

Texas needs more good teachers, and will always be glad to welcome them, especially the young, fresh from the centers of

learning, willing to improve and ambitious to excel. Such will rarely have to contend with favoritism in securing a place, nor will he be frowned down because he is outside the pale of a charmed circle. Texas is ever ready to increase her aristocracy of the intellect by welcoming the young blood and educated talent of other States. R. L. PASCHAL.

SPRING SONG.

Wake, forest, wake!
Thy tender buds are lying,
With dainty petals folded, in calm and peaceful sleep.
Wake into beauty!
While softest winds are trying
To woo thee from the silence that Winter's reign doth keep.

Wake, forest, wake!
Thy murmuring stream is hidden
Beneath the sparkling cover the Ice King's hand hath wrought.
Leap forth, O brooklet,
By gentlest breezes bidden,
And ripple out in music thy winter's deepest thought.

Wake, forest, wake!
Within thy gray depths olden
The treasures of the ages are springing into light.
Wake from thy dreaming,
For here the sunlight golden
Is turning into brightness thy long and dreary night.

Wake, heart, awake!
Thy winter's trial endeth:
Beneath the crust of sorrow thy spring of hope runs free.
Wake into gladness,
To deeper life that blendeth
All care and pain and longing in richest harmony.

SARA B. HOWLAND.

GUADALAJARA, MEXICO.

FAME, THE THIRST OF YOUTH.

The development of the individual, as well as that of the human family, depends upon the responsiveness of the indwelling mind to outward influences. Aspiration throbs in the human heart from the very dawn of life. The possibilities of life may be likened to the great deep upon which is launched the vessel of human energy, and aspiration guides the helm. Fame, then, is the beacon-light from the cradle to the grave—the lighthouse of every man's voyage. Fame has ever attracted the wonder and reverence of mankind. We are moulded and fashioned by outward influences, even as the passive clay in the hands of the potter. At our earliest consciousness, life, with its joy and hope, possibility and achievement, invites us to do and to dare. While we are upon the threshold of active life, we are strangers to the fact that half of life is its disappointments. There is no period of life so eloquent and enviable as that of youth. Armed, as it is, for great endeavor by bodily vigor, lofty aim, indomitable will, and restless ambition, we anticipate a noble and useful career. Romantic and full of grandeur, indeed, is the career of that human life raised from its native obscurity by its own dint of industry and unceasing toil as it nears the shadows of the tomb, full of years and laden with honors. As there is exultation and anticipation at the launching of a vessel upon untried waters, so is there the deepest concern for the youth upon the threshold of active life. As the multitude stands upon the seashore, and the vessel, ladened with its cargo of human life, submits itself to the waves and sails majestically on, amid the enthusiasm of those on deck, a burst of applause bids it a God-speed over the billowy main. Likewise, youth launches forth in quest of the experiences and glory of manhood. Not only is it true in the case of the individual, but it is true of the race. Ever since the human family scattered in their world-wide dispersion

from the guarded gate of Eden, man has shown his restlessness and spirit of discovery, in that he has left indelible imprints upon every island and continent of the globe, which are the glorious monuments of antiquity. There is no desire of the physical man so unyielding in its demands as that of thirst. Likewise, there is no impulse of the soul so unyielding as the desire for fame, which is the quenchless thirst of youth. The hourly, the daily longing of youth is to wear the garlands of fame. He dreams of the future; he dreams of climbing the hoary mountains of renown; he dwells in an imaginary castle. A stranger to the stern realities of life, he worships the ideal towards which he bends every energy of his being. Every life has its goal; every spirit has its destiny; every heart worships at some shrine; every image has its devotee; every cause has its martyr; every battle has its hero. In every field of thought, science and literature we find toiling workers who aspire to distinction. The library, which is the delegated learning of the centuries, leads the mind into unbounded aspirations. Now and then a brilliant star flashes into view in active life. He may be a great leader, writer or poet. He wins an easy way to prominence, and shines above his fellow-men. In turn, many indulge in that illusion of hope that would expect such excellence, without a lifetime of arduous toil, as a sufficient recompense of reward. True fame comes only to the one who covets obstacles, and, in the spirit of a conqueror, surmounts them.

Fortune favors only the brave. The pathway to renown is rugged and steep. Military glory possesses less merit, but is more fascinating. Ambition has ever sought the cold and slippery heights of fame. The poet places before the youth a nobler aim and guide:

> "Honor and shame from no condition rise.
> Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

Look where we may, we find the multitude striving to rise

above the change, conflict and confusion of earth. Many are the dreamers, but few are the toilers. Fame does not give what it promises. Many in public life to-day sigh for the ease and content of private life. Many a monarch rests uneasy upon his throne. The humble citizen does not need a body-guard. It was once an honor to be a member of the Roman Senate, but their names have long since been forgotten. It is noble to aspire to honorable and national recognition for public service. The unearthing of political corruption and the renovation of society will place the name of Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst among the worthies of national fame.

True glory comes not from the estimate of your fellow-men, but from the inward consciousness and satisfaction of noble acting. Notoriety is the reward of sudden opportunity; it is not the reward of merit. Napoleon was the victim of an unholy ambition. It was his idol and his god. To-day the earth shook beneath the tread of his marching armies and the sky was darkened with the cloud of battle; but to-morrow he is dethroned, banished and chained to a rock in St. Helena, and dies amid the tortures of his blasted hopes. This is the cost of an unholy ambition. The agony and struggle of his brief life brought him to his tomb. The struggle for glory will often disappoint the soul. Before you gain the praise of the world you must serve an apprenticeship to its censure. He must feel the crushing tyranny of Public Opinion. "He must serve who fain would sway."

At the age of twenty-four Byron was the most famous of living poets. In all history we know of none so signally honored. But his was an unhappy life. And in his grave sorrow was buried side by side with glory. The toils, anxieties and disappointments of the great are so many solemn warnings to the eminent, and as many consolations to those in the obscure walks of life. It is really Fame for which men seek, whether it be chivalry, patriotism, trade, politics, music, eloquence, poetry, painting or sculpture. Aspiration springs

eternal in the human heart. Some aspire to eloquence. Of all the musical instruments upon which men play, a popular assembly and the human heart under the magic spell of the orator is the most responsive. Grand and sublime is the mission and destiny of that man whom heaven has endowed with native eloquence to play upon the human heart and move it to tears, to joy, to hope, to enthusiasm and to noble aspiration. Worthy is that ambition that seeks to employ the human voice, the handmaid of human thought, to electrify and to ennoble the waiting multitude and lift them up to a higher life and to God. All other fames must hush before his. He is the true potentate. All are not kings who sit upon thrones. But eloquence is king over all the impulses of the soul, and so the orator does rule the minds of men and sways them at his will, and commands them as the Savior commanded the Galilean waves, or the winds, the clouds of the heavens. With hope in the heart and God overhead the youth grapples with life and its possibilities—

> "Some seek devotion, toil, war, good, or crime,
> According as their souls were formed to sink or climb."

After all, man is but a worm of the dust, when we think of his Maker. One volcano can destroy centuries of man's handiwork. One tremble of the earthquake, one storm of the ocean, the removal of one element from the air, will work greater change upon the globe than all the generations of man. O man, puny creature of a day; at the midnight hour look upon the starry heavens and pour contempt upon all thy pride. Then build not for that renown that vanishes with the day, but build character—that character that will and shall abide when empires have crumbled, and thrones have tottered, and monuments have mouldered away.

JASPER HOWELL, JR. '96.

THE PLANET MARS.

To all lovers of astronomy the planet Mars is perhaps the most interesting object of the whole heavens. This is peculiarly so for two reasons. First, the planet's nearness to the earth when in the most favorable positions of its orbit. Secondly, its resemblance to the earth and its possibility of human habitation.

Within the last half century such a marvelous degree of perfection has been reached in the construction and use of astronomical instruments that we now have maps of the surface of Mars, which, in some respects, are almost as accurate as those we have of the earth, while the period of the planet's rotation on its axis has been ascertained to within one-fiftieth of a second.

Many enthusiastic admirers of the planet have even built costly observatories in different parts of the world for the sole purpose of studying the behavior of what they are accustomed to call "our next-door neighbor."

The recent improvements in photography and the spectroscope have also aided greatly in studying the nature of the surface and the atmosphere of the planet. Some excellent photographs have been taken at the Lick Observatory, and much is expected from the magnificent Yerker telescope which is being built for the University of Chicago.

The planet's very great similarity to the earth becomes strikingly evident by recalling a few facts obtained from astronomical calculations as to its size, position, motions, and other elements and characteristic features.

Mars is the fourth planet in the order of distance from the sun, the earth being third. Its mean distance from the sun is 141,500,000 miles, whereas that of the earth is only 93,000,000. Therefore, its orbit lies just without the earth's orbit, and is only 35,000,000 miles from it at their nearest approach.

Since the two planets do not always travel at the same rate around the sun—the earth's period of revolution being only 365¼ days, while that of Mars is 687—it often happens that the earth and the planet are on opposite sides of the sun and are immensely distant from each other, the planet being scarcely visible, while at other times they are on the same side of the sun, or in *opposition*, to use the astronomical term, and the planet, if it chances to be at the perihelion of its orbit, becomes the most conspicuous of all the planets except Venus. It is at these favorable times for observation that the attention of the whole astronomical world is turned toward Mars.

The real diameter of the planet is 4,200 miles, or little more than half that of the earth. Its axis is inclined to the plane of its orbit 24° 50′, making its seasons correspond very closely to those of the earth. Its period of rotation on its axis is 24 hr. 37 min. 22 sec., making the days and nights almost exactly equal to ours. The atmosphere is exceedingly clear, causing the surface markings to be very conspicuous, while the climate seems to be somewhat milder than our own.

An interesting feature of Mars is its two little moons, Deimos and Phobos, which revolve around the planet from west to east like our own satellite, the moon. The motion of Phobos, the inner satellite, is so rapid that to the inhabitants of Mars it rises in the west, passes rapidly across the sky and sets in the east about eleven hours after.

The most conspicuous objects to be seen upon the planet's surface are extensive patches of what seem to be snow in the region of the north and south poles. It has been observed for a long time that, as the north pole of the planet is turned toward the sun in summer, these snow-like areas seem gradually to diminish, but as winter approaches the snow area increases, showing about the same appearance that would be seen by an observer looking upon the earth from the moon. Extensive snowstorms have also been reported in the region of the poles. During June of last year, when the south

pole was turned toward the earth, astronomers reported that almost the whole of the planet's south frigid zone was covered with snow.

The recent favorable opposition of 1892 has been prolific of much valuable information regarding the nature of our neighboring planet, while considerable doubt has likewise been thrown upon some of the conclusions drawn from preceding observations. At the time of this opposition Professor Campbell, by observing certain bright spots near the terminator in the neighborhood of the pole, which he supposed to be high mountain ranges capped with snow, was enabled to estimate the height of some of the tallest peaks to be as much as 10,000 feet.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the planet's surface, and that which has been studied more carefully than any other, is a series of long, straight, narrow "canals" which seem to penetrate the land in all directions and connect the larger bodies of water. They are very numerous and have a definite arrangement, as though they had been laid out by the hand of human beings. They were once supposed to be real canals, or artificial channels, laid out by the inhabitants of the planet to irrigate the land. This theory has now been practically abandoned for two reasons. First, the immense width of some of these canals. Secondly, a peculiar phenomenon known as the "duplication" of the canals. It was observed by Schiaparelli in 1881 that some of these canals, which at previous observations had seemed to be single channels, afterward appeared double. No satisfactory explanation could be given for this peculiar appearance until the recent favorable opposition in 1892, and still astronomers are considerably at variance as to the theories proposed. It is now generally believed, though some leading astronomers stoutly deny it, that these peculiar surface markings are not canals, but broad straits and large river valleys which in the winter season become comparatively dry or freeze over, allowing the vege-

tation to die down, while in the spring and summer they are flooded by melting snows and heavy downfalls of rain, causing a luxuriant growth of vegetation. This would produce a decided change in the color of the regions bordering the watercourses, and would seem to account for the phenomenon, although it does not account for the almost perfect regularity and comparative straightness of most of these surface markings. Mr. Proctor and others explain this phenomenon as due to immense fogs along the watercourses.

Other theories proposed for the solution of the "canal" feature are, (1) that they represent cracks in the crust of the planet's surface made during solidification; (2) that they are furrows formed by ærolites; (3) that they have been formed by tidal erosion; (4) that they are the rectification of rivers by the inhabitants of the planet.

Another very remarkable feature of Mars is the appearance of exceedingly bright spots on different parts of the planet's surface. It is not known definitely what they are. Some enthusiasts in the study of Mars have ventured so far as to say that the planet is inhabited by a race of human beings more than a thousand years in advance of us in civilization, and that these bright lights are great signals erected by the Martioli to attract the attention of the people of the earth in order to bring about communication between the two planets. This theory, to say the most of it, is hardly probable.

It is now generally believed, though there are differences of opinion, that these lights are nothing more than snow-capped mountains which become brilliant by reflected sunlight.

Astronomers at present are very greatly at variance concerning the atmosphere of Mars. Some maintain that the planet has an atmosphere corresponding very closely to that of the earth, and containing all the chemical elements necessary to support such forms of life as exist on the earth.

Others strongly deny the existence of an atmosphere at all. Professor Campbell has shown that the spectra of Mars and the moon are "identical in every respect." His spectroscopic

observations exhibit no evidence of an aqueous vapor on Mars any more than on the moon, and seem to prove that if Mars has an atmosphere at all it is very slight. The polar "caps" and the "canals" are explained as being probably due to an extremely thin atmosphere of carbonic acid gas. According to this theory the oceans, clouds, snowstorms, inhabitants "like man," and signals, vanish literally into thin air.

Notwithstanding all this, it seems to be the general opinion among astronomers that there is strong evidence of the habitability of our neighboring world. Yet, it is hardly probable that there exist on Mars exactly such forms of life as we are acquainted with on the earth. There may be intelligent beings inhabiting the planet far in advance of us in civilization and enlightenment, and yet entirely different from us in their habits and physical structure.

There are many other extremely interesting features about Mars. Every favorable opposition of the planet brings out some new discovery; and who knows how soon some great improvement in astronomical instruments may enable us to get a glimpse of the very inhabitants of our sister planet?

M. B. DRY.

QUATRAINS.

DAWN.

Twilight silence deepened into sound;
The belfry tower rung out its morning stroke;
The sheep-herd wandered to its feeding-ground;
Sweet carols filled the air,—for day had broke.

R. A. L.

NIGHTFALL.

List to grim Boreas sighing
In the lonely forest wild,
Tearful messages to mosses
From their crystal clime exiled.

JAKOB DÜNN.

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

"We's gwine to hab a lot o' fun to-night, Marse John. You better come and go wid us."

The speaker was Jake Simpson, an old and trusted negro whom I had known from my childhood. His cabin was near the swamp. Every year he planted corn in the little patch that surrounded his house, but the squirrels ate so much of it that there was scarcely any left at harvest time. He spent the most of his time in summer in hunting and in fishing. I used to go to his cabin to hear him tell ghost stories, and, as I grew older, to go with him hunting. His two hounds were the best in the country.

Of course I accepted the invitation, and that evening at sundown I started to his cabin. The woods were rapidly growing dark. No sound was to be heard except the quick chatter of a squirrel as he sought his home in the top of a thick pine, and the hoot of owls in the distance. They seemed to be holding a mass-meeting, for they kept the air pulsating with demoniac laughter. Then all was silent. The stars peeped out from their distant homes to keep me company as I hurried along. Soon the welcome light appeared in the distance. I could see dark forms gliding about the doorway and could hear the glad bark of the dogs as they capered joyously about.

"Marse John, I's dun and gib yo' clean out dis half hour. I specs we better go to de swamp to-night."

Jake selected some long pieces of rich pine, and deftly splitting them with his axe, held the ends of three or four of them in the fire for a few moments to make a torch. His little son took the torch and set out towards the swamp, followed by Jake and myself. The dogs ran on ahead, and, before we had gone half way to the swamp, we heard them rushing through the dry leaves and splashing in the shallow water. After that

we heard them no more for ever so long. Not knowing which way to go, we decided to lie down on the pine straw and wait. Once in awhile Jake would rise up on his elbow, take his pipe from his mouth, listen intently, and then give the dogs a shout of encouragement that echoed and re-echoed through the dark swamp. The fire burning the dry straw, sprang up in a light blaze, and the little negro had to scramble about very quickly to put it out. After extinguishing it, he placed the torch in the center of the circle from which the straw had been burned, and he and Jake were soon asleep.

The distant bark of one of the dogs was borne to us, and we quickly jumped up. The dog had struck a cold track and he was circling about to get it straight. Now it sounded again, but farther off. Whatever the dog was after had quit the swamp and had gone up a little stream, which made into the swamp a mile or so from where we stood.

"I jes knows dat's one o' dem old 'coons, and if he don't watch we's gwine to git him dis time fur sartin. While he stays in de swamp he am safe, but when he takes to de pine woods we kin git him ebry time."

Thus talking, Jake paused and gave another shout. Knocking the coals from the end of the torch, and rearranging the pieces of pine, we set out, Jake going before us puffing his pipe and occasionally giving vent to a loud yell. We moved very slowly. The undergrowth was thick and the ground was miry, while here and there appeared a black slough which had to be avoided. Tangled masses of brambles and grapevines hung from the trees and impeded our progress. The torch was caught by a swinging bush and completely extinguished. The yelps of the dog became more regular and animated, showing that he had the 'coon straight ahead of him. The other dog came to his aid and swamp and hills echoed with canine music. By the aid of a match the torch was hurriedly lighted again, and we rushed forward, over logs, brambles and bushes, through water and mud, to get nearer

the dogs. We soon came to an open place, but the dogs were going so swiftly that we could not keep up with them. The yelping turned to the long-drawn, steady barks which are the delight of every 'coon hunter.

"'Clar to gracious, Marse John, dat 'coon's dun gone in de Wildcat pond, an' dar's whar de dogs hab treed him, sho's yo' bawn," said Jake.

We came to the edge of the pond and found that what Jake said was true. The dogs were far in the middle of it, barking as if they were looking at the animal. To reach them was no easy task. In wet weather this place was covered by a few inches of water, but when the weather was dry there was scarcely any. The latter was the case now, but there had grown up a thick tangle of bushes, brambles and reeds. With these were many large, long-pines whose straw, falling from year to year, had made a mass in some places three or four feet deep. Nothing, however, can stop an old 'coon hunter. Jake went first, separating the tangle by means of his hands and the pressure of his body, and we were glad to follow through the little opening he made. After much hard pulling and pressing, we got to the place where the dogs were, and found that they had "treed" up a large pine—the largest in the pond.

Jake held his torch behind him and gave it a few violent shakes, looking intently up the tree all the while. He did this to see if he could see the 'coon's eyes. He was not successful, and he walked around to the other side where he repeated the operation with no better success. He then went to the trunk of the tree and examined the bark very closely. Pointing to the bark, he told us to come and see. Sure enough there was the print of some animal's claws upon the tree.

"He am here, he am here!" cried Jake, joyfully, as he threw off his coat and began to get ready to cut down the tree. That looked like a hard task. The first thing to do was to see in what direction the tree would be most likely to fall.

Having ascertained this, Jake set to work with a will. He cut a great notch in it on one side and then turned to cut a similar one on the other, taking care that this one should be an inch lower than the first, so as to make the tree fall on the side last cut. He then had us to make our way to a point just beyond where the top of the pine would strike the ground and there hold the dogs to keep them out of the way of falling limbs. The sound of the axe's striking the tree grew louder as he warmed up to his work, and the large chips were sent spinning here and there by the heavy strokes. Soon the tree began to make a faint "click, click," while Jake shouted, "Hold fast, boys!" and plied his axe still harder. The giant swayed a moment, tottered, and with a rush, a roar, a crash that sounded like thunder, it came to the ground, crushing everything in its way. Loosing the dogs, we ran towards the tree. In a moment they were among the fallen limbs, eagerly seeking the 'coon. One of them spied him under the side of the main trunk and made a bold dash at him. Both were soon upon him, and the sharp cries of the 'coon were mingled with the hoarse growls of the dogs. The fight became too hot for the dogs and they jumped away, letting the 'coon run out. He passed so close to us that the little negro kicked him into a hole of water, whereupon the dogs jumped on him and began to fight again. A second time the 'coon got the better of them, and they came out of the water, one on either side, looking askance at him, but neither daring to touch him. He had got a few feet up a tree close by and would have escaped had not Jake come running up the trunk of the fallen tree to the rescue. The old negro snatched up a stick and gave him a stunning blow on the head, causing him to fall to the ground where the dogs soon finished him.

The night was far spent and the dogs were bloody and tired. Making our way as best we could to the higher ground, we collected piles of pine straw for beds and cleared a space to build a fire. After warming well, Jake and his son put their

feet near the fire, covered their heads and were soon asleep. I could not sleep for a long time. The sound of the dogs' yelping rang in my ears. At last I went to sleep and dreamed of catching 'coons in Greenland. When we awoke the sun was shining brightly and the mist was rising through the trees. Getting up and stretching our stiff limbs, we walked slowly homeward, followed by our dogs. L. A. B.

JOSIAH COBWEB.

On the highroad to Cross Creek lived old Josiah Cobweb, a man who was stingy with everything he possessed, but especially so with his whiskey. He kept it locked up in his cellar, and drank it at night to prevent its being seen by anyone else. For years it had been the ambition of those who considered themselves sharp, to swindle Cobweb out of some of his whiskey, but the old miser seemed always to be on the alert, and to discover their purpose before they could accomplish it.

One cold morning two travelers were on their way to Cross Creek. One was Billy McFarland, an old man, who now seemed almost frozen, and the other was a buxom young Scotchman, Slimpurse McSmarty, on whose face played a perennial smile. For all his gayety, he was concerned for his companion's welfare.

"Uncle Billy," he said, "we shall soon be to the house of your nephew, Josiah Cobweb. If you had a gude pull at one of his black bottles, you'd feel less chilly. Now, if you'll allow me to use your name, I'll ride forward, leaving you at this nigger house, and return at once with some whiskey for you."

"Oof la!" exclaimed old Billy, smacking his lips. "Ride on, boy, and be not long gone."

So young Slimpurse clapped spurs to his horse and galloped rapidly away. Turning the bend in the road, he came in sight of Cobweb's house. He could see old Josiah standing at the window, and, waving a black handkerchief at him as a signal of grief, he rode up to the gate. Old Josiah came out and asked for the news.

"Bad news, bad news, Mr. Cobweb," said Slimpurse. "Your uncle Billy McFarland died last night."

Now, Billy McFarland was rich, and Cobweb was his only heir. But Josiah, instead of being joyful on account of the fortune which had suddenly fallen to him, seemed crushed with grief.

"Oh, my dear uncle! my dear, dear uncle! And is he railly dead?"

"Dead!" Slimpurse replied.

"Lord-a-massy! I'm a'most dead, too, with grief. But come in, my dear friend, and take a dram, for you are not responsible for this calamity. Oh, my dear dead uncle!"

They went into the house, and, while McSmarty warmed at the glowing fire, Cobweb went to the cellar after some whiskey. He soon returned with a gallon jug, which he handed to his guest. The latter drank long and deeply; then, setting the jug on the floor, he deliberately stood on his head.

"W'y, what's the matter with you?" cried old Cobweb, amazed at this caper of Slimpurse. "You can't be drunk already."

"La, no," the other answered, getting upon his feet again. "Your licker is so gude that I didn't want to swaller it right away. In fact, 'tis the best I've ever drunk."

"W'y, then you shall take the rest of it with you to warm you along the road. But, God save my poor dear dead Uncle Billy!"

Then McSmarty took the jug, mounted his horse, and was soon back at the negro cabin, giving his fellow-traveler a good drink. He told Uncle Billy his trick in getting the whiskey,

and they made the woods around the hut ring with their boisterous laughter. As the jug grew lighter their spirits arose. They concluded to ride down to Cobweb's and see how he would act upon discovering that he was at last outwitted. When they pulled up at the gate old Josiah came out to find what news was in store for him this time. As he approached, his face at first showed sorrow; then surprise; then, as he fully recognized his uncle, rage. He cursed Slimpurse until he could think of no other word mean enough to express his thoughts, while the travelers were almost bursting their sides with laughter. Seeing abuse availed nothing, he seized a rail and charged; but his foes, spurring their horses, shouted their thanks for his hospitality, and were soon out of sight.

Before this, Slimpurse McSmarty had found it impossible to get a wife; but when his action on this day had become famous, he had only to choose, out of all the girls in the surrounding country, whom he should take for his spouse.

SIMON PUREGOLD.

BEAUX YEUX.

As bright as the stars,
  And deep as the sea,
As precious as gems,
  Are my love's eyes to me.

So sweet and so clear,
  And tender and true,
They grace their pink lids
  Like the morning-kissed dew.

In beams of their light
  I ever could live,
Nor tire of those looks
  They so sweetly can give.

S.

A STORY OF COLLEGE LIFE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Hardly had the first notes of the old darkey's song reached their ears, when hand was clasped in hand, farewells were whispered in smothered sobs, the last lingering looks into each others faces were over, and they hurried away into the darkness. They knew that it was dangerous to linger, and that their safety depended on their getting out of the State at once. They knew, too, that each one must take his own way; two must not go together. They must leave the State as soon as possible, and they must leave it at different points. So they turned from each other and hurried through the forest.

Poor Harry! The struggle of his life had come, and he faltered. He faltered when, of all times in his life, he should have stood firm. As in a thousand other instances, love triumphed over fear that night. Until now Harry had not fully understood his condition. The thought that he must leave the girl he loved, perhaps forever, had only burst upon him for the first time now; and as it came that night, he faltered. He could not leave without one last interview with Loula. He knew it was dangerous to remain, and that even a delay of one day might shut off all means of escape; but he forgot his danger in his mad design to see Loula.

He spent the remainder of the night and until late next afternoon in his hiding-place, not far from Loula's home. He intended to see Loula that night, and then be far away from the scene of the murder before the rising of the sun on the morrow. Late that afternoon, as he was lying concealed, in full view of her home, and trying to get some opportunity to let her know that he expected to see her that night, he saw the old negro servant passing near him on her way to the house. He knew he could trust her with his message. He hailed her and, in a word, told her who he was, and that he must see Loula that night. She told him that she would have

everything ready, and that he should come at twelve o'clock; and then she hurried on to the house for fear of exciting suspicion. The thought of the pleasure she could soon give Loula hurried her onward.

That night, after carefully reconnoitering the premises, Harry stole up to the back door and gave a light knock. Immediately the door opened, and he stepped into the room. The door closed after him, and he was alone with the girl he loved. There was the saddest scene of his life. He clasped the weeping girl to his bosom, heaving with the surging passion within, and for a moment neither uttered a word. Sometimes there are sorrows too deep for words, and sometimes, too, there are joys too sweet to find vent in speech. We leave the reader to imagine the scene that followed this outburst of joy at their meeting. It was too sad for words. He begged her to flee with him, for he must go that night.

"Loula, if you love me, come, and I will give my life to make you happy," said Harry. "I cannot stay here. My life is at stake. Come with me, and we will find a home where we can live happily together. Without you my life shall be a failure, and the sooner I am through with it the better. Tell me that you will not refuse."

He waited, with his heart throbbing with passion, for the words that fell from her lips.

"Tell me who murdered my poor father. Oh! tell me that it was not you. I know you could not have struck the cruel blow. No, it was not you, Harry. But tell me *who*, that I may know that you are free. Tell me, and I will go where you wish, even though I may have to stand by you in the felon's cell. Tell me that it was not *you!*" screamed the girl in her anguish.

He looked down upon the noble girl for a moment without uttering a word; then he added, as he attempted to press her to his bosom, but she spurned him:

"Darling, I cannot say one word. My lips are forever sealed."

"Oh, Harry! tell me that *you* did not murder my poor father. Tell me ——"

Just then the old servant screamed, and Harry rushed for the door, but—too late. The glittering uniforms of half a dozen officers told him he had been betrayed, and just behind them he saw the treacherous face of Haec Stamples, smiling in apparent triumph. Upon the remaining scene it is well to let the curtain drop.

Harry was hurried off to the village and lodged in the county jail. The village was filled with excitement when it was learned that he had been captured. Court was now in session, and his trial would come off immediately. Everything was excitement. What would Harry Shelton say when brought into court? And would he divulge the hiding-places of his friends? All these were interesting questions as his trial approached.

Finally the day came, and Harry was led into the court-room to answer the charge of murder. He had made no efforts to secure counsel. He seemed entirely careless about his safety. It seemed to make no difference how the result was decided. Whether he lived or died was of little importance to him. His friends had become alarmed for his safety, and had secured, in the face of his protests, the ablest lawyers of the village to defend him. And as he came into the court-room this first morning of his trial, he exhibited no traces of fear. He seemed utterly uninterested in his fate. Never before had such widespread sympathy gone out for a prisoner as had gone out for the youth who now took his place in the prisoner's box to answer for his life. The room was crowded. Everybody had come to hear Harry's first answer to the charge.

"Guilty, or not guilty?" said the judge to the prisoner, who had stood up to answer in his behalf.

"I have nothing to say, sir," said Harry, while a faint smile seemed to play over his face, and not a trace of hesitation could be seen. A murmur of surprise was heard throughout the room. Surely the young man had something to say. He

quietly took his seat, and the trial proceeded. For days and weeks it continued with unabating interest. The defence fought bravely for the prisoner's life. Every effort was brought forward by them in his favor, but without avail. To every effort to find out from him something of the murder he always gave the same answer—"I have nothing to say." His friends grew hopeless. His persistent refusal to utter one word, either in his favor or against those who were with him the night of the murder, was clearly binding the fatal cord around him. The prosecution had everything its own way. The prisoner's refusal to speak in his own behalf was, they argued, a clear proof of his guilt.

Haec Stamples, whom the reader will remember as one of the party to accompany the Colonel home, was introduced by the prosecution. He swore that he saw the prisoner draw his knife and stab the Colonel. He swore, too, that he interposed his own body to save the Colonel's, and in his effort received in his own arm part of the blow intended for the Colonel's heart.

"Here," said he, "is proof of what I say, and on its truthfulness I pledge my life." With this he raised his arm in full view and displayed a large scar on the fleshy part of his arm. "This," said he, "is the result of my effort to save the Colonel's life. Had I not withdrawn myself at once, I, too, should have met a similar fate."

This was regarded as conclusive. The prisoner made no denial. Here was clear proof that he struck the blow. The old Colonel's blood cried loudly for vengeance, and everybody believed that the prisoner could pay the penalty only with his life.

The evening before the closing of the trial next day came. The prisoner had been led back to his cell for the last time before learning his fate next morning. That evening his mother and Loula came for the last time to his cell. During the long anxious waiting of the trial they had believed that

he would give over and confess the whole affair. His boldness and fearlessness had somehow or other impressed almost everybody with the fact that he was selling his life at the expense of an oath and that after all he might be innocent. And now as his mother and the girl whom he loved entered his cell, their faces were filled with hopeless longing. On her knees his mother begged him to recant, to say that he was innocent, and not to bring her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. If he *would* die, if *nothing* could cause him to break his word, then confess that *he* was innocent of the crime, and thus let her not go to her grave the mother of a murderer. On her knees she begged him to make one effort for his life. If he did not care for it, then for her sake try to live. Her pleadings were all in vain.

"I have pledged my word, mother, and I cannot yield," and with this he broke down and sobbed like a child. His mother could do no more, and turning to Loula, said, "See if *you* can make him yield. I can do no more. My boy will send his poor mother to her grave and destroy his own life."

Then Loula walked over to where he was and stood by his side. She looked upon the wasted form of him for whom she would gladly give her life. For a moment she uttered not a word. Then with her face bathed in tears, she said: "Harry, in all the past you have never refused me. You have always granted me the smallest wish. And now will you refuse me? I know *you* did not murder my father. The whole world could not make me believe that you did. Oh, tell me that you are innocent and live, if not for me, for your mother." For a moment he forgot his vow and the beautiful face of her whom he loved made him almost yield. Then a vision rose before him. Would the other boys, if similarly situated, violate the sacred oath of the Mid Knight Kaps, which had never yet been broken? Immediately the answer came, "*No!*" He clasped her in his arms while his poor weak frame heaved with the burning passion within. "Darling, spare me. I

cannot yield," he said, and she knew it was useless to plead with him further.

The court-room was crowded. From far and near the people had come to hear the verdict and see the prisoner hear his doom. Everybody waited in breathless suspense. "Guilty or not guilty?" rang out the voice of the judge, as the prisoner rose for the last time to answer. And in slow, measured words came back the response, "I have nothing to say!" The charge to the jurors was soon delivered and they retired. They returned almost immediately and their verdict was rendered—death! With unrelaxed nerve and a dauntless eye, he gazed into the judge's face and seemed to say, "It is just." In this moment the judge looked down with pride upon the young man who so freely gave his life rather than break his word. The thought that his own son (the judge's son was one of the Mid Knight Kaps and was with the others fleeing from the law), was a fugitive of the law, while the prisoner at the bar refused with his life to betray him, made the judge envy the prisoner's father his son.

Just as the judge rose to pronounce sentence of death on the prisoner great confusion occurred at the door of the court-room. A young man with a wild and haggard face, with neither coat nor hat, had ridden up to the door, sprung from his horse, and was now tearing his way down the crowded aisle and shouting at every breath for the court to stop, that he had important evidence to present. Everybody was excited at this unexpected event. The judge turned deathly white and could not utter a word. The young man was his own son. The young man began as follows: "Only two days ago did I learn that my friend was captured and being tried for his life. I have ridden every moment since, day and night, without food or sleep, that I might reach here in time to save him." The prisoner looked steadily into the eyes of his friend and seemed to ask: "Are you going to be the first to break the oath of the Mid Knight Kaps, when I had refused, even with my

life?" The young man gazed into the eyes of the prisoner and seemed to respond: "You need have no fear. The oath is sacred in my keeping." Then turning to his father, he pulled a manuscript from his pocket and said: "Here is evidence that will free the prisoner from all blame." And before the words had died on his lips the report of a revolver rang throughout the room, and the judge's son sank down lifeless at the feet of his friend.

The judge's son had committed the murder that night, and had come back to save his friend. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

T.

A PAPER WRITTEN BY THE LATE PROF. J. C. MASKE, OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE,

While on a Visit to His Native County of Union, which was Found Among His Papers After His Death.

I need not tell you, dear friends, how glad I am to be with you this morning at dear old Meadow Branch Church. 'Tis not strange at all that my heart should ever turn with joy to the scenes of my childhood, to the church that first took me, when a mere boy, under its fostering care, and grounded me in religious principles that have moulded my character and made it what it is—principles that are pure and as everlasting as the hills, principles that have been the strong arm around me when temptations have been thickest. I say, then, I am profoundly grateful to this dear old Meadow Branch Church for having dealt so tenderly, yet so honestly, with me just at the time when my life may be said to have been in the transition period, when a step in the wrong direction would have meant so much; for teaching me that "Christianity, above all things, is religion, and that religion is not a method, but a life, a higher and supernatural life, mystical in its root and practical in its fruits—a communion with God, a calm and

deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts, a happiness which overflows."

But every joy has its sorrow; and so, when I look around over this congregation, what a change time has wrought! Some are not at their accustomed places, for the silver thread has been loosed and the golden bowl has been broken, and they are gone to take their places up yonder—the reward for having been faithful over a few things here.

Others there be—and alas! how many there are—whose heads are white with the snows that never melt, only waiting for the summons to come, when you, too, shall pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees. But every cloud has its silver lining; and so, when I look into the faces of so many young people here and think of the possibilities that lie before you, I am made to rejoice. There came a time in my life—as I suppose there comes in almost every young person's life—when I was disposed to think that old people and their notions were no good anyhow—they were old fogies. This I believe to be especially the case with boys. Now, boys, as a young man who has had considerable experience right along this line, let me tell you, if you have such notions as these, you are mistaken—woefully mistaken. Your old gray-headed father, young man, knows more in a minute than you do in a week. Your mother, young lady, though she may not be as stylish as you are, and never banged her hair, still she can give you lessons in propriety that you can get nowhere else. Now, let me not be misunderstood. I am not one of those who think that the animating spirit which characterizes the young should be crushed out. No, no—not by any means. To see an old young man is equally as bad as to see a childish old man.

I go to an engine yard and I find there a magnificent engine, with its massive driving-wheels and shining steel ribs. I look at the steam-clock; a full head of steam; its massive sides fairly panting and throbbing. What's to be done? There is

danger in so much steam. Put out the fire, says one. All hands go to work and soon the fire is extinguished and your steam gone. And what have you left? A massive structure that is as helpless as a baby. I tell you an engine without steam is a dead engine, and a young man without energy and life is a deadbeat and an unnecessary expense to a community. "But," says the young man, "don't put out the fire and lose the steam; *I* can manage her." He mounts the seat, blows the whistle and pulls the lever back, and thundering down the track like a mighty cyclone goes the train. But soon night comes on, the storm rages, the waters rise and carry away the bridge; on comes the train, rushing at lightning speed, with no headlight, and plunges into the chasm—to death and destruction. I tell you an engine without a headlight will sooner or later come to destruction; and a young man, full of life and energy, with his soul set on fire to do something, unless that energy be guided in the right channel, unless he ever carries before him as a headlight to guide his steps the counsels of his parents and the teachings of the Bible, the end of that man is death! Better for him that he had never been born. So you see, then, how very necessary the old are to the young, and the young to the old. God, in His wisdom, made it so.

Young men, young ladies, believe something; believe the Bible—*every word* of it. There are things therein that you cannot understand; 'twas not meant that you should, and 'twould not be a Bible if you could, for "what man has done, man can do." Don't half-way believe; have convictions and the courage to stand by them. Do something. Some people seem to think that not to do certain things which other people do, this is Christianity; but this is not true. To be a Christian is not simply negative, but active. To believe on Christ is to put your whole self into His hands. Simply to accept Christ in a passive way is not worth anything. You must let Christ rule you completely; you must become like Him. Scientists tell us that if you place a piece of wood in the water

and let it remain long enough it will become stone. This takes place by a displacement of very minute particles of the wood by particles that are in solution in the water. So we may become more and more like Christ by putting ourselves into His hands and displacing the particles of self from time to time.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE DO NOT like to see any nation pursue a policy of jingoism, but be firm and unswerving. All Americans commend the course of the Administration in exacting prompt apology from Spain for the insult offered our flag.

OUR NATIONAL lawmakers have gone home, and the whole nation has drawn a sigh of relief. They have hurt the country very much by their hesitating, two-sided policy. But one thing is reassuring, they can do the country no more harm, and they did not disgrace their States or their constituents while in Congress.

THE MARCH number of THE STUDENT contains the following contributions: Frontispiece, Dr. J. B. White; "The Life of Dr. J. B. White," by Prof. J. B. Carlyle; "The Schools of Texas," by R. L. Pascal; "Spring Song," by Sarah B. Howland; "Fame, the Thirst of Youth," by Jasper Howell, Jr.; "The Planet Mars," by M. B. Dry; Quatrains; "A Night in the Woods," by L. A. B.; "Josiah Cobweb," by Simon Puregold; "Beaux Yeux, by "S."; "A Story of College Life," by J. N. Tolar.

THE NEWSPAPER of the present cannot be otherwise than sensational. The majority of those who read, read nothing but newspapers and the publishers give them just what they want and demand. It is a remarkable fact that many of those who condemn the modern newspaper are the ones who read its columns of murder, divorce and scandal with the greatest

avidity. It is just so in regard to bad books. To say a novel is horrible, or revolting, is to give it so much advertising, and to set hundreds in quest of it who would never have read it.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

L. A. BEASLEY, Editor.

IDEALS ARE necessary for the accomplishment of any work. There must be a definite purpose in the mind or no definite result will follow. We admire the symmetry and the grace of an exquisitely carved statue, the naturalness and the beauty of a great painting, but how many of us stop to think that there was a far more beautiful image in the artist's mind than the one he chiseled out of marble or painted upon canvas. Not every one has in his mind the beautiful pictures created by the fancy of the sculptor and the painter, but he does have ideals and purposes of some kind, and on the height of these ideals and the steadiness and clearness of these purposes depend his success in life and his usefulness to society. Sometimes a single book, a single sentence start ideas and shape ideals that direct the course of nations. The younger Pitt, during his undergraduate days at Cambridge, read Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations and made its principles his own. When he became England's minister and had to solve the problems incident to her sudden growth, manufacturing enterprises and commercial activity, he took Adam Smith as his guide and showed himself the first minister who understood the question in all its complex relations, and appreciated the great part industry was to play in the development of nations and the promotion of human happiness.

FOR MANY years England and Germany have stood directly in the way of any plan looking to the solution of the perplex-

ing money question. They are responsible for the failure of the International Monitary Conference at Paris in 1878, the one at Brussels in 1892, and for all the ills which have been caused by an unstable, inflexible currency. The *Reichstag* has now called another conference and has invited the other nations to send delegates. The leaders of the House of Commons have agreed to do so, though the assent was grudgingly given. In America the sentiment for silver is daily growing, and the *personnel* of the delegation appointed to attend the proposed conference may be interesting as showing the attitude of the people towards silver. Of the six delegates, five are Southern men and are in favor of free silver.

Very few people understand the money problem. There has been so much confusion and misrepresentation that an expert can hardly understand it. But all know that the present plan will not do; that the government must cease selling interest-bearing bonds and playing into the hands of schemers and syndicates; that silver is good money, and that there is history to prove these facts.

Every remedy that has been tried has failed to keep gold at home. It was claimed that the repeal of the Sherman act would give the desired relief, but since its repeal the treasury has been emptied faster than ever before. Those who made that claim knew that it would not help the country, nor did they desire that it should do so. It was legislation for syndicates and bankers, and how well it suited them can be seen by remembering how anxious they were for its passage.

THE LAST few years have witnessed remarkable progress in the science of biology. The most interesting results, however, have been obtained from that branch of the science which has to do with microscopic animals and plants. A knowledge of these minute organisms has led to explanation of many phenomena of common occurrence which before were mysteries. Great industries have been saved from ruin; agriculture has

been made more successful; the science of medicine has been revolutionized and placed upon a broader and more rational basis.

The housewife understands the part bacteria play in making yeast, in fermenting milk and changing cider to vinegar. The farmer has learned the history of rust and other fungi which blight his grain, and can, in a great measure, prevent their formation. Several years ago the silk industry of France was nearly destroyed by small parasitic organisms. Pasteur set to work to study them and found the disease could be eliminated by the rejection of the caterpillars affected. The results of the knowledge obtained by the study of the growth and life history of septic organisms has been of the greatest use in preventing inflammation in surgical operations. Pasteur has found a cure for hydrophobia; Professors Roux and Behring have discovered a cure for diphtheria. The application of preventative and curative inoculation to infectious diseases, the closer study of micro-organisms are destined to produce the most wonderful results in the future.

LITERARY NOTES.

J. L. CORNWELL, Editor.

COUNT TOLSTOI has just finished another work, which is called "Priceless Wealth and All the Troubles Attached to It."

A THREE-PART STORY, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, entitled "The Story of Bessie Costrell," will soon appear in *Scribner's Magazine.*

"THE RALSTONS," by F. Marian Crawford, is a picture of contemporary society life in New York City, which was begun by "Katherine Lauderdale."

"THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY," a serial story by Mr. Gilbert Parker, opens in the March *Atlantic.*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS will publish soon "The Crisis in Turkey—The Massacre of 1894: Its Antecedents and Significance, with a Consolidation of Some of the Factors that Enter into the Phase of the Eastern Question," by Frederick Davis Greene, M. A., whose long residence in Turkey enables him to write with accuracy and with comprehension of his subject.

AN INTERESTING book of travel is "On India's Frontier; or, Napal, the Gurkhas' Mysterious Land," by Henry Ballantine. The author of this book was recently American consul at Bombay. He gives a pleasant narrative of his journeys, largely made on foot, in an interesting country on the frontier of India, inhabited by a powerful tribe and visited by very few foreigners except British officials.

A CLEAR and concise account of the development of civilization in the southern part of the Dark Continent is "The Story of South Africa," by George M. Theal. It seems by far the most valuable addition yet made to a series of volumes justly popular alike with the special student and with the general reader. Though the author is a loyal Englishman, we find the most interesting part of his book to be that which relates the history of Dutch rather than English growth in South Africa.

THE GENERAL OUTLINES have been completed of a plan that promises to give to New York, at last, a great public library, by the consolidation of the Astor and Lenox libraries and the private library of the late Samuel J. Tilden. The plan includes the consolidation of the Tilden trust fund of $2,000,000 with the property and endowments of the other two libraries, the whole amounting to about $8,000,000. If the plan is carried out, the new library will begin with 375,000 volumes and ample means for the purchase of books. The name chosen is "The New York Public Library—Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations."

THE SCRIBNERS will issue shortly a popular edition of the more popular prose works of Robert Louis Stevenson, in sixteen volumes, comprising romances, short stories and essays.

ONE OF THE NEWEST lights in the literary firmament is Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, author of "The House of the Wolf" and "A Gentleman of France." Just how much of a light he is it is yet too early to determine. Certain it is that Mr. Weyman has shown extraordinary talent in the writing of historical romance. A discriminating critic has pronounced "A Gentleman of France" the best historical novel since Scott published his masterpieces. No higher praise could be given than that. Mr. Weyman was born at Ludlow, Salop, England, in 1855, and is the son of Thomas Weyman, Solicitor and Coroner for the County of Shropshire. He still lives at the home of his birth.

"OUR FIGHT WITH TAMMANY," by Charles H. Parkhurst, is a brief record of the reform movement in New York City. Such a record was needed, not merely as an exposition of events which have had everything to do with the shaping of recent history in a great municipality, but as an inspiration to good citizenship and patriotic endeavor in every community where official corruption threatens the purity of civic life. This book was needed to show just what was aimed at in the campaign of 1894, and just what was hit. Furthermore, it was needed to show that the leaders in that campaign do not rest with victory, but realize more keenly than outsiders can that "it is harder to use success than to win it."

"MADONNA, AND OTHER POEMS" is the title of Mr. Harrison Morris' collected verses. Some of these are of great merit and beauty, and few books have been published which contain so great and so pleasing a variety. As an example of the poet's attractive style, we quote the first and last stanzas of his "Marsyas":

Under an oak on Taurus' side,
Wrapped deep in grass, and lazy-eyed,
And idle and warm and full of sleep,
Lay Marsyas, where the shade was deep;
For noon had found him far in the sun,
Where buried vines in the grasses run,
Gathering sweets for a long day's rest
Under the green on Taurus' breast.
* * * * *
Day-long he trilled in the couched green
Till level shadows sloped the treen;
Day-long he blew his antic glees,
Heedless of tiptoed companies;
Then, when the stars were thick in the boughs,
And sheep-bells tinkled time to house,
He, hoodwinked with the new delight,
Went fluting ditties down the night.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

S. R. BUXTON Editor.

THE JANUARY number of the *Texas University Magazine* contains several very readable essays. "Memory Versus Reason" and "The Newspaper and the College" are especially good.

THE MID-YEAR number of the *Vanderbilt Observer* is a valuable one to all lovers of literature. It contains charmingly written essays on Southey, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge and Wordsworth.

The Harrisonian, published semi-annually by the young ladies of the Southwest Virginia Institute, is, with the exception of typographical errors, a very creditable magazine. The various departments are well conducted and reflect credit upon the editors.

THE *Trinity Archive* for February is hardly up to its usual standard. The poem, styled "Pig Versus Mule," should have been left out. Nothing detracts so much from the standard of a magazine as poor verse.

WE WELCOME to our table the *Semi-Annual*, from the societies of Hollins Institute. "A Legend of the Trailing Arbutus," is a short interesting sketch. Among the other contributions, "An Eposition," by Miss Annie Johnson, is perhaps the best.

TRILBY.

A wayward star shot with a gleam from heaven
And fell into a swamp, all weeds and wire,
That dimmed and quenched its merry fleeting light.
But as it faded, a diviner fire,
God's flame, shone out to strengthen and inspire
Those flickering lesser stars it left in night.

—*Brown Magazine.*

SONNET.

A horror slowly crawled its slimy way
Across the sunlit flower-bejeweled path
That men call life. With eyes of blazing wrath
Fixed on me, as a serpent on its prey,
Near to the temple of sweet love it lay.
Within its orbs a fiery hell it hath,
A pestilential fever from its mouth
Is breathed, that fills the land with foul decay.
Then lifting up a huge misshaped head,
And stretching wide the hungry, cruel jaws
That on the corpses of a world had fed,
It hissed at me! A frightful hiss that was,
A scream and groan and roar. Beware! Within
Your vision that monster. It is sin.

—*Vanderbilt Observer.*

THE *Texas University Magazine* is one of our most regular exchanges, and always receives a hearty welcome. The Literary Department always contains valuable essays on a variety of subjects. The January number of this magazine is no exception to its predecessors. "The Newspaper and the College" is an excellent article, and shows that the writer has given his subject careful thought. He shows clearly that a general education, rather than a mere knowledge of facts obtained from text books, is necessary for the attainment of the highest success in life in any vocation, and especially that of journalism.

"THE STUDENT should be in touch with every department of his university, in line with every enterprise or movement of the student-body, and in sympathy with everything that gives variety and zest to student life. He will thus cultivate in himself many noble qualities, breadth of mind, wide sympathy of heart, nobility of pride and generosity of spirit. He who doggedly or negligently shuts out from himself any or all of these influences will develop narrowness of soul and selfishness of spirit. His feelings and sympathies are within narrow lines, and they will become narrower and narrower until the heart is as dry as dust."—*Tennessee University Magazine.*

THE BEST article in the *Roanoke Collegian* for February is "College Athletics." The writer sketches briefly the development and popularity of intercollegiate sports, and thinks they should be encouraged within certain limits. It would be well for us to remember, as the writer says, that "the serious business of a student is study, and not play; and that physical exercise is valuable only in proportion as it promotes the growth of manly virtues and aids him in the thorough and satisfactory performance of his duties without endangering health. He should be impressed with the idea that education and culture and physical strength are all parts of his

preparation for larger service to his fellowmen, and that he owes it to himself, to his country, and to the race itself, to bring to that high service the best and fullest equipment possible—physical, mental, moral and spiritual."

THE *University of Virginia Magazine* for January is an unusually interesting number. Besides the usual number of pieces of fiction, which are always good, we notice an excellently written article on the "General European War," by R. H. Fife, Jr. The verse is abundant and up to its usual high standard. We quote the following:

WHEN DAYLIGHT DAWNS.

Hushed is the earth—
The darkest hour before the dawn is here,
Soon far off from the dreaming field there comes
A note so soft, so wondrous sweet and clear,
The hillsides take it up
And wake a thousand echoes far and near,
When daylight dawns!

Look to the East!
The gray, cold light begins to fade away,
And in its place there comes a warmer glow
To banish soft-winged night and herald day.
The sun once more sends down
Upon the rested world his cheering ray,
When daylight dawns.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

J. R. MOORE, Editor.

—G. W. Herring ('52–'53), one of Wake Forest's veterans, is doing a prosperous business as undertaker in Thomasville, Georgia.

—'61. Rev. J. B. Richardson, of High Point, N. C., is pastor at Matthews, N. C., and is making strenuous efforts to complete the large brick church-house there. The *Biblical*

Recorder says: "We consider him one of the best pastors and one of the best preachers in the State."

—D. L. James ('79–'81), as a successful dentist, stands among the prominent citizens of Greenville, N. C.

—'81. Rev. L. N. Chappell, missionary to Chin-Kiang, China, is expected home, with his family, in May. He has been very faithful and zealous in his work in China, and we are glad he can now take this much-needed and well-deserved rest.

—Rev. C. M. Murchison ('80–'84) is preaching at Penelope, N. C. He has been instrumental in sending some of those mountain boys to Wake Forest, and we hope he will continue the good work.

—Rev. E. E. Blount ('84–'86), who spent a short while at Johns Hopkins Hospital for treatment the past winter, is again able to resume his chosen work, and has accepted the call to Cambridge, Md., where he recently moved his family.

—Julius P. Woodley ('85–'87) is succeeding well in the position of bookkeeper for J. W. Perry, Norfolk, Va.

—F. R. Martin ('86–'87) is practicing law in Macon, Ga.

—J. J. Farris ('85–'88), we learn, has sold out his interest in the High Point *Enterprise*, which he has been editing with success for a few years at High Point, N. C., and goes to make his home in New York.

—'87. We note with pleasure frequent statements of the success and popularity of Rev. L. R. Pruett, of Charlotte, N. C.

—'89. Rev. S. D. Swaim is an efficient and aggressive pastor in Onslow County, N. C.

—'89. James L. Flemming is a prosperous lawyer at Greenville, N. C., and is mayor of the town.

—Rev. C. W. Blanchard ('88–'91) is proving himself the right man in the right place in his canvass for the College. He is making a good canvass, and is quite hopeful for the future of Wake Forest.

—'89. T. M. Hufham has begun his practice of law at Hickory, N. C. We bespeak for him a successful career in his profession.

—'89. H. C. Upchurch stands well among the Board of Practicing Physicians in the city of New York.

—'90. Ed. F. Early is pursuing a course of study in dentistry at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.

—J. F. Swann ('90–'92) has been attending the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Baltimore during the session which has just closed.

—Rev. J. R. Kallam ('90–'92) is the assistant of Rev. M. A. Adams in the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Reidsville, N. C.

—'91. Rev. B. W. Spilman is pastor at Kinston, N. C. In his article in the *Biblical Recorder*, March 20—"Wake Forest and the Seminary"—he gives us the stern facts as to the small proportion of North Carolina boys attending the Seminary that settle in North Carolina after they complete the Seminary course. In next issue he proposes to give the causes for this.

—A. T. Holleman ('90–'93) is succeeding finely with the school at Ascend, N. C., of which he is principal. He has two assistants, and the three are making the school a success.

—John M. Osborne ('91–'92), of Asheville, N. C., attended the session just closed of the University of Pennsylvania, taking a course in medicine.

—'93. F. P. Hobgood, Jr., is teaching in the graded school at Asheville, N. C.

—'94. Rev. C. M. Billings has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Greenville, N. C. He says he is delighted with his new flock.

—'94. S. P. Holding has just returned home from Bellevue Medical College, where he has completed his first year's course in the study of medicine.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

S. R. BUXTON, Editor.

BASEBALL!

LET EVERYONE attend the practice games!

THE MARSHAL "set up" was quite a swell affair.

HIS MANY friends are glad to see Mr. S. P. Holding on the Hill again.

PROF. J. A. HOLMES, State Geologist, paid us a flying visit a few days since.

MISS CARRIE BUSKEY, of Norfolk, Va., is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. C. Baker.

MISS KATIE EVANS, of Cheraw, S. C., has been visiting Mrs. W. C. Brewer.

HIS MANY friends were glad to see Rev. R. T. Vann, of Scotland Neck, on the Hill a few days since.

MRS. JAMES A. BRIGGS, of Raleigh, was on the Hill for a few days recently, visiting Mrs. W. B. Royall.

MR. HARRY WALTERS who, for the past year, has been attending a dental college in Baltimore has returned.

AT A MEETING of the Athletic Association Mr. John H. Gore was elected captain of the Athletic team for next Field Day.

MR. W. C. NEWTON has been chosen to represent the Philomathesian Society in the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, to be held at Morehead City next summer.

THE Ladies' Missionary Society, of Wake Forest, was especially fortunate in securing Miss Tyler, a missionary from Africa, to lecture for it a few days ago.

AT THE March meeting of the Missionary Society interesting speeches on the Evangelization of the Cities were delivered by Professor Poteat and Rev. Jasper Howell.

THE FOLLOWING gentlemen have been elected as our commencement marshals: Eu., W. H. Carter, J. Y. Mangum and W. T. Carstarphen; Phi., J. W. Carlton, J. C. Watkins and J. E. Dowd.

THIS NUMBER of THE STUDENT contains the first of a series of articles on the lives of the Presidents of Wake Forest College. We hope to give also a picture of each President in addition to the sketch of their lives. These articles should be of interest to every student and alumnus of the college, and to every Baptist in North Carolina.

WITH THIS issue of THE STUDENT Mr. G. R. King becomes Business Manager. The work that has been done by the retiring Manager, Mr. J. W. Carlton, has been satisfactory in every respect, and to him more than to any one else we are indebted for the present firm financial basis of THE STUDENT. We predict a no less successful career for the new Manager.

MR. L. A. COULTER, Secretary of the State Y. M. C. A., was on the Hill a few days since and delivered two very instructive talks to the students. Mr. Coulter has visited Wake Forest several times before, and we always welcome him among us. Although we have no Association here, Mr. Coulter extended to all who could come a cordial invitation to attend the State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. to be held in Raleigh, and granted to all such the same privileges that are accorded to regular delegates. Quite a number of the students attended and report a most enjoyable meeting.

THE PROSPECTS for a good exhibition at our next Field Day are indeed encouraging. Quite a number of the students have begun training already, and under the management of Mr. John H. Gore we feel safe in predicting the most successful Field Day in the history of the college. At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association the following gentlemen were chosen as officers for that occasion: President, W. Durham; Track Judges, J. D. Hufham, Jr., and B. F. Eagles; Field

Judges, J. H. Gore and J. M. Heck; Timers, W. H. Carter and W. Cahoon; Starter, W. J. Christain; Marshals, R. B. Powell, J. L. Foushee, R. S. T. Dodd, W. H. Heck, C. Rogers, C. C. Austin and W. R. Hobgood; Executive Committee, Prof. W. J. Ferrell, I. M. Meekins and R. T. Daniel.

THE INTEREST now manifested in baseball here is indeed encouraging to all lovers of that sport. Nearly all the classes have organized teams and are now training for the interclass games. Messrs. Royall, Stafford, Daniel, Smith, Holding, Jr., and Kimball, who were on the team of '94, are back again. The material among the new students is better than usual, and with the proper care in selecting suitable men for the positions, there is no reason why we should not send out the best team that has ever left Wake Forest. We should all remember, however, that the team must have the support and encouragement of the student-body if we expect it to win in its contests.

VERY APPROPRIATE and touching remarks were made to the students at morning prayers a few days since by Dr. Taylor, on the Life and Work of Dr. John A. Broadus, whose death has just cast such a sadness over our village. He was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, January 27, 1824, and graduated from the University of Virginia with high honors. In 1859, with the aid of the late Dr. James H. Boyce, he founded the Baptist Theological Seminary at Greenville, S. C. In 1871 this Seminary was removed to Louisville, Ky. As a writer and an author he attained great success. His best known work perhaps is "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons," which to-day is used as a text-book in all Theological Seminaries of whatever denomination throughout America and Europe.

ON MARCH 6, in Wingate Memorial Hall, Mr. N. A. Dunn was married to Miss Allie Dickson. Rev. R. T. Vann, of Scotland Neck, officiated. Under the direction of Mesdames Johnson and Poteat the hall had been beautifully decorated.

"A marriage bell of ferns and white chrysanthemums depended from a large green arch, and the wall was adorned with clumps and festoons of fern and red roses." The following were the waiters: Mr. Bob Dunn and Miss Elva Dickson, Mr. Robert Dickson and Miss Dunn, Mr. Fred Dickson and Miss Alma Wynne, Mr. Will Wynne and Miss Buskey, Mr. Otho Holding and Miss Lena Wynne, Mr. and Mrs. Will Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Holding, Prof. Poteat and Mrs. Poteat, Prof. Ferrell and Mrs. Ferrell, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Riddick, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Holding.

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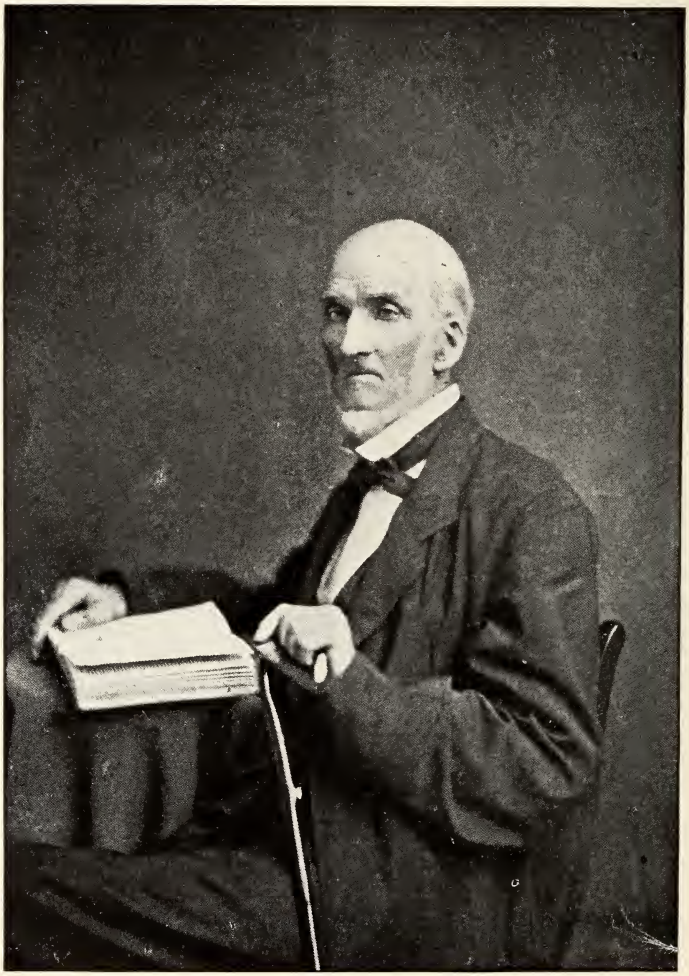

REV. WILLIAM HOOPER, D. D., LL.D.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

REV. WILLIAM HOOPER, D. D., LL. D.

By Dr. J. H. Pritchard

This eminent scholar, the second president of Wake Forest College, came of illustrious ancestry. His great-grand-father, William Hooper, was a Scotchman, was graduated from the University of Edinburg, became pastor of a Congregational church in Boston about 1737; in 1746 he became an Episcopalian, and went to England to receive orders; on his return to this country he became rector of Trinity church, Boston, which post he held till he died in 1767. His son, William Hooper, was born in Boston in 1742; was graduated from Harvard College, read law with James Otis, and in 1767, settled in Wilmington, N. C., where he attained great eminence as a lawyer, and was distinguished for his fine social qualities and generous hospitality. In 1773 he was a member of the general assembly and signalized himself by his opposition to the arbitrary measures of the crown, and by writing a series of patriotic essays under the title of "Hampden." He was a member of the Continental Congress in 1774 and also in 1775; in 1776 he was appointed on a committee with Franklin and Livingston to have a monument erected in honor of General Montgomery, and in 1776, as one of the three representatives from North Carolina, he signed the Declaration of Independence. About 1781, he removed to Hillsboro, and in 1786 was appointed by Congress as one of the judges to settle the boundary line between New York and Massachusetts. He died in Hillsboro in 1790. Of his son William, the father of our Dr. Hooper, I can learn absolutely nothing. I only know that Dr. Hooper was born at Masonboro Sound, near Wilmington, in 1792;

was graduated from Chapel Hill at the age of twenty, in 1812, and that he read theology at Princeton, though himself a candidate for orders in the Episcopal church. This was due, I presume, to the fact that his step-father, Dr. Joseph Caldwell, was a Presbyterian minister, and if I mistake not, had been connected with Princeton before he came to North Carolina. In 1816 he was elected poffessor of Ancient Languages at Chapel Hill. In 1818 he was ordained an Episcopal minister, and became rector of a church of that denomination in Fayetteville. After some two years service here, he became dissatisfied as to the teachings of that church on the subject of baptism, resigned his pastorate and became professor of Rhetoric at the University. In 1829 he was transferred to his old chair of Ancient Languages. It was not till 1831—eleven years after he first became disturbed on the subject of baptism—that he joined the Baptists, being baptised by Patrick W. Dowd, into the fellowship of Mt. Carmel Church, Orange County. In 1838 he removed to South Carolina and for two years taught theology in Furman Institute, after which, for six years, he was professor of Ancient Languages in South Carolina College at Columbia, from which position he was called to the presidency of Wake Forest College, in 1846. The college was financially embarrassed, and after holding this position for a year or two, and dicovering that he was not the man to get it out of trouble, he wisely resigned, and when I first knew him, about 1849, he was conducting, with one of his sons, a select school in, or near, Littleton, N. C. In 1852 he became pastor in Newbern, from which position he was called to the presidency of the Chowan Female Institute in 1855, where he remained, doing excellent and congenial work, for seven years. He afterwards taught in Fayetteville, and in 1867 became co-principal of a female school in Wilson, with his son-in-law, Professor DeBernin Hooper.

A very important event in the history of this most godly man was the accidental killing of a young lady, his cousin, by the discharge of a neglected gun, in the house of his

uncle, while playing with some children. His whole life seemed from this circumstance to have been tinged with melancholy. The year before he died, Professor DeB. Hooper told me he addressed a letter to him, while living in the same house with him, expressing the sadness that still weighed down his spirits as he looked into the years that were passed. He died at Chapel Hill, where so much of his life had been spent, August 19, 1876, and if he had lived eleven days longer, would have reached his eighty-fourth year. His honored remains were fittingly laid in the *campus*, by the side of Dr. Joseph Caldwell, the founder of the University and his own venerated step-father. A modest monument marks the spot where he sleeps.

It is just to his memory to state, that in becoming a Baptist, Dr. Hooper took the position of Robert Hall, a most illogical one however, that baptism was not a prerequisite to communion, and he did not conceal the fact that he was personally, an open communionionist, though for the sake of peace, he held his views in abeyance, and did not practice open communion.

I knew this saintly man well, in the later years of his life. He educated my wife; he preached the sermon when I was ordained, and he was my friend and counsellor, and I can truly say that I never knew a man, unless it was Dr. W. M. Wingate, who was a sweeter saint, or a lovelier character than he. Of all the creations of literature, he most resembles, in my judgment, Dr. Primrose, in the Vicar of Wakefield. I do not think I am alone in saying that he was the ripest scholar North Carolina has yet produced, and it may well be questioned whether in all the South, a man can be found who wrote better English than he. One of his sermons preached at Chapel Hill, on "The Force of Habit" underwent three or four editions, and as long as Governor Swain presided over that Institution, the last time he met each Senior Class, before graduation, he would read to it that discourse. When Presi-

dent James K. Polk, a native of Mecklenburg, N. C., and an Alumnus of Chapel Hill, attended a commencement there, Dr. Hooper delivered an address, entitled "Fifty Years Since," which was most remarkable for the classic grace, sparkling wit and genial humor which distinguished it.

It has always seemed to me a thing to be deeply regretted that he died without issuing from the press a few volumes of his sermons, or some other work from his pen, by which future generations might have been certified of the lowly piety, exquisite taste, brilliant wit and rich stores of learning of this great and good man. His wife was Miss Fannie Jones of Chapel Hill.

Of the four sons of Dr. Hooper, Joseph, Edward, Thomas and Duponceau, all are dead. I knew Thomas and Duponceau only; the former was a scholarly man and devoted himself to teaching—"Pony," as we called him, was a surgeon in the Southern army; was captured and imprisoned at Columbus, Ohio. He made his escape from there and presented himself, one night, at my house in Baltimore, as Dr. John Jones, of Philadelphia. I kept him concealed for some time, and he was finally safely conveyed, by means of the underground railroad to the South, to be killed, alas! in the battle of Fredericksburg.

He had two daughters—one never married; the other became the wife of Prof. Debernier Hooper, her cousin, and is still living with her daughter, Mrs. Graves, at Chapel Hill. Of her other daughters, one married a Mr. Wills and is a widow; the other is the wife of Judge Spier Whitaker. Of all his descendants I know but one Baptist, James Hooper a fine young man of Wilmington, N. C.

Johnson Hooper, born in this State, but who became an eminent lawyer and humorist in Alabama, was a near relative of Dr. Hooper. He was the Secretary of the Confederate Congress, when it met in Montgomery, Alabama, but is better known as the author of "Simon Sugg," "The Widow Rugby's Husband," etc.

NEIL REDMOND'S ESCAPE FROM CANNIBALS.

"Ma, how long 'fore my birfday?"

"Two weeks."

"How old will I be?"

"Gracious me! Cornelius, child, you fairly addle me with your questions. You will be five years old. Now run out doors to play, and don't bother me. If you won't come in here any more until I call you, I will make you some ginger cakes. You are in my way in the kitchen, and, besides, I am afraid you will get burnt."

"Will you make me some animals?"

"Yes, now run along."

Neil turned and walked slowly out of the kitchen. (Only his father and mother called him Cornelius). He was wondering just how he would while away the time until the cakes were done. Let's see; oh! He would go over and play with his little neighbor, Jessie Graham. Jessie was several years older than Neil, yet she always laid aside her dolls when he came over, and would play soldier or whatever pleased him most. She would also tell him stories and make his visits so agreeable, that he and his older brother often held some very heated discussions concerning the proper time to go home.

Neil fulfilled his determination to visit Jessie that morning. They played until they became tired, and now they sat on the front steps contentedly munching two large slices of buttered bread.

"Neil," said Jessie, "do you see that wagon with a white cover coming up the hill?"

He could only nod his head in reply, his mouth was to full to do otherwise.

"Hannah, our cook, says real mean, bad men live in that kind of wagons, who steal little boys and girls, cut their heads off, eat them, and then throw their bones into a chest which sits in the back part of the wagon. If you go real

close to the wagon you can hear the little boys and girls crying softly inside the chest, and if some one should climb up and open the chest and say,

> 'Hush up your cries, and cease your groans,
> Ye chattering skulls, and rattling bones,'

the little boys and girls would come to life again. Charlie Ross was stolen by people who lived in a wagon like that. Did you ever hear of Charlie Ross?"

Neil shook his head and proceeded with his eating.

Jessie related to him the story of Charlie Ross and said that if only the wagon which contained Charlie Ross' bones could be found, he could be made alive again.

By this time Neil had finished his piece of bread. He was very much interested.

"Yes, and if I had been Charlie Ross, I would have got me an axe and chopped their heads off," said Neil vehemently.

"But Charlie Ross didn't have an axe, Neil, and, besides, they were grown up men and he was only a little boy."

"That makes no difference," said Neil contemptuously. The wagon had almost reached the top of the hill.

"I guess, Neil, we had better go in the house until the wagon passes by."

"Humph!" replied Neil, "who is afraid of that old thing! You may go in the house if you wish to, but I'm going home and get my hatchet out of my tool-chest, and if one of those men says anything to me, I'll just split his head right wide open."

Neil sprang up and went flying out at the gate and up the street toward home as fast as his little legs could carry him.

"Come back, Neil, they'll get you," called Jessie after him.

If Neil heard he did not heed, for he did not stop until, almost out of breath, he reached the nursery and found his tool chest. He took out a miniature hatchet and then went bravely to watch the wagon pass from the sitting-room window.

He was exceedingly interested in what Jessie had told him.

"I am going to follow that wagon," said he to himself, "and if it stops anywhere in town long enough, I will creep up behind and listen to the children cry."

Hatchet in hand he set out, keeping a short distance behind the wagon.

He had not gone far when he saw the wagon turn and disappear down an alley, which led to a lot where the horses of customers were stabled.

This was some distance off, and by the time he had almost reached the place he saw two men come out leading a pair of horses. They went up the street in an opposite direction from where Neil stood.

He hesitated some time, but finally, after casting a quick glance first up and then down the street, to make sure that no one saw him, crept stealthily down the alley and into the lot.

The wagon, with its mud-clogged wheels and dingy, mildewed canvas cover, stood near the fence, just as the men had left it. Its front wheels were slightly turned and the chains dangled from the end of the tongue.

Neil found that if he stood on tiptoe he could just touch the end of the wagon body, which was bowed in the centre and curved up at each end.

He walked up close and listened a long time. He heard a shrill but very faint squeaking sound, then it stopped and a scratching noise began. This must be the little boys and girls, yet he would be sure by climbing into the wagon. But how was this to be done? The wagon was too high and there were no boxes to drag up and climb up on. Ah! He would go around to the front and climb from the tongue to the foot rest, and from there over the seat into the wagon. He did this, and his interest in the surroundings made him forget for a time about the little children.

There were boxes, pans, skillets, blankets, and a variety of things packed away. In the rear part of the wagon was a

large pile of hay. But what most interested Neil was a squirrel inside a cylinder, which he was industriously whirling. The cylinder was attached to the end of a little house. The squirrel would turn awhile, pause, blink knowingly at him, and then whisk off into his house and fetch out an acorn, which he would eat with a relish. When he had finished this he would begin turning again.

Neil was delighted. He laughed at the funny little antics of the squirrel until the tears ran down his cheeks. At last the squirrel either grew tired of being laughed at so much, or was wearied of turning the cylinder, for it went inside the house and would not come out, although Neil banged on the side and called to it.

He was looking around for something to amuse himself with, when he saw a rifle suspended on two hooks, and from one of those hooks also hung a sheath knife.

"That is what they kill little children with" thought he, "I must see if there is any chest in here."

He crawled through the hay; yes, sure enough there was the chest, but it had a big padlock on the outside. He laid down and listened intently.

What was that! He heard the sound of voices and the tramp of feet approaching. He raised up and peeped through a hole in the canvas. The two men with the horses had almost reached the wagon. One of the men had red hair, red eye-brows, high cheek bones, a turn up nose, and a wide mouth, from which long, white teeth protruded so far that his lips would not cover them. He wore a greasy, miner's flannel shirt, rusty looking clothes, and a wide-brimmed slouch hat, that had seen its best days. His companion was much better looking. He had light sandy hair and blue eyes, and was dressed more respectably. They were talking.

Neil was thoroughly terrified. He had forgotten his daring statements of an hour before and now crouched down on hands and knees behind the hay and listened to what the men were saying.

"I'm hungry, Bill," said a deep, guttural voice which, from the peculiar enunciation, Neil felt sure ought to belong to him of the long teeth and red hair.

"So am I," replied a voice of much higher pitch than the first, "but we haven't got time to eat now. We'll get something before night anyway."

Neil could hear the jingle of chains and the snap of buckles as they hitched the horses.

"If only there was a boy handy, we'd have some grub in short order," said the deep voice.

Neil shivered as he heard this. What if they should find him! He crouched down lower behind the hay, aud fancied he could see those long, sharp teeth tearing the flesh from his fingers, fried crisp and brown.

The wagon made a sudden lurch, which hurled Neil against the end. The wheels scraped harshly against the side, and with a dash it was around the corner and on its way rattling noisily. The jolting was terrible. There was a sharp bolt on which Neil's knee rested, and as he bounced up and down it cut into his flesh fearfully. He moved his leg, but somehow or other it would gradually slide back to its former position.

How he now wished he had listened to Jessie and gone into the house with her! How would she feel when he did not come to play with her the next day nor the next? What was his mother doing? Were the little ginger cake animals done yet? O how hungry he was! Yet he would never see his mother again nor eat any more ginger cakes. At this thought he began to cry softly. He cried a long time until he began to sob, and sobbed aloud, which so frightened him that he cast a quick glance toward where the men were sitting.

When lo! He could not even see them. By the jolting of the wagon the hay had piled as high as—yes, even higher than the little opening at the rear, where the canvas cover was drawn tightly down.

Here was a means of escape. Neil's heart thumped wildly as he hesitatingly crawled up to the opening, and turning around, placed his legs through first, then his body, and, finally, his head. He hung suspended by hands for a second, then dropped to the ground. He was thrown violently backward and for a moment was stunned by the force of the fall. As soon as he had recovered himself, he raised up and looked to see if the men had discovered him. Apparently they had not, for the wagon lumbered on, almost obscured by a cloud of dust. Joyfully he sprang up and started in the opposite direction, when a sharp, stinging pain in his ankle caused him to cry out. He made another step, but met with the same result. He then tried to crawl, but found that the sand made the wound in his knee almost as painful as the walking had been.

A little tree stood by the roadside. Beneath its shade was a little plot of tender young grass. Neil thought he would lie down here and rest. He managed to hobble over to the place and—there was a surging, gurgling sound in his ears; lights flashed before his eyes—he was unconscious.

Poor little Neil! His kilt and waist so clean that morning were woefully soiled. One bare foot and ankle were swollen out of all proportion, while the knee on his other leg was smeared with clotted blood and sand.

A lizard peered down at the motionless little figure and scampered away. The blue-bells and May-flowers nodded to each other. A humble bee buzzed industriously over a bunch of clover blossoms. Shadows began to lengthen, but still there was no stir.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Redmond was true to her promise. She made the ginger cake animals for Neil, and when they were ready she went out and called him. But as he did not answer, she concluded that he was playing with Jessie, and decided to let him stay until dinner time.

But when dinner was ready and he had not come she became somewhat vexed, and sent one of the older boys over for him. Jessie heard his enquiry for Neil and came running.

"Oh, George," she said, "I am most afraid one of those white-topped wagons have stol'd Neil, 'cause he was over here this morning when one passed, and when I told him to let's go inside till it was gone, he wouldn't do it, but ran off."

In a short time there was a large crowd of men and boys out hunting for Neil. Late that evening they found him fast asleep under the same tree. He had returned to consciousness and cried himself to sleep.

The next morning Jessie came over to see him and he related to her his adventures of the day before. Whether he adhered strictly to the truth is not known; but I am sure if his mother had heard his account of how he had been hurt she would have gone away feeling that she had a second Daniel Boone for a son.

THE EFFECT OF BACTERIA ON THE HUMAN BODY.

Since the dawn of creation man and brute have been afflicted with certain infectious maladies, the causes of which were inexplicable down to within the last half century, and were regarded as direct visitations of God upon man in the form of plagues, pestilences, scourges, etc. The diseases being infectious, when once started, spread over vast areas of the country, being transmitted from one person to another without an apparent agent.

The most virulent forms of these diseases were generally fatal, and whereever they broke out, the inhabitants, who were able, fled to escape death. The doctor with all of his scientific knowledge and medicines was baffled in his search for the cause and cure of these terrible maladies, and had to

confess that he was powerless to save the patient, who lay dying before him.

With the discovery of bacteria and the development of the science of Bacteriology the causes of these diseases have been traced to minute organisms, which are always present in the body of the patient.

If we had eyes sufficiently acute, we could see floating around us in the air, countless millions of very small living bodies of various shapes and sizes peculiar to themselves. But since we cannot see them with the naked eye, we must look at them under the microscope to get an idea of their shape, size and structure.

If you were to examine under a microscope of very high power, a drop of soup exposed to the air a sufficient length of time at the right temperature, or a drop of blood from some animal infected with bacterial diseases, you would see it teeming with little organisms in the shape of balls, rods and cork-screws, composed of a colorless mass of protoplasm invested with a thin, transparent membrane or cell wall.

Some would present the appearance of a string of beads; others would resemble a mass of frogg's eggs, while others, being isolated, would be in the various movements and positions of locomotion.

These minute organisms are called Bacteria; and are classed in the vegetable kingdom on the account of their similiarity to certain microscopical vegetable cells.

Bacteria reproduce with incredulous rapidity by cell division. Each half of the cell assumes the responsibility of a grown up cell; and in its turn divides again and so on, one single bacterium being capable, under favorable conditions of life, of producing an innumerable colony in the body of living beings in a very short time. All bacteria are not disease producing, if they were, it would be impossible for man to escape their innumerable attacks upon the membranes and vital organs of the body, but would sooner or later succumb to his overpowering foe.

Bacteria are divided into two great groups, viz.: Non-pathogenic bacteria and Pathogenic bacteria. The Non-pathogenic bacteria group is subdivided into several smaller groups, named according to their functions. These are harmless with respect to their action upon the human body, except one, which lodges on the teeth. By the aid of its acid secretion, it dissolves the calcium of the walls of the tooth and reaches its vital parts. All these bacteria play an important part in fermentations and putrefactions.

Since we are not particularly concerned with the Non-pathogenic group, we will not notice it further, but will take up the Pathogenic or disease producing group, which concerns our health and safety. The Pathogenic group is subdivided into several families usually named after the particular disease which they produce. These are not so abundant as the former group, but are more hardy and difficult to destroy, surviving extreme high and low temperature in the spore form. Physicians and biologists in their desperate efforts to gain some clew to the causes and cure of these diseases, happily discovered that these bacteria are always present in the body; and upon being injected in the body of a perfectly healthy person, the same disease was produced.

So after repeated trials with the same results, two facts were laid down, upon which the science of Bacteriology rests; first, that bacteria produce disease; secondly, that each particular kind of bacteria produces a certain disease. For an example let us take Diphtheria, if the microbes from a person suffering from diphtheria be introduced in the throat of a healthy person, diphtheria will be developed, and so on with the other infectious diseases.

When bacteria gains admittance into the body either through the mouth in the food and drink, or in the air in respiration, and have secured a footing, they begin at once their reproduction.

Each kind of bacteria has a particular menbrane or part of

the body, in which it locates and brings up its colony of offsprings, some occupying a very small part, while others fill the entire body.

In every infectious disease, there is a certain period of time, extending from the introduction of the bacteria in the body to its appearance, called the incubation period, the time occupied by the bacteria in reproducing enough microbes to make its effects visible.

The bacteria, upon being introduced into the body, after having selected its own particular site, begins to attack the neighboring cells, from which they assimilate their food; and to elaborate another substance, capable of exercising the same destructive influence.

This secondary substance, the product of the bacteria, upon being separated and analyzed, shows a close resemblance to certain vegetable poisons in composition, and especially in its action upon the human system. Since the bacteria are confined to certain and, in most cases, insignificant parts of the body, the effects must be due to these poisonous products, which are absorbed into the circulatory system and carried through the body, poisoning every organ and membrane susceptible to that particular poison.

In infectious diseases one attack is usually sufficient to render the patient immune to the second.

Just how the first attack confers this immunity, is not positively known, but it is supposed that the bacterial poison educates the cells to prepare an anti-toxin, which neutralizes the toxin and renders the bacteria harmless.

In contagious diseases, although caused by similar bacteria, the first attack does not fortify the system against the second or third, but rather tears the system down and leaves it in a condition more susceptible to subsequent attacks.

SPENCER CHAPLIN, JR.

TWO SCENES FROM A LIFE.

The gay summer season was drawing to a close. Never was a watering place more gay than Barhead had been; but many of the visitors were gone now, and others were leaving daily.

Frank Fitzmorris had been spending the summer with his college friend, Albert Lalande, or "Silk," as his friends pleased to call him, at the Lalande Cottage. When Fitzmorris went to college he was without a relative in the world, and in some way or other he and Lalande began a friendship that lasted through his whole career at college. They were entirely different in character, and many of their classmates thought it strange that they should have roomed together. Lalande was a fickle to an extreme, but was quite popular as a "society man"; Fitzmorris was a quiet fellow, but not one whit less popular.

Naturally, after their graduation Mrs. Lalande invited Fitzmorris to spend the summer with them at Barhead. He readily accepted, for Ethel Wilson had written that she would spend the season at the hotel.

Fitzmorris and Miss Wilson were old friends, and he had often remarked to his room-mate that were it not for her he would leave college and try his fortune in South America, or in some other out-of-the-way country.

And this was his last night! He was pacing up and down the wide piazza thinking of his future; he did not know what he would do. A dozen plans suggested themselves, but each was discarded for one seemingly more feasible.

"Come, Fitz," Lalande called, "let's go up to the hotel and see the fair Ethel. You know it's your last night."

Fitzmorris paused, flipped the ashes from the end of his cigarette, and replied slowly, "Thanks, Silk, I believe I'll not go to-night." He had intended calling, but he could not bear the thoughts of going with anyone on the last night.

It had never occurred to him before, but it suddenly flashed upon him that Lalande and Miss Wilson had been together a great deal of late. No, he would not cherish such a thought toward a friend!

The moon shone brightly, but low down on the horizon a heavy black cloud hung threateningly. He soon grew tired of the short porch and started out for a walk up the beach. As usual on such nights the beach was full of strollers, and he walked rapidly—he wanted to get away from everybody and *think*.

He had gone a long way up the beach, when suddenly a clap of thunder shook the air, and great big drops of rain came spattering down.

Fitzmorris had been too much absorbed in his reverie to think of the approaching storm, but he remembered having passed an old deserted shanty a little way down the beach. He broke into a run, and just before the storm burst into its fury, he reached the cottage and tumbled in at the door.

He had been there only a few moments when he heard voices, a man's and a woman's, and instinctively he shrank back into a corner of the hut and sat down upon the floor. They came in and drew an old bench before the door, and for a moment were silent. Fitzmorris started to come out and make himself known, but something held him back, for he had never mingled very much with the people of the hotel, and he shrank from it now.

"I am afraid I should have carried you straight home," the man's voice said, "for I know you will catch your death here."

"No," she answered, "don't worry, it won't hurt me. Besides it's better here than outside in all that storm."

He could not tell who they were, and he heartily wished himself back at the cottage. The rain was falling in torrents, and the wind blew as if it were trying to overturn the shaky old cottage. The storm was making too much noise for Fitz-

morris to hear the conversation now, but a glaring flash of lightning came and he plainly saw two fiures in the doorway. One was Ethel Wilson, the other Albert Lalande.

The picture was too vivid! He closed his eyes and tried to forget it, but could not. Silk, his friend, was holding Ethel Wilson's hand, and was leaning forward looking at her with those great gray eyes of his.

They were talking louder now, and it was Lalande who was speaking.

"Do you still hold that you are bound by that old engagement? can you not break a childish flirtation for my sake?"

The pause seemed an age to Fitzmorris, but finally she answered, "No, Silk, I cannot do that. Frank has been so good to me, and we have been friends so long that mamma would never consent."

The voices dropped again, and Fitzmorris could hear no more until the storm had ceased. He longed to step out and give Ethel Wilson her freedom, but it was too late.

"Yes," he heard Ethel reply to some unheard remark of her companion, "Yes, to-morrow is our last day together. To-night we must part forever, except as friends."

"Just think," he rejoined, "when we meet again you may be Mrs. Fitzmorris, and I, why I'll be just plain Mr. Lalande. I guess we can go now."

The storm was dying away in the distance, but the lightning still flared as if loath to leave. It was growing lighter now; the moon came out from behind the clouds, and everything was bright again—that is, all nature was.

Frank could see them as they arose to go. Silk was still holding her hand. "Good-bye, Silk," she said, raising herself on the tips of her dainty walking boots and upturning her face. He kissed her and replied bitterly "Good-bye Ethel. Is Miss Wilson ready to go?"

Fitzmorris walked to the door after them and stood looking

out over the moon-lit beach. He only waited until they were out of sight, and then he left, too. It was late he knew, but he could not go back to the cottage. Sleep! That was impossible.! He walked up and down the beach; no one disturbed him now; everybody had long ago gone indoors. He felt bewildered and lost. The moon set, the stars grew pale, and the east began to grow gray.

Finally he paused. The water, lapping at his feet, brought him to his senses. The sun was just rising over the water; it was the dawn of day and the beginning of his new life. He was strong now, and going to the cottage he threw himself across the bed and fell into a quiet sleep, until a jolly party, returning from a morning sail, awoke him.

He loitered about the cottage all the morning, and just before train-time he walked up to the hotel and asked for Miss Wilson. She asked to be excused; she had a terrible headache, so the maid said. He sat down in the office and wrote her a note. It did not suit, so he tore it up and dashed off these few words:

"Dear Ethel: I am sorry you have headache, for I wanted to have a talk with you. I leave you now forever, I cannot stand between you and happiness. FRANK."

* * * * * *

The sullen fog that had hung all day over the city was now falling in a dreary rain. A man staggered through the swinging door of a brightly lighted saloon, and stood undecidedly on the pavement. Finally he moved on up the street and was quickly lost in the crowd. The cool night air had a sobering effect, and he walked with a straighter step. He turned from the busy thoroughfare into a quiet street, and started for his boarding place. At the door he met the house maid, who handed him a letter, smirked, and quickly ran back through the hall as if she was afraid of him.

He staggered up to his room and opened the letter; it was a statement from his bankers, and showed that his funds were getting low. He sighed, threw the letter in the fire, and

paced nervously up and down the room. He was thoroughly sober now, and as he paused before the mirror he noticed for the first time that he was growing old. He looked again; his drawn face and haggard eyes did not show that he had enjoyed life of late.

Finally he went to his trunk and took from it a packet of letters and an old photograph. The letters were adddressed in a round, girlish hand, to "Mr. Frank Fitzmorris, Lampson College, Odin, Va."

"Odin!" He smiled as he read that word, and thought how, in a spirit of jest, he and Silk Lalande had named their suite of rooms "Odin."

He opened one of the letters—one of the first—and out dropped a dry, faded flower. He picked it up and found it was a heartsease. He ran his eyes over the letter until they stopped at these words:

"I send you a little heartsease. Should we ever quarrel, I pray that the remembered fragrance of this little flower may breathe into your heart the spirit of forgiveness."

Frank Fitzmorris dropped his head on his breast and gazed into the fire. He lived again his early, happy years, smiled at its foibles, and frowned at his weaknesses. It was late when he arose; the fire in the grate had burned almost to ashes, but he threw on more coal and waited until it was burning briskly again. Then he took those precious letters—grown yellow and musty with age—and threw them one by one into the flames. There was no sternness in his eyes now, nothing but a soft, sad look of bygone days. He looked at the photograph long and wistfully, kissed it tenderly, and threw that, too, into the eager flames. And then Fitzmorris did what he had not done in years—he knelt by the side of his bed and prayed.

He awoke in the morning and the same old cravings seized him, but he steadfastly shook them off. There was one temptation that he yielded to, it was his only thought, to play the races once more. On the carriage step before the door a little

golden-haired girl was playing. As Fitzmorris came out of the door she held up a flower that someone had given her, and cried out gleefully, "Look at my boofu' wose."

He stopped and played with the child for a few minutes and started to leave, but he turned and bending down he whispered, "Say good luck, baby." She looked up and repeated "Dood luck." Fitzmorris stroked her curly head, and then walked rapidly down the street. He called by the bank and drew the last cent that he had on deposit, and then went to the pool rooms.

He sauntered into the smoke befogged room and ran his eyes over the race card. There, about half way down, he saw "Ethel, b. m., etc." The name attracted him, and he walked up to the window and placed all of his money on her. His tickets were made out, and as he took them he noticed that his hands trembled. He smiled grimly; the fight was on; which would win—Ethel and a reformed life, or the bookmaker and ruin?

He drew his chair into a corner and sat there smoking until he heard someone shout, "They're off!" "Click, tick, tick," sounded the telegraph instrument. "First quarter! Vivien, first; Douglas, second; Ethel, third—the rest bunched."

"Well, 'so far, so good,'" he muttered. The instrument began to sound again—and he arose from his chair and walked up nearer. "Half! Ethel, first; Vivien, second; Douglas, third—the rest stringing out."

Ah, Ethel first!

The cigar that he held coldly between his fingers had gone out; he lit it and puffed on silently. "Third quarter! Ethel, first; Vivien, second; Douglas, third."

No change yet! "My God," a man exclaimed next to Fitzmorris, "I am ruined!" Fitzmorris pitied the poor fellow, and thanked his stars that he was so near to winning. The silence grew intense, and everyone held his breath as the instruments began to sound again. "Vivien wins; Ethel

second; Douglas, third." There was a faint attempt at a cheer by someone, but it was quickly drowned by the curses of the others.

The crowd began slowly to surge toward the door when Fitzmorris fell heavily upon the floor. "Drunk!" someone muttered, and the bookmaker turned to an assistant and said, "Jim, 'phone for the police."

TH. H. BRIGGS.

ARGON.

For several years Lord Rayleigh, Sec. R. S., has been working upon the densities of some of the more permanent gases. In the spring of last year a difference, though a very slight one, was found between the density of nitrogen obtained from the air and that obtained from chemical compounds, and with a number of determinations the error remained constant, the nitrogen of the air being about five-tenths per cent. the heavier.

So accurately and patiently had he worked, that Lord Rayleigh felt sure that no ordinary error could have caused the difference, and so mentioned the discrepancy to some of his friends, the result being that in a short while it was known to the world at large.

Professor Ramsey especially was interested in solving the enigma, and with the permission of Lord Rayleigh began experimenting on the nitrogen of the air; both were in a sense successful, each succeeding in separating a heavier substance from the air.

Every possible means of explaining the difference in what seemed to be the two nitrogens was tested. In obtaining nitrogen from compounds some hydrogen might possibly have gotten into the gas, making the result too low, but hydrogen being introduced into the atmospheric nitrogen, its density remained still too high. The suggestion that the molecules

of the nitrogen obtained from compounds had been broken up into its atoms, was also useless, for under the influence of the silent electric discharge the weight remained unchanged. This view was further disproved by allowing a specimen of the gas to stand undisturbed for some length of time. Reasoning from the analogy of ozone—a modification of oxygen, it was to be expected that if the nitrogen was at first in the atomic condition, it would in time regain the molecular form, but at the end of eight months the density of the gas had not changed in the least.

The air is composed of nitrogen about seventy-nine per cent.—oxygen about twenty-one per cent., small quantities of carbon dioxide, water vapor and ammonia, with minute traces of organic matter and ozone. In order to separate the nitrogen it is only necessary to eliminate the constituents by the proper absorbants. A simple method, a modification of which was used in this work being described, would be to pass the air first through a solution of caustic alkali—the ammonia dissolving in the water, the carbon dioxide being chemically combined—then through concentrated sulphuric acid, this would act as a drying agent; the residue being passed over highly heated copper the oxygen would be taken up, leaving a gas that has heretofore been considered pure nitrogen. As has been stated the density of this gas is a fraction too high for nitrogen, and in order to obtain that substance which makes the density too high, one method is to use an absorbant that will take up the nitrogen, leaving the other gas undisturbed. Magnesium turnings heated to redness were found best for this purpose, and while this proved best, it was necessary to pass and repass the nitrogen over the turnings for about ten days before any considerable degree of purity of the new gas was obtained. The remaining gas was then transferred to a glass tube standing over a solution of caustic alkali; oxygen was introduced and the electric spark passed through for some time. If only nitrogen had been present it

would all have combined with the oxygen and the compound formed would have been taken up by the alkali solution, and upon the excess of oxygen being taken up by proper means, no residual gas would have remained; however, in working with atmospheric nitrogen, this residue was always left uncombined, and in pure condition this is the new constituent of the atmosphere.

As far back as 1785 Cavendish had subjected atmospheric nitrogen to the influence of the electric current, and obtained an unchanged residue of what he considered about 1-120th of the entire amount. This coincides almost exactly with Lord Rayleigh's work, and these recent results have conferred upon Cavendish, working as he did with the crude apparatus at his command, the most fitting tribute of his great work as a chemist.

The method just described was the principal one used in obtaining this new gas; others, however, were tried, but did not give as accurate results as were desired.

Naturally the question arises here, as to whether this residual gas is a new substance, or a form of nitrogen, and although it required weeks of accurate and patient labor, these earnest workers did not shrink from undertaking negative experiments to prove that nitrogen obtained from chemical compounds, when mixed with oxygen and subjected to the electric current, does not leave a residue of unchanged gas. Suffice it to say that these experiments were carefully carried out, and after the passage of the electric current, there was practically no unchanged gas left in the tube, thus proving with certainty that this gas is not a modification of nitrogen, and that it does not occur combined with nitrogen in chemical compounds.

This much being proven, the equally as difficult task of determining the properties of this gas was begun. It was suggested by the discoverers that this gas, provided it be an element, be called "Argon"—derived from the Greek, meaning

"no work"—and its name signifies its most characteristic property, its inactivity. It is a colorless gas, constituting about five-tenths per cent. of the atmosphere. It is found to have a density of about 19.7, nitrogen being fourteen and oxygen sixteen. Its spectrum was examined by Mr. Crooks, and it was found to give a number of lines, scattered almost over the entire field of view, a spectrum entirely unlike any known substance, and according to Mr. Crooks' report, its spectrum may possibly be a double one, in other words it may prove to be a mixture of elements rather than a single element.

It was found to be comparatively easily soluble in water, being two and a half times as soluble as nitrogen, that is about 3.90 volumes to 100 volumes of water.

The experiments upon argon at low temperatures were carried out by Professor Olszewski, who has probably done more work along this line than any other person. He found its critical temperature to be—121°c, its boiling point—when in the liquid form—186.9°c. The temperature being carried still lower, pure white crystals were formed which melt at—189.6°c.

As yet it has not been possible to cause argon to combine with any known substance—with the possible exception of certain organic compounds, especially Benzene, and sufficient proof of this combination has as yet not been gotten. On account of its inactivity, no experiment can be performed with it in less time than about two weeks, and so its action with all the elementary substances has as yet not been tried. Fluorine has not been tried; as it so actively attacks the apparatus it can be tried but with very great difficulty. Preparations are in progress, however, for this experiment, and it is with interest that we wait to see how the most active and inactive substances will conduct themselves when brought together.

Uncertainty has rested in the minds of the discoverers as to whether this gas is an element or a mixture of elements.

According to Mr. Crooks' report of the dual character of its spectrum, it seems to be a mixture, but according to Professor Olszewski's statement it seems to be an element, for it has a definite critical temperature, melting point and boiling point, and further, at that pressure at which the gas begins to assume the liquid form, the pressure remains constant until all the gas has been condensed; this last statement might be true of a compound gas, but not of a mixture of gases.

It has also been impossible, so far, to find a place for argon in Mendeléeffs table; this however, could hardly be considered an argument against its elementary form, or against the Periodic Law, for it is gotten with such difficulty and acts so slowly, that really its properties have been but very slightly determined. In reference to its seeming antagonism to the Periodic Laws, Professor Remsen, of Johns Hopkins, most fitly says: "It will be well to await developments before worrying on this account. If the time should ever come when Mendeléeffs table has to be given up, something better will take its place."

On January 31, 1895, the long expected papers on argon were laid before the Royal Society, which did honor to the occasion by inviting two other scientific bodies to meet with it. The reception awarded these papers was enthusiastic; for the audience had been informed of a discovery in some respects the most wonderful ever made, for it is doubtful whether so many trying difficulties have ever been encountered in a scientific investigation of a similar kind. Their great appreciation was shown by the fact that they asked to be allowed to examine tubes of the gas, so that they might say they had handled the new substance, for it is perfectly colorless and, so, invisible.

This work of Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay has been conducted in such a masterly manner that we may yet expect many interesting results from their further work upon this new constituent of the atmosphere.

W. A. JONES.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

One day while rummaging in my grandmother's garret I found an old-fashioned purse in one of the drawers of an antique bureau. The purse was so much worn that I saw some papers peeping out at one of the corners. With boyish curiosity I immediately began to open them all and read them. Among a number of receipts and worthless papers was one little scrap that immediately chained my attention. The paper was old and yellow and rumpled, its corners were worn off round, and in the lines where it had been folded it was almost worn in two. The writing had been done with a pencil, and although it had grown somewhat dim with age, even before I saw the signature, I guessed that its characters had been formed by a woman's hand.

Knocking the rubbish here and there I immediately rushed down stairs and startled grandmother with the question, "Grandma, whose is this?"

"Whose is what, my child?"

"This paper I found up stairs," I exclaimed, and eagerly thrust it at her. She laid down her knitting and took the paper. Presently the ball of yarn rolled from her lap unnoticed, and her hands began to tremble.

"I don't know, pet, whose this is. You had better ask father about it," she answered in a peculiarly tremulous tone.

No sooner had grandfather returned from town than I handed him the little piece of paper bearing these words:

"HOMEWOOD, August 21, 18--.

"Dearest Robert—You know that I love you better than the world. I am willing to adopt the plan you suggest. At Willow Grove, then, at one o'clock. EVELYN."

"What does that mean, grandpa?" I asked as soon as he had read the note.

"Where did you find this, my boy?" he answered.

"Up in the garret in a purse in the bureau."

"I thought that I had destroyed this long ago," he mused as he looked at the paper from side to side. I thought there was a tear in his eye just then, but perhaps I was mistaken. Finally he said, "Well, my boy, I'll tell you all about this provided mother does not object. Do you, Mame?"

"Oh! no, Robert, I should be glad to hear it," grandmother replied as calmly as she could, though I noticed that her lips twitched nervously and her eye invariably sought the fire.

"Well, let me see," grandfather began. "Many, many years ago my father, who was a wealthy Southern planter, had some trouble with one of his neighbors, John Sinclair, by name. The two had once been college chums and had been raised on adjoining plantations. A little difficulty over the purchase of a slave grew into a regular quarrel. Finally there was a duel in which Sinclair was slightly wounded. The quarrel now became a feud and the men and their relations were constantly armed on account of the threats of each to take the life of the other. Thus it went on for several years, but after a while friends of the two men interceded and a seeming reconciliation was made. The enemies ceased to bear arms but the hatred remained undiminished. The neighbors seldom saw each other, and the children of one family were taught to despise those of the other. Under my old black mammy's daily instruction I came to heartily hate 'de Sincl'rs!' Hence it was that I when twelve years old had never known nor spoken to Evelyn Sinclair. A few years later I was sent to college and she was taken to France. There she completed her education and then returned to Virginia. Just about one year later I, too, came home.

"One bright May morning as I was riding along the road to Richmond I passed a fine old Southern carriage. Seated in it was the fairest woman I have ever seen. Her eyes were deep and dark and blue, her hair was like the sunbeams. She did not speak as we went by, but I thought that she turned her head a little after we had passed. I immediately asked Jake, my servant, who the young lady was.

"'Why, Lor', Marse Robert, dats Miss Sincl'r, Miss Ev'lyn Sincl'r. I 'lowd you knowd Miss Ev'lyn. She's done bin back now 'bout a year. Ol' Marse Robert jes hates de sight on any on 'em, but somehow, young Marser, I jes can't help lovin' dat angel yon'er.'

"'Do you see Miss Evelyn often, Jake?' I asked.

"'Yes, Masser, I see her right often.'

"'Where do you see her, Jake?'

"'I gin'ly sees her out ridin' early in de mawnin when I's gwine to de field.'

"I said no more, but rode on busy with my thoughts.

"A little over a week later I decided to take a horseback ride one morning. I told Jake that he needn't go, as I wanted to be by myself. The morning was simply perfect. I cantered carelessly along the main road for about a mile, and then turned into a winding lane leading in a southerly direction. The lane was enclosed on each side by tall bois d' arc bushes forming two dense hedges. I suppose I had ridden down this lane three-quarters of a mile when on turning a sharp corner I found myself face to face with a lady. She had dismounted and was standing by the side of her horse, looking somewhat perplexed. I immediately halted and asked her if I could render her any assistance. She answered that her horse had become suddenly lame and that she didn't know what to do. I dismounted to examine the horse's foot, and found that one side of the shoe had been torn loose and bent back upon the other. I was unable to do more than wrench this piece back and break it off, but even then the horse remained entirely too lame to be ridden. Consequently I offered the young lady—Miss Evelyn Sinclair, to whom I had in the meantime introduced myself—the use of my horse in returning home. After a little deliberation she graciously accepted the offer. I quickly changed the saddles and assisted her to mount. Then walking along by her side I led the limping horse.

"Well, I shall never forget that morning. We talked of all sorts of things, but principally about the relations existing between our families. We each deplored that they should be such and finally determined that for our part we at least should be friends. The distance to her home was a good five miles and hence we had plenty of time to become right well acquainted that morning. When we had come within about a half mile of her father's house she told me to change the saddles again, saying that from there she would go on alone as it would be dangerous for me to be seen with her. I did as she desired but was in no hurry to gallop away.

"I now went riding every morning; so that Jake in about a week remarked as he handed me the bridle-rein, 'Young Marse Robert seems to be gittin mighty fon' of ridin' by hisself befo' sun-up.' Well there was nothing in the world more natural than that Miss Evelyn and I should frequently meet during our morning rides. Occasionally I would turn and ride by her side for several miles. We became the best of friends, and soon our friendship ripened to love. Finally I found the courage to tell my story one morning as we were standing beside a spring. Evelyn stood looking into the water and holding the cup in her hand, while I told her in a few confused words the story of the growth of my love and implored her to speak but one little word that would tell me that she loved me. I saw that she was deeply moved for the cup in her hand was trembling so violently that the water was shaking out and breaking the terrible silence as it trickled into the spring. Well, my boy, she finally admitted that she loved me. That was the happiest day of my life. Afterward as we rode on I hardly knew where we were going, and didn't care much either so long as Evelyn was by my side. All the world somehow seemed happier."

Here grandfather stopped and sat in silence for a long, long time. Finally I aroused him with the question, "Grandpa, what happened next?"

"What? O, yes! I forgot, my boy, that I was talking to you. Where did I leave off? Yes. Well, next day I rode over to John Sinclair's and presented my card at the door. The master of the house refused to see me and warned me never to put my foot upon his soil again. I was disappointed and dejected but not despondent. I next wrote a letter to Mr. Sinclair telling him of my love. He read the letter but sent no other answer than a message by the servant that if he ever saw my face again he would be certain to kill me, and that if he had had a son that son should certainly have challenged me.

"This was seemingly to be the end of the matter, but still I did not despair. I, of course, met Evelyn out riding no more, but I managed to slip her a letter. In that letter I declared that my love remained nnabated, and begged that if she was brave and true she would prove it by leaving her father and flying with me. In answer to my letter I received this little note which you have just now found.

"That night I went to Willow Grove at twelve o'clock and impatiently awaited Evelyn's coming. The night was dark but still and warm. After I had waited what seemed to me to be an hour I cautiously struck a light but found that it was only a quarter to one. Impatiently I waited a quarter of an hour but Evelyn did not come. Probably she was detained for some reason, I would wait a little longer. Presently it was a quarter past one but still no one came. Well, I waited on in this suspense until it was half past three. Then I crept up to the Sinclair home. All was dark and still as death. In the meantime the wind had risen and the sky had become everclouded. Now the great lonely drops began to fall and the limbs of the trees tossed wildly. Soon a deluge of rain was pouring and the wind raged so violently that several trees were blown down around the house while a bolt of the lurid lightning shattered a gigantic poplar from summit to base. But still no light was made in the building and I remained watching, rooted to the spot.

"After a long, long time the storm subsided and the first signs of day appeared in the east. Presently it began to grow light and I knew that the negroes would soon be up. Directly I heard one lone cracked voice start up a plantation song down in the negro quarters, and in a few moments more the singer himself appeared. It was old Pete, one of the servants I happened to know. As he came nearer I hailed him.

"'Good mawnin, Marse Robert,' he answered, 'how is you dis mawnin'? An' Lor' bless my soul, if you aint wet all over. Has you bin out in all dat storm?'

"'Pete,' said I, 'has anything happened up at the house?'

"'I reckon not, Marse Robert, I haint heerd o' nothin.' But what put dat idee into your head anyhow?'

"'Suppose we go up and see, Pete.'

"'All right, marser, but I'd better lead de way or you'll be gittin in trouble.'

"Accordingly Pete and I went around the corner of the house and started toward the door, but imagine our surprise when we found that it was open. For a moment we stopped in blank astonishment. Pete's eyes grew large as saucers. 'Sumpin mus' hev gone wrong sure nuff, Marse Robert,' he finally found breath to exclaim. I was now so thoroughly alarmed that I rushed by Pete and on into the house. Running from one room to another, I found that the whole front part of the house had been deserted. In a few moments one of the chambermaids came running in, and presently she was followed by all of the rest of the household servants. No one, however, knew aught of the missing family.

"Well, my boy, I thought that my heart was broken. Evelyn, the queen of my heart, my first and truest love, was gone,—gone, too, without a word; my air-castles were crumbled into dust; all of my fairy visions had vanished for the queen in whose name I had conjured them up had flown from me forever; the sun of my day was darkened, and I cared no longer for life. For day after day I took no account of the

flight of time, but wandered alone in the forests seeking to find either comfort or death.

"In the meantime the whole of our neighborhood had grown wild with excitement. John Sinclair had been one of our most prominent citizens. Even my father, when he discovered the depth of my sorrow over the loss of my love relented enough to admit one day that he was sorry that she had flown. The disappearance, however, was soon explained. In less than a week the representative of a Baltimore firm appeared upon the scene and seized the Sinclair property in payment for a debt of many thousand dollars. He said that his firm had sent Sinclair a statement of his account and had threatened him with a lawsuit only a few days before his flight. I found from the postmaster that Sinclair had received that letter on the evening before he fled. Now the whole affair was easily understood. Sinclair had seen that he was utterly lost and had determined to flee with his family. Either on account of the haste of the flight or else on account of the oppression of her shame, Evelyn had written me no line.

"In about a month I determined to leave Virginia. I wanted to go west and forget my sorrow. I settled in Western Kentucky and soon began the practice of law. I even changed my name because I wanted to forget the past. Well, one day I was called to plead a case in a village about forty miles distant. As there were then no railroads there I had to make the entire journey on horseback. The case was of great importance and detained me for several days.

"I started back home about three o'clock one evening. Of course I could not hope to reach the next village before dark came on, but I determined to go ahead and spend the night with some farmer. About sunset I passed a traveller who informed me that a Mr. Cadee lived in less than a mile from there. I hastened on and reached the place about nightfall. I stopped at the gate and hailed. A tall, savage-looking farmer with a grizzly, shaggy beard appeared at the door and

demanded of me what I wanted. I asked if I might spend the night, although I did not like the looks of the man. After eyeing me savagely for a minute or two my host invited me in. Well, my boy, to make a long story short, this man was no other than John Sinclair, disguised as a farmer and trying to lead a secluded life. At first he was angry when he found who I was, but finally he agreed to forget the old time hatred for my father and to let me have his daughter who he had found loved me so fondly."

"But, grandpa, I thought grandma's name was Mamie."

"Well, so it is, my boy. After her father fled and changed his name to Cadee she also changed her given name from Evelyn to Mamie. I used to call her Mamie simply for fun now it has become a habit."

"And so grandma wrote this note, grandpa?"

"Yes, my boy, your grandmother was that Evelyn."

R. N. SIMMS. '97.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

Lost! Hopelessly lost! Doomed to die in these gloomy wilds! These were the appalling thoughts that flashed through my mind late one summer evening, forty years ago, as I stood half stupefied with horror amid the awful morasses of the Great Dismal Swamp. Intent on examining some of the botanical wonders of that great wilderness, I had thoughtlessly wandered too far and had lost my way. Already night was settling and deepening the sombre gloom that dwells always beneath the closely locked and moss-draped branches of the juniper and cypress trees. Ever since noon I had been wandering about, cautiously stepping from one mass of tangled vegetation to another, vainly trying to find my way out. Now hope gave way to despair, and, with a sickening feeling of

dread, I saw that I must spend the night all alone in that horrible place.

Fearing least some prowling bear might make a meal of me before morning, I climbed into a stunted juniper tree, the top of which supported a great mass of tangled vines. In this natural hammock I spent one of the loneliest and most miserable nights of my existence. For a while, after night had settled, everything was quiet, except for the low whisper of the breezes through the reeds and alder bushes and the louder murmur of the grim old cypress trees that stood all around me like stern sentinels, guarding their native wilds against the encroachment of civilization. Soon the moon arose, but only now and then did a trembling beam dare to penetrate the dark branches above. Soon the great swamp owls began their mournful whooping, varied now and then by weird, blood-curdling screams. Occasionally some light four-footed beast would creep stealthily by or some huge lumbering bear, after suspiciouly sniffing the air in my vicinity, would go crashing on through the underbrush. Once I saw the green, fiery eyes of a wild cat bent upon me from a neighboring tree. The creature only growled, however, and passed on. Soon, becoming accustomed to the weird noises, I wrapped my cloak about my head to keep off the swarms of hungry mosquitors and dropped off to sleep. I was soothed by the musical clamor of millions of frogs, that made the night vocal with their voices, and would have slept until morning had I not been awakened by feeling the repulsive coils of a serpent writhing across my body. I never knew what became of the reptile, but apprehensions as to its whereabouts kept me awake for the rest of the night.

More welcome to me than to any stormtossed sailor was the first ray of morning that burst through the green canopy over my head. With the morning came a renewal of hope. All day did I search in vain for some opening, some sign of human life. Now and then a deer would gaze at me in meek eyed

wonder for a moment and then go bounding away, or a fox would bark saucily at me from some clump of reeds, but the day passed the meridian and waned and I was still hopelessly lost.

Toward night I was suddenly electrified by the sight of the longed-for clearing. Heedless of the dangerous pitfalls around me I rushed forward; but, alas for my hopes! all that met my gaze was a gloomy lake which reflected only the tall trees around it and the patch of blue sky above. I knew that I was standing on the shores of Lake Drummond, and that I was in the centre of the swamp miles from human habitation. In silent despair I dropped down on the damp, reeking ground and watched the shadows deepen and another day die. I was half famished, my feet and hands were torn and bleeding, and my face was swollen and poisoned by the bites of insects and by contact with poisonous weeds. Having neither hope enough or strengh to seek safety in a tree, I prepared to spend the night on a reedy tussock near the margin of the lake. By and by, the stars came out and were mirrored in the dark waters, and, as if in rivalry, millions of fireflys lit their tiny tapers and brightened every tree and shrub and even the gloomy surface of the lake with their countless intermittent flashes. As I watched them there came vividly to my mind that familiar legend, immortalized by Moore in his beautiful poem beginning—

> "They made her a grave too cold and damp
> For a soul so warm and true
> And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp
> Where all night long by her firefly lamp
> She paddles her white canoe."

I could even fancy myself the poor crazed lover, and found myself watching for the maid in the white canoe to come gliding toward me through the tangled mass of water lillies.

Words would fail me to describe my wanderings and agony for the next two days. Often did I pause by deep mirey bogs,

more than half inclined to leap in head first and end my suffering with my life; but as often as this thought came to my mind, I thought of a little blue eyed maiden down on the Pasquotank, and swore that in spite of all the gloomy horrors of my great prison, I would live for her sake. Long before night, on the fourth day, I sank down on a tangled mass of rattan and reeds to die. I was often roused from an only semi-conscious state by hearing my own voice laughing, singing or weeping, and was horrified by the thought that my reason was slipping away from me, and that perhaps for days longer I would roam as a madman through those gloomy shades. At length night settled and I fell into a fevered sleep. Suddenly I was aroused by some noise, and raising my head and shaking the dew from my face and hair I listened. Faint and far away I heard the sound of a banjo and the clear, melodious voice of a darky singing, "Old Kentucky Home." For a moment I thought it all a hallucination of my disordered mind, but when the song ceased and a darkey's laugh rang out on the still night air, I knew that I was not deceived. Regardless of bruised and bleeding feet, regardless of failing strength and the dark and deep bogs all around me, I rushed in the direction whence came the sound, now resumed, of the banjo. Soon I came to an obscure foot-path which led me not to a clearing, as I had supposed it would, but to a rough cabin, perched on a tiny hillock in the midst of the swamp. Around the door I saw a group of about a dozen negroes, some of whom were preparing a supper of venison and others singing and dancing. I knew at once that I had happened upon a gang of runaway slaves. I staggered towards them and, ere I was fairly in their midst, I fainted from weakness.

Well, they did not murder me, as might have been expected, but allowed me to remain with them for two days in order that I might be able to regain my strength. I found that some of them had been in the swamp for over two years and that they lived on what game they could snare and what other

things they could steal from the farmers who lived near the swamp. They knew every foot of the ground, and an army could not have captured them. I found, however, that they were all tired of their savage mode of living, and that all that prevented them from returning to their masters was their dread of the cow-hide, which might await them for their refractory conduct.

After they had shown me the way out of the swamp, in accordance with a promise to them, I visited their masters personally and obtained such agreeable terms for them that the little cabin that had stood "where the deadly vine doth weep its venomous tear" was left without any tenant save the wolf and the copper snake, or perchance the prowling Bruin.

CAROLUS.

MILTON'S CONCEPTION OF THE UNIVERSE.

From what we learn in Paradise Lost, Milton seems to have had some peculiar ideas in regard to the construction of the Universe.

Long before the creation of our Earth or the Starry Universe to which it belongs, universal space must be considered not as containing stars or starry systems at all, but as a sphere of infinite radius, divided equatorially into two hemispheres. The upper hemisphere is Heaven, or The Empyrean—a boundless, unimaginable region of light, freedom, happiness and glory. In the midst of this Empyrean, Deity has his immediate and visible dwelling, and is surrounded by a vast concourse of beings, called "the Angels" or "Sons of God." These Angels draw near to the throne of Deity in worship, and derive thence their delight, and, yet, they live dispersed through all the ranges and recesses of the region, leading severally their mighty lives and performing the behests of Deity. They are organized into companies, orders, and hierarchies.

Milton represents the immediate throne of Deity as surrounded by a blazing mist of vagueness, in which Angels are represented as from time to time assembling, beholding the Divine Presence and hearing the Divine Voice.

According to Milton, some portions of Heaven are tracts of a celestial Earth, with plain, hill and valley, wherein the myriads of the Sons of God range at large. The most of these Angels are represented as having forms which they may contract or expand at pleasure; and they move very rapidly in space. They are not subject to the law of gravitation; hence, they move in all conceivable directions.

The second half of the primeval Infinity is Chaos, or the Uninhabited. It is a large, limitless ocean, abyss, or quagmire, of Universal darkness and void of life. In this limitless ocean are crowded together the elements of all matter; and no light is to be found there, nor properly earth, water, air or fire, but only vast pulp of unformed matter. The Crystal floor or wall of Heaven divides the Angels from this ocean, and underneath this wall, which is never visited by light, except what may glimmer through upon its nearer strata, this abyss howls and rages and stagnates eternally.

Such was the constitution of the Universal Infinitude from ages immemorial in the Angelic reckoning. But a day in the annals of Heaven takes place when the monotony of existence is broken. The Almighty summons all the hosts of Angels before His throne, and decrees that all—Angels, Progeny, Light, Powers—should acknowledge Him ruler and should bow their knees to Him. All obey gladly, except Lucifer and those who followed him, who comprised about one-third of the entire Heavenly host. After a war in Heaven by Michael and the loyal Angels against Satan and the rebel Angels, on the third day the Messiah rides forth in his chariot of power, and armed with ten thousand thunders, drives through the rebel ranks and tramples them down. Soon the crystal wall of Heaven opens, and the rebel host fall headlong through Chaos to a place prepared for them.

A modification in the map of Universal Space is now made to suit the changed conditions of the Universe. At the bottom of Chaos, there is marked out a kind of Autarotic region, called Hell. This is a vast region of fire, sulphurous lake, plain and mountain, and into this dungeon-like region, separated from Heaven by a broad belt of intervening Chaos, the Fallen Angels are thrust. According to Milton's idea, Hell is composed of four divisions. First, in the center is a burning lake; second, around this burning lake is a solid portion of land through which four rivers flow into the lake; third, on the outside of this second solid portion of land, flows the river Lethe, which extends entirely round it; fourth, a frozen belt of land surrounds the river Lethe. As Milton says,

> "Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
> On bold adventure to discover wide
> That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
> Might yield them easier habitation, bend
> Four ways their flying march, along the banks
> Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
> Into the burning lake their baleful streams—
> Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
> Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
> Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
> Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton,
> Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
> Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
> Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls,
> Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
> Forthwith his former state and being forgets—
> Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain."

For the moment, then, there are three divisions of Universal Space: Heaven, Chaos and Hell. Soon there is a fourth division.

While the Fallen Angels remain in Hell for nine days, the Paternal Deity puts into effect his long-intended plan. He sends forth his Son to execute his will. The everlasting gates of Heaven open wide, aud the Son of God passes forth, clothed with majesty. He passes far into that Chaos through

which the Rebel Angels had so recently fallen. After going far into Chaos, he stays his fervid wheels, and taking the golden compasses in his hand, centers one point of them where he stands and turns the other through the obscure profundity around.

> "He took the golden compasses, prepared
> In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
> This Universe, and all created things.
> One foot he centered, and the other turned
> Round through the vast profundity obscure,
> And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds;
> This be thy just circumference, O World!'"

Thus the limits of the new Universe of Man are marked out through the body of Chaos. This Starry Universe seems to us measureless, but it is really only a beautiful azure drop, insulated in Chaos, and hung at its zenith from the Empyrean. The gates of Heaven are now immediately over the zenith of the World, and are its point of suspension. The New World comprises not only the Earth, but all the Starry Universe—all observed galaxies which man's vision can reach, even with the most powerful telescope.

As to the proportions of the New World, Milton is explicit. He says that the distance from its nadir to the upper bass of Hell is exactly equal to its own radius; or the distance of Hell-gate from Heaven-gate is exactly three semi-diameters of the Starry Universe.

In Paradise Lost, Satan goes through Chaos in search of the New World, and when he reaches the upper confines of Chaos, he views

> "Far off the Empyreal Heaven extended wide
> In crescent, undetermined square or round,
> With opal towers and battlements adorned
> Of living sapphire, once his native seat,
> And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
> This pendent World, in bigness as a star
> Of smallest magnitude close by the moon."

The "Pendent World" referred to is the whole Starry Univere, and not the Earth simply.

Milton's Astronomy is not the Copernican system, but the Ptolemaic. According to the latter system the Earth was the fixed center of the Mundane Universe, and the apparent motions of the other celestial bodies were caused by the revolutions of successive Heavens, enclosing the central Earth at different distances. The World or Starry Universe, consisted within itself of ten hollow spheres in succession, whirling one within another, down to our stationary Earth at the center, with the elements of water, air and fire that immediately surround it.

Milton founds Paradise Lost on the Ptolemaic system, but there are two passages in the poem which show that he was acquainted with the Copernican system. These passages are found in Book IV. 592—597, and Book VIII. 15—178.

BRUCE BENTON,

A SCIENTIFIC VOYAGE.

In the year 1957, the whole scientific world was thrown into great commotion over the daring enterprise of an American astronomer. For years the most renowned astronomers and physicists of the world had been wrangling, disputing, and calling each other undignified names about the possibility of human life on the moon. The Royal Astronomical Society of London said that it was not only possible, but very probable, that the moon was inhabited by beings as intelligent and as far advanced in civilization as the inhabitants of the earth. On the other side, the great Scientific Society of Berlin said that no one in his right mind would say that any living thing could exist on the cold, frozen mountains of the moon. Long treatises were written by each Society in proof of its view of this weighty subject; and, for years, this war of words raged. But this new scientist, Nickolas, proposed a different plan for settling the disputed question. With characteristic Yankee

progressiveness he offered to make a journey to the moon to see if anything could live there. This modest proposal was the cause of the great commotion. After listening to his plan, the Society at London became so enthusiastic over it that they offered to defray all the expense of such a voyage.

Christopher George Washington Columbus Nickolas had a great reputation in America as an astronomer, and he had come to London with the avowed purpose of showing those old fogies a thing or two. Not only was he a great scientist, but he was also the greatest mathematician in the world. He was as familiar with quadratics, imaginaries, and determinants as with the letters of the alphabet. Equations of ten unknown quantities raised to the sixty-fourth power were as easy to him as simple addition to ordinary men. In fact, he was so truly a mathematician that even his legs described perfect curves. His enemies said he was bow-legged, but it was very evident that they could not appreciate the beauties of mathematical curves.

Now this great astronomer's plan for reaching the moon was a very simple one: he would have a great cannon built which should be capable of throwing a ball to the moon; then he would place himself in a specially constructed projectile, and away he would go. Of course it would require some delicate calculations to determine the exact second when the moon would be at the proper place in her orbit, but was not he a great mathematician?

Nickolas rented a cottage on the outskirts of London, away from the din and roar of the great city, and then began his work—the greatest of his life. One wall of his study was painted along its entire length to serve for a blackboard on which the great mathematician was to exercise his skill.

First he calculated to an inch the distance from the earth to the moon; next, the amount of nitro-glycerine, dynamite, and gun cotton it would require to throw a ball of the necessary dimensions that distance; then he began to calculate the

path in which the projectile would have to move. This was the most delicate work of all, for the least mistake would cause the ball to miss the surface of the moon, and then where would he go? But Nickolas felt himself equal to the task.

He had just written along the entire length of the blackboard an equation of eight unknown quantities to the sixteenth power, when a message came to him from the Royal Society. He retired into an adjoining room to write an answer, leaving the messenger boy alone in the room. He, like all boys, was on the lookout for some mischief to do. When he saw the long line of figures on the wall he thought it would be fine fun to change them. In a moment it was done, and now the equation consisted of ten unknown quantities to the thirty-sixth power. In a few moments Nickolas returned, and continued his calculation without noticing the change in the equation.

For months the great gun factories of Europe were busy moulding the great cannon which was to throw a ball to the moon. A conical-shaped cylinder of steel was made in which Nickolas was to make this famous journey in the interest of science. One apartment of this cylinder was filled with compressed air; another with food. At last everything was ready.

When the day came on which Nickolas was to set out, a hundred thousand people assembled on the great common where the cannon was planted. Such excitement had never before been witnessed. Some said he was the greatest genius of the age; others said he was the greatest fool; Nickolas alone was calm. He entered his new-fashioned car; the cannon was charged; a deafening roar; and the voyage was begun.

A powerful field glass had been fitted in one side of the projectile in such a way that Nickolas could, now and then, catch glimpses of the heavenly bodies as he sped along in his rapid flight through space. As he was gazing through this glass he saw a great mass looming up away over to the right, entirely out of the path in which he was moving. Surely I

cannot have made a mistake, thought he, as he recognized the well-known features of the moon. He, the greatest of mathematicians, had made a mistake. By this time the moon had passed out of his field of view, and he was still flying onward at a frightful rate. Where would his journey end? Nickolas was almost in despair, when, with a terrible crash, he came to a stop. He looked through his glass again, but he could see nothing but a heavy cloud, red as blood, which hung over everything. In a moment this cloud had become a bright golden yellow, the next moment it was as transparent as glass. Nickolas had set out for the moon, but a mischievous messenger boy had sent him to Mars.

When Nickolas stepped out of his car he was instantly lifted up several feet by the buoyancy of the dense atmosphere. When he inhaled this air (with his lungs) he felt a thrill of elation such as men feel when they drink good wine. The atmosphere was ever changing its color; now red; now green; and now as clear as crystal.

As soon as his eyes became accustomed to the soft subdued light Nicholas started off to explore this new world. He found it very difficult to move through the dense air, it was like moving through water. All around him were flowers of the loveliest hues, not growing in the soil, but floating in the air like seaweed in the ocean. Forests of tall trees hung suspended (above in the air.) He felt that he was in a land of magic.

While he was gazing on the strange sights he saw the figure of a woman come floating along, seemingly without any exertion on her part. She was tall, with a commanding appearance, while a look of conscious power rested on her countenance. She approached Nicholas, and fixing her piercing eyes on him, spoke to him. The words were unintelligible to him, and he could only stand in amazement. Again she spoke to him, and now there was a ring of authority in her voice which made him quake. Stretching out her hand she

seized him with a grasp from which he was powerless to escape, if he had wished to do so, and moved off with her captive.

In a short time they reached the outskirts of a large city. As they floated along through the wide streets, Nicholas saw with amazement that the houses themselves hung suspended in the air. Everybody floated along without any exertion. Carriages floated by, seemingly driven by no other power than the will of the occupants. Nicholas was surprised to see that women seemed to be the ruling force. He saw but few men, and they were decidedly inferior to the women in stature. Also there was lacking in the countenance of the men that look of power and authority which he observed in the features of every woman.

By this time Nicholas and his guide had reached the centre of the city and were stopping bafore a massive building. The walls were of sapphire, amethyst, and other precious stones which reflected the light in tremulous waves. At their approach a door of pearl swung open, and they entered a lofty spacious hall, the walls of which were of ruby, while the floor seemed to be of burnished gold, yet as clear as crystal. In the middle of the hall was a throne of ebony which hung there in mid air without any visible support. Seated on this throne was a woman whose face glowed with the light of knowledge and power. Her long flowing robe was a marvel of richness. Her hands and arms sparkled with gems; while a coronet, glittering with diamonds, rested on her head. Around her were grouped a crowd of women, all bearing the stamp of authority on their faces.

"Surely this is a world in which the women have a voice in the government," thought Nicholas as he looked round in vain for some sign of man. But his thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the queen, for such he mentally concluded she was. Her words were unintelligible to him, but, from the tone of her voice, and the look of wonder which

she cast on him, Nicholas guessed that she was inquiring who he was, and where he came from.

"My name is Nicholas," he said,, "and I come from the planet called Earth," he said. But he could perceive by the looks of wonder which they directed toward him that his words were not understood.

Nicholas looked round the chamber again, when he saw something which would enable him to make himself understood. At one side of the hall was a minature representation of the whole solar system. In the centre was the sun, around which all the planets were revolving. Nicholas glided across the hall, and, placing his hand on the symbol of the earth, indicated where he came from. He saw at once that he was understood.

Just at this moment two women entered bearing between them the projectile in which he had journeyed. After looking at the strange object for a few moments, they all turned towards Nicholas again, and by their questioning looks demanded if he came in that curious looking object. He nodded an assent; and again he saw that he was understood.

A grave consultation was now held by the queen and her court. Nicholas could see, by the look of stern resolve which settled on their faces, that some decision concerning himself was being made. When the consultation was ended the queen assumed that far away look which women, not only on Mars but also on the earth, can assume when they wish to ignore the presence of an offending mortal.

She, who had guided Nicholas thither, now approached him and becokened him to follow her. Two others took up the projectile, and together, they all left the city. When they had reached the suburbs of the city they stopped, and, by motions, commanded Nicholas to enter his car again. Under one end of the car was placed a long slender rod which had the appearance of chalk; while under the other end was a rod which looked like silver, the free ends almost touching.

As soon as Nicholas had entered his car the ends of the rods were brought together. The instant the ends touched Nicholas felt himself shot forward through space at more than lightning speed.

Just forty-eight hours from the time he had set out on his voyage, Nicholas reached the surface of the earth once more. He landed not far from Paris, and he instantly set out for London. Thus began and ended the first attempt of this great explorer to go to the moon. S.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

L. A. BEASLEY, Editor.

SOME WEEKS ago, a delegation from the Massachusetts Legislature, among the number a negro, came to the South to investigate the facilites for manufacturing cotton. They soon found that it was not nice and convenient to take the negro everywhere they wished to go, so they tried to get away from him, but he pursued so successfully, that when they went to call on the Governor of Virginia, the brother in black turned up and marred the occasion. Didn't they receive the righteous indignation of their patriotic countrymen at home. Those at home would have done the same thing, the only difference being that they would have taken such precautions as to have been wholly successful.

THERE SEEMS to be an unusual amount of bidding for Southern support and votes in 1896. McKinley has been visiting the South. *The Washington Post* has been praising the ability of Southern Democrats. We are afraid of the gift-bearing Greeks. The Democratic party may attribute the odium so justly attached to its name to the Northern wing of its supporters. They have kept the currency in a muddle; they made the Wilson bill a failure; Democratic Justices ot the Supreme Court crippled the righteous and just income

tax, and had Mr. Cleveland had his way in the appointment of Judges, they would have given the law a death blow. No dependence can be placed in such men. Expediency and money are their two most powerful incentives to action. The Republicans bear watching with equal care.

SOME TIME ago we took occasion to say something in regard to the necessity of having a complete and reliable State history. We not only need a good State history, but also a National one. The fact is made the more convincing by the statement made in *The Independent:*

"We have all rejoiced in the many and earnest professions of Southern loyalty to the reunited country. Now we would have this loyalty taught and glorified everywhere, with no word from school books, politicians or preachers, that shall sow bitterness between the sections of our one nation."

Now this upon its face is all right; no well-meaning man could object to it. But there seems to be a difference of opinion between *The Independent* and Southern historians as to what is likely to sow seeds of strife and perpetuate sectional animosity. For following this patriotic and magnanimous appeal is an unjust criticism of a Southern history and a miserable and futile attempt to defend the acts of that notorious bummer, old Cump Sherman, and the unprincipaled white men and scalawags who ruled our land just after the war, and who were as great a curse to it as was the war itself.

The book which called forth the cry of peace and the attempt to palliate some of the greatest crimes of modern times is a history of Georgia, written by Maj. Chas. H. Smith, otherwise known as "Bill Arp." Major Smith gives a true account of the causes which led to the war, of the ravages of Sherman in his "March to the Sea," and draws a striking comparison between the *antebellum* negro and the negro of to-day. This, *The Independent* says, has a tendency to cause

strife between the races, to widen the breach between the sections, to prevent Northern capital from coming to the South.

The South is willing to have peace. She is loyal to the Union in thought and act, and will support it through every danger. She was outnumbered and conquered, and has submitted to her lot. The flower of her youth was slain; but her virtue remains intact; her honor, unspotted; her glory, undimmed; her bearing, unquestioned. Never before did 750,000 men, against whom there were such overwhelming odds, hold at bay 3,000,000 men supplied with all the munitions of war; and never did men accept the result of a war more bravely.

Let the South build monuments to her noble dead; let her honor her noble living; let her write her own histories, "Nothing extenuate nor aught set down in malice;" Let her teach her children the lessons of the self-sacrifice which the noble daughters of the South made. If we fail to do this, just because the truth is distasteful to the North, we are traitors to our country, traitors to ourselves, traitors to our God, and merit the scorn and condemnation of all brave people.

THERE ARE "silver cranks," "gold cranks," "society cranks," and "prohibition cranks"; but, in point of striking originality, sickly sentiments and downright stultification, the anti-vivisection crank outstrips them all. This can be proved from the fact that an over-sympathetic member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals applied to his society to institute proceedings against the manufacturers of the anti-toxine serum. His motto runs this way: "We are opposed to experiments on live animals in medical colleges and elsewhere." The qustion whether live animals should be made use of to advance the cause of science and contribute to the happiness and health of man has been warmly discussed.

The better authority says they may. All the colleges and universities, teaches of Ethics and all say so. Robinson in his Principles and Practice of Morality says:

"A weak sentimentalism interfering unintelligently with the use of animals in vivisection, and in other ways by which medical science is advanced, would, if prevailing, deprive us of one of the most fruitful sources of information now open to man in battling with some of the most mysterious and destructive of human diseases."

This is the view which all sensible, broad-minded men take of it. It does not mean that animals are to be subjected to unnecessary pain, for whoever does this is himself in danger of becoming callous in feeling and brutified in Nature. The opposers of vivisection say that the results obtained are not commensurate with the pain caused and the harm resulting, that vivisection carried to its ultimate and logical conclusion will allow operations to be made on animals and even upon innocent men. A little arsenic as a medicine is a good thing; a large dose is a deadly poison. Water to drink is refreshing; a flood of it is destructive. Everything can be turned into a curse, but that is no argument against its use in moderation. God gave man dominion over the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; they, like the Sabbath, were made for man and not man for them. Without the experiments upon animals, we should not now have a cure for hydrophobia and diphtheria. One man's life is more valuable than all the animals, and God has placed them on earth to serve as man's food, his servants, and subjects for experimentation in lessening the amount of human suffering.

LITERARY NOTES.

J. D. HUFHAM, Jr., Editor pro tem.

A SERIAL, *Adam Johnstone's Son*, begins in the *Illustrated London News* of April 20.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROS. are publishing a translation of Ranan's *History of the People of Israel.*

MACMILLAN & CO. have published a handsome and elegantly illustrated edition of the *Fairie Queen*, edited by Thomas J. Wise.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S complete works, except "*The Jungle Book*" and "*Many Inventions*," have been published by MacMillan & Co.

CHRISTIAN REID, who wrote *The Land of the Sky*, has written another novel, called *The Land of the Sun*, the scenes of which are laid in Mexico.

"*Poems of Home and Country; also, Sacred and Miscellaneous Verse*," by Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, author of "America," will be published next month.

THE OPENING chapters of a historical romance concerning Joan of Arc is begun in April *Harper's Magazine.* It is translated from the French by Jean Francois Alden.

IN THE APRIL *Century* is an article on John Paul Jones, by Miss Molly Elliott Seawell. Miss Seawell is a native of New Orleans, and is one of the prominent Southern writers of to-day.

The Doctor, His Wife, and the Clock, is a detective story by Anna Katherine Green. A blind doctor is found to be a murderer. To prove his skill with firearms, he shoots a clock, being guided only by the sound.

The Amateur Emigrant is a work giving the experiences of Robert Louis Stevenson during his trip to America as a

steerage passenger. It is pronounced to be "one of the best examples of Stevenson's exquisitely finished prose composition."

MRS. RICHARD STRACHEY has compiled what poets have said about each other in verse into a volume called *Poets on Poets.* The book begins with selections from Chaucer and Gower, and closes with Tennyson, Matthew Arnold and Browning.

The Marquis de Lafayette is an excellent life of that worthy personage, by Charlemagne Tower, Jr. Mr. Tower has spared neither labor nor pains in its production. The style is clear and forcible, and, altogether, it is one of the best biographies of Lafayette ever published.

ANOTHER LIFE of Napoleon has been written. Its title is *Military Career of Napoleon the Great.* The work is intended to portray Napoleon as his officers and soldiers knew him. The author, Mr. Montgomery B. Gibbs, says he was at work on it before the Napoleonic mania began.

American Song is the title of a recent work by Arthur B. Simonds. It is a collection of representative American poetry. The author makes five divisions. First are the "Classics," Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Poe, and others; then members of each movement down to the present time.

HENRY M. STANLEY'S new book, "*My Early Travels and Adventures in America and Asia*," is now in press. The first part deals with the Indian wars of 1867, and contains much new information concerning General Custer. The second tells about the early history of the Suez Canal, the exploration of Palestine, Persia and the Caucassus.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S latest effort in book form is *The Martyred Fool.* It is a story and novel of anarchism. The book opens with an Australian scene and closes with one in Europe. In this work Mr. Murray does not appear at his

best, yet it displays a good deal of the author's marked originality, vigor of delineation, and strong description.

The Armenian Crisis in Turkey. The Massacre of 1894, its Antecedents and Significance, with a Consideration of the Factors which Enter into the Solution of this Phase of the Eastern Question, is a well written and truthful work on the "Eastern Question," by Frederick Davis Greene, M. A. Mr. Greene was for a number of years a resident missionary in the East.

The White Company, Micah Clark, and the Refugees, by A. Conan Doyle, have recently appeared in new form with excellent illustrations. They are 'realistic romances' and describe England under Edward Third, Monmouth and James Second, France in the time of the Hugenots, and America during the English, French and Indian warfare. "As complete pictures of men and the times they depict, they have not been excelled by any of the works of realism or romance which have been their contemporaries."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

S. R. BUXTON Editor.

ONLY a few exchanges have reached us this month, and the department will be unusually short this time.

THE *Furman Echo* for February is hardly as good as usual. There is little of interest among the contributions, and the departments fall short of their usual standard.

THE *Richmond College Messenger* is one of our largest as well as one of our best exchanges. The literary department for April consists of forty pages of very readable matter. One of the best articles that appear, is an essay on the life and character of Thomas Carlyle. The several departments are

well conducted. The editorials are well written, and are on subjects of interest to all college students. "The Inner Life of the College Student," is especially good.

THE OPENING article of the *Elon College Monthly* for March, is a treatise on the condition of the Southern farmer, with a few suggestions as to the causes and remedies for the same. The advice given, if heeded, would no doubt prove of benefit. If one were to judge the local department by the first five items of interest, we hardly think his decison would be very favorable. These are as follows: "March! Third month! First spring month! The wind do blow! And the kites do sail!

THE *Bowdoin Orient* for April devotes only three pages to its Literary Department, and the matter that fills the rest of this issue, with the exception of the editorials, is of local interest only. This is not as it should be. A college magazine, as we have said before, that devotes most of its space to locals and personals, and thus excludes undergraduate work, fails not only to accomplish one of its main objects, the development of the literary talent among students, but also fails to be interesting to the outside reader.

THE APRIL number of the *Vassar Miscellany* contains some interesting reading matter. "Paul Dutch's Love Story," is an interesting piece of fiction, and holds the reader's attention throughout. "A Question of Function," is a short well written article on the modern novel. The writer claims that although the modern novel has to a great extent taken away our pleasure in reading, yet it does not and cannot effect any great reform through its agency. We quote the following, as giving in a few words the character of the modern novel:

"The novel can no longer plead as its aim, 'art for art's sake.' It must attempt the solution of some social problem, must point out some evil of Church or State; in a word it must teach. No more may tired men and women rest their overworked brains by stories of romance and adventure, stories

which take them away from themselves into a new world whence they return refreshed for another day's toil. No, they, if they would read the new novels, must drag through chapters on socialism, on evils in government, on the failure of religion to meet the needs of the time, and all the other questions of which they have more knowledge from actual experience than the author probably ever will have."

BIOLOGY "LAB."

"Notice eye-spot and flagella
And draw," the paper read.
The student drew her picture
And early away she sped.

The teacher looked at the note-book,
And smiled to herself with glee,
To think a maid could sketch there
What no mortal eye could see.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

IN APRIL.

An April day; the merry clouds
Were racing fast across the sky,
When, in his sport, a big one snatched
A bit of blue, as he passed by;
Then cast it to one side, and watched
Its speedy flight from cloud-land high.

Long time it fell, until it came
Unto a meadow, green and bright
And, tired, it rested on the grass
Till Nature saw the pretty sight,
She took the hint; and violets
She straightway formed, that very night

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

TO X——.

Though shrouded deep 'neath winter's frosts and snow,
  Thy love, dear heart, I cannot hold as dead,
  But sleeping still within its icy bed
It waits the waking of the sun's warm glow;
As when the thrifty farmer goes to sow
  With generous hand the golden wheat wide spread,
  And calls upon the snow-girt clouds to shed
Their fleecy mantle on the earth below,
  So have I seen when sunshine days are flown
Estrangement's frost in chill embrace enfold
  Thy love erstwhile respondent to mine own.
But soon, I trust, will pass this blighting cold,
  And incense of the morning zephyr-blown
Shall tell love's ripening fields of richest gold.

—*University of Virginia Magazine.*

TO GERTRUDE.

Thou standest upon the threshold of the day,
  Still dancing in the sunlight of the morn;
  Thy sky is clear, the blue of it untorn
By any cloud of past or future gray.
Thy childhood plucks thee back, thy hopes away
  To the green distance of thy fancy born;
  Thy laughs are long, thy sorrow quickly shorn,—
Thou art an April peeping into May.

So be thou ever! Twine thy childish past
  Of simple thought so strongly to each thought
Of now and of to-morrow that thou hast
A life unbroken, e'en a daisy chain,
  Binding thy was, thy is, thy shall, self-wrought,
Ever to lead thee back and on again.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

A VALENTINE.

St. Valentine this day is king;
  And cupid holds full sway
O'er loving hearts; while arrows sharp
  Must fly their certain way
Into each heart. For good or ill
  The fearful deed is done:
A *golden* dart when both hearts love;
  A *leaden* dart when one.

I find an arrow in my heart;
  I know not which it be.
I tremble as I think but hope;
  Yet you must tell it me.
Lo, pretty lass, you whom I love
  (If I may be so bold)
Pray, calm my fears, and tell me, dear,
  The dart is *purest gold!*

—*U. Va. Magazine.*

WHAT I MISSED.

A vision comes before my eyes;
I gaze on it in glad surprise;
  I see a face.
It is a face I know so well,
Among a thousand I could tell
  It is my Grace.

She casts her laughing eyes on me,
And in a moment I can see
  I love her more.
It fills my soul with great delight
To gaze upon the face, so bright,
  That I adore.

I look upon it and admire,
And in a moment I aspire
Those lips to kiss.
And, press her lips to mine, I seem—
Lo!—I awake—'tis but a dream!
See what I miss!

—*Richmond College Magazine.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

J. R. MOORE, Editor.

—'70. S. W. Brewer is partner in the firm of J. J. Thomas & Co., Commission Merchants, Raleigh, N. C. This firm is doing a large business dealing in cotton, on which they make liberal advances, and furnish general supplies to the farmers. Mr. Brewer is also the popular and highly esteemed Superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Baptist Church, in which he takes great interest.

—M. D. Phillips ('71–'75), practicing physician at Dalton, N. C., stands prominent among the progressive and up-to-date physicians of the State.

—Rev. O. T. Edwards ('75–'76) is Principal of Mt. Vernon Springs Academy, pastor of four churches, and President of the Siler City Roller Mills.

—'79. R. P. Johnson, A. M., is Professor of Latin and Greek in the Thompson High School, Siler City, N. C.

—W. H. McNeill ('80–'81) stands high among the honored men of the Bar at Carthage, N. C. He also fills the position of Superintendent of Public Instruction of Moore County.

—W. T. Brooks ('81–'83) is bookkeeper at Haw River, N. C., for the Thomas M. Holt Manufacturing Company, and

also for the Granite Manufacturing Company. He is a diligent Christian worker in the Y. M. C. A. there.

—'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman, who has for several years served well the Patee Park Baptist Church, St. Joseph's, Missouri, which he labored faithfully to build and pay for, has resigned this pastorate.

—Rev. Oscar Haywood ('82–'85), whose pastorate at Morristown, Tennessee, is known to be a successful one, is meeting with like characteristic success in his work in Huntsville, Alabama, where he has built and dedicated a fine new church.

—'87. Rev. W. F. Watson is the popular pastor of Spurgeon Memorial Church, Norfolk, Virginia. We have noted also his great success recently in revival work.

—'88. Rev. J. W. Lynch, of Danville, Kentucky, recently delivered a highly lauded eulogy on the late lamented Dr. Broadus in his church Sunday morning, then went to Paris, Kentucky, to deliver the annual address before the Bible Society that night. Of this address the *Kentuckian-Citizen* speaks in the following terms of praise: * * * "Mr. Lynch had been advertised as one of the best of orators, and he came fully up to the expectation of the audience, which literally crowded the building. * * * His very appearance on the rostrum impresses one that he is master of the situation. * * * The consummate skill with which he handled his subject compelled the closest attention. * * * It was magnificent, both in thought and expression. In incisiveness, he reminds one of a Robertson; in imagery, of a Talmage; in diction, of a Burke; in delivery, of Lynch."

—'89. T. S. Sprinkle, at Winston-Salem, N. C., is succeeding well in life insurance work. He was one of the Vice-Presidents of the State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. recently held in Raleigh.

—Senator J. E. Fowler ('89–'91) has recently been added

as one of the Trustees of the Normal and Industrial College, Greensboro.

—Arthur S. Pendleton ('89–'92) is to complete his course in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania this spring.

—'90. T. R. Crocker is winning high commendation as Professor in the Turlington Institute, a flourishing High School at Smithfield, N. C. They have about 150 students, representing about fifteen or twenty counties.

—'90. Carl L. Felt, who graduated with honors last year at the University of Pennsylvania, received an appointment immediately as physician in St. Joseph's Hospital—an exceptional honor for one so young.

—Rev. C. J. F. Anderson ('90–'93) resides at Carthage, N. C., where he is pastor, and serves also the churches at Jonesboro and Aberdeen. This is the best field in the Association.

—J. T. Buxton ('91–'93) is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

—'92. George H. Ross is principal of the Oakdale Academy, Alamance County, N. C.

—'92. Rev. J. W. Millard, who is to graduate in May at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary with the degree of Th. M., has accepted the call to Henderson, N. C., where he takes charge in June. We are glad he is to return to North Carolina, and expect for him a brilliant career as popular preacher and successful pastor.

—'93. J. E. Austin is teaching at Dade City, Florida.

—'94. J. Paul Felt is studying law at the University of Pennsylvania.

—S. W. Oldham ('91–'94), who was with us during the fall term of the present session, was ordained to the ministry April 7 at Systra Church. Rev. J. M. White offered the ordination prayer. Dr. Hume delivered the charge, and

Rev. I. S. Boyles, of our present senior class, preached the sermon.

—'94. R. L. Freeman, who had a good school at Dovesville, S. C., which he gave up on account of his health, has been much benefitted by the treatment in Charleston, and has returned to Bennettsville, where he is succeeding finely in the life insurance work. He has also done some very fine work in surveying. He hopes to resume the study of law if his throat recovers sufficiently. Success will attend him whatever his vocation.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

S. R. BUXTON, Editor.

MISS YANCEY, of Raleigh, spent a few days on the Hill.

MR. C. W. BLANCHARD was on the Hill a few days since.

MISS POWERS, of Kittrell, is on the Hill, stopping with Mrs. Reid.

MISS BRIGGS, of Raleigh, spent a few days on the Hill with Mrs. W. B. Royall.

MRS. E. Y. WEBB, of Shelby, N. C., is on a visit to her mother, Mrs. W. G. Simmons.

MISS HANNAH SCOTT, of Franklinton, N. C., has been visiting friends on the Hill recently.

THE SERIES of games between Trinity and Wake Forest resulted as follows:

Trinity 3;	Wake Forest ..... 10.
Trinity 7;	Wake Forest ..... 11.
Trinity 5;	Wake Forest ..... 14.
Trinity 12;	Wake Forest ..... 6.

We did as well as could be expected in our game with the

Baltimore team, and put up a far better game against them than any team they played while South. The score was:—Baltimore 20; Wake Forest 3.

On the Norfolk trip the playing was careless and our boys stood no showing with the professionals. We begin to realize now our mistake in getting professionals to play on our College team. I hardly think we need fear a similar calamity again.

The interest now being manifested in baseball is greater than it has been at any time this year. A new team has been organized with Raleigh Daniel as Captain, and J. H. Gore as Manager. In addition to this, a series of games has been arranged between the several classes, which will decide the championship of College. As an incentive to good ball-playing, the ladies of the Hill have decided to give a pennant to the winning team.

THE COLLEGE exercises were suspended on Friday, April 25, and the exercises of our Fourth Annual Field Day were duly celebrated. It is needless to say that the programme was a complete success. The following are the names of the gentlemen so fortunate as to secure medals on that occasion:

100-yards dash, W. R. Sykes; 220-yards dash, J. H. Gore; Running High Jump, J. Y. Mangum; Second 100-yards dash, T. H. Briggs; Standing Broad Jump, J. J. Douglas; 120-yards Hurdle Race, T. H. Briggs.

The following is not intended to be read, but is merely inserted to fill up.

At the last Field Day Exercises, the Freshman Class was successful in carrying off the pennant, given by the young ladies of the Oxford Female Seminary. Don't mention it, is the request of the Seniors, Sophs and Juniors.

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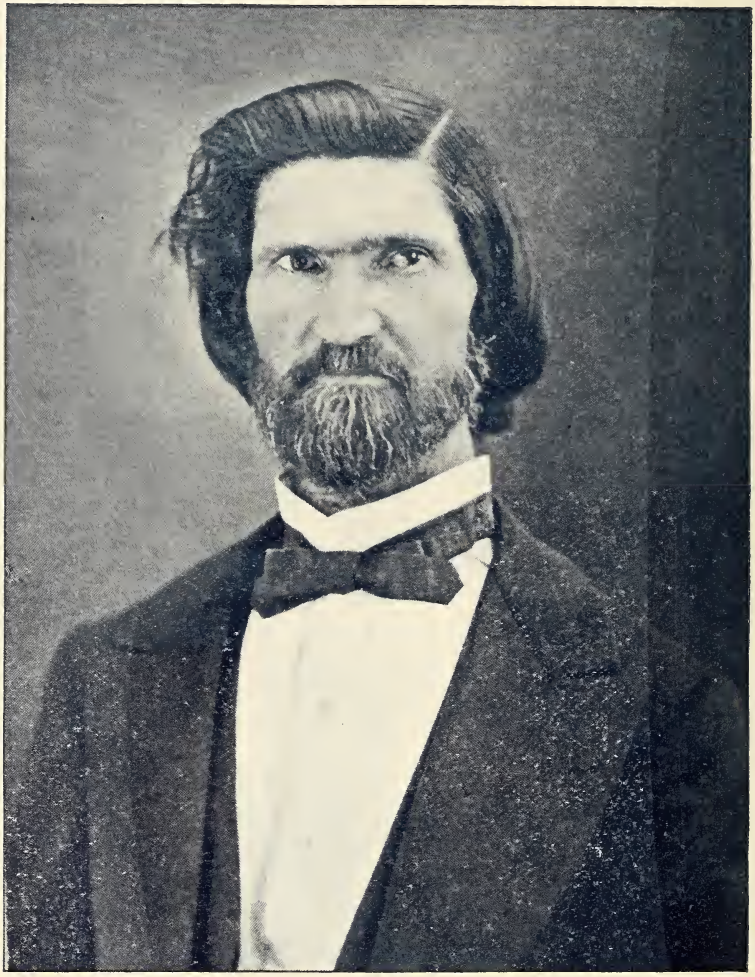

WILLIAM MANLY WINGATE, D. D.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

WILLIAM MANLY WINGATE, D. D.

William Manly Wingate, D. D., was born in Darlington, S. C., July 28, 1828, was baptized by Dr. J. O. B. Dargan, and graduated at Wake Forest College in 1849, studied theology for two years at Furman Theological Institute, S. C.; was agent of Wake Forest College from 1852 to 1854, when he was chosen President, which position he held till his death, February 27, 1879. He received the honorary degree of D. D. from Columbian University, Washington, D. C., in 1867.

Wingate at College did not promise what his future life developed. It was not until he had received instruction at Furman Theological Institute in 1850-'51, under such able teachers as Prof. Jos. S. Mims and others, that his latent talents were evoked. Whateley's Logic and Butler's Analogy first aroused the consciousness of his hidden powers of mind. He told the writer, in the mutual confidence of our lives, that he did not realize the man in him until he had mastered those two great books. Then he always credited Prof. Mims with the introspection which revealed himself to himself and afterwards to the world.

Wingate did not know that he was great, as men speak of of human greatness, but he was all afire with the discovery that he could become a useful man. He never tired of telling the greatness of Mims as a teacher, just as we all are now about Broadus, for he believed that he owed more to Mims than to all other teachers. This Prof. Mims, by the by,

was a North Carolinian, born in Columbus county, N. C., February 10, 1817, and died in 1855, in his 38th year. His biographer says that "his face correctly and plainly indicated the leading features of his mind—gentleness and firmness, native talent and high culture; in short, every characteristic of the highest order of a Christian gentleman, but his sun went down while it was yet day."

If he had spoken this of Wingate the entire sentence would have been truly descriptive.

His biographer describes Dr. Wingate as an admirable College President, the ablest preacher the Baptists of North Carolina have yet had, and the sweetest saint the writer has ever known. The type of his piety was so exalted that it lifted him above the ordinary infirmities of even good men. It was meet that such a life should be crowned by a beautiful and glorious death. His last day was the happiest of his life. All that day his face shone as did that of Moses when he came from the presence of God in the mount, and, when the supreme hour came, the glory of God overshadowed the chamber where the good man met his fate. Just before he breathed his last he seemed to be conversing with the Saviour as though he were personally present. (Was He not? T. E. S.) "Oh, how delightful it is! I knew you would be with me when the time came, and I knew it would be sweet, but I did not know it would be so sweet as it is." (Cathcart in lic.) Dr. Pritchard, if he wrote it, never said anything truer.

We could not describe, if we knew it, the influence of this man's life and character upon our own. Heaven seemed nearer and more real when he was about. Our house was his home whenever he visited Raleigh, and his presence cheered children, servants, and all. "Jim Rover," the pet Newfoundland, would sit up and look at Brother Wingate, as though he felt the preciousness of his company, and as if he would join with the family in their admiration and love of the man. "Jim" was always allowed to remain in the family circle

when Wingate was with us, and after evening prayers he would be seen crouched in the corner of the room as though he felt some unusual personal influence. What we have said of his influence over us is doubtless true in the case of thousands all over our beloved Commonwealth. See what one man, with his short life of zeal and consecration, can accomplish in twenty-five years!

His Presidency of Wake Forest College was the most difficult, as well as eventful, in the history of the institution. He felt the burden and hesitated not to express his fears, always claiming the sympathy and help of his brethren. His prayers for the College, if written out, would fill the shelves of a library. His secret and walking ejaculatory cries for the guidance and blessing of God would fill up the twenty-five years of his Presidency. He lived and died in the atmosphere of prayer. His union with Christ was close and perpetual. All men felt it. We never heard but one person speak ill of him. One or two instances may be noted:

Somewhere in the fifties Dr. John Mitchell (the Dr. and the Mitchell ought to be left off and the beloved disciple substituted), Dr. Wingate and the writer visited Beulah Association, which met at Trinity Church, near Yanceyville, N. C. Dr. Mitchell was the agent of the College at that time. The object of our visit was to secure some financial help for the College, then very poor. Some distinguished Baptists were members of Trinity. The Graves, the Dawsons, the Russells were men of wealth. They consulted with us, and, while expressing great interest in the College, advised that we postpone our object to a later day, as the tobacco crop for two seasons had been nearly a failure. Drs. Wingate and Mitchell, on their retiring, modestly suggested that perhaps we should heed the wishes of the brethren. I looked up into the expressive eyes of Wingate, as Mitchell pressed my hand anxiously, and asked if he had not prayed much the past night for guidance and blessing on the day's work. The starting tear only

answered my question, and Bro. Mitchell judiciously and meekly suggested, "You know, Bro. Skinner, that these brethren are some of our very best and wisest friends of the College." "Yes," I replied, "that is the very reason, to my mind, why we should make our greatest effort to-day, and leave the result to Him who guides the minds and lives of His people, and, as we are here, I insist upon making one effort before the Association, if they will permit us." The smile that came from Wingate and Mitchell was reassuring, and faith was mixed with love. The interview closed and we entered the church hopefully. What was accomplished that day, I have always believed, was in answer to prayer. Then pray in crises. Our work was done ere that morning's sun arose.

Mitchell made the statement of the needs of the College, as its agent. So soft and tenderly did he speak, engaging the sympathy of the great throng.

Then Wingate followed with that indescribable pathetic accent illustrative entirely of his person and magnetic spirit. His was an argument clear as crystal, Biblical and logical, in behalf of Christian education. The remainder of the programme was to be filled out by the fiery arousement of the last speaker. There was no collection called for.

The result was that the Moderator, the Hon. Calvin Graves, immmediately responded, "I will give $1,000." Brother Dawson, the gentlest of men, followed with the second $1,000, and Brother Russell made the third subscription of $1,000. Not a word was spoken save by these three brethren. Then the congregation took up the business, and raised $3,500, making $6,500. Brother Elias Dawson shouted, "The Lord is in His temple; let the earth rejoice." That was truth, and men never do accomplish great things for His cause unless God is with them and in them.

We adjourned for luncheon, and the people seemed "to take their food with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God."

The writer was invited by Mrs. Virginia B. Swepson (daughter of the Hon. Bartlett Yancey), to partake, with herself and husband, of their bountiful refreshments. While there out in the grove Mr. Swepson handed me $500 in bills, which sum increased the subscription to $7,000. This was my first acquaintance with these two people, with whom, more than twenty years after, I became associated as pastor and devoted friends. Our souls were exalted in praise and wonder with thanksgiving to the Lord for His goodness and mercy. It was prayer that did it all, so far as the human side was an agency.

Another occasion was in December, 1856, at the meeting of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention, which, through the courtesy of Gov. Bragg, held its sessions in the hall of the House of Representatives in the capitol at Raleigh.

This was one of the crises through which the College has been called to pass, and, I think, the most momentous of them all. It was then sink or swim, survive or perish for the College, if not for the denomination in the State. Dr. Poindexter, Wm. Hill Jordan, his half-brother, Dr. Edward Kingsford and Dr. Thos. C. Teasdale were among the visiting brethren. There never was a more solemn and dignified assembly convened in that capitol. Anxiety was depicted upon many faces. This is one of the precursors of great events, but successful prayer overleaps its bounds and hushes all fear and doubt. This happy state of mind was attained by a number of the friends of the College, among whom Wingate was conspicuous. Letters had been written to many friends urging their presence and prayerful consideration of the condition of the College. Suffice it to say that if the blessing of the Holy Spirit had not been poured out at this time and occasion Wake Forest College would have long since been known only in the past. But it could not be so.

John W. Moore, Esq., the State historian, in his biographical sketch of Charles Worth Skinner, says:

"The Baptists in the Convention of 1856 found that Wake Forest College had reached such a crisis that, without large help in money, the institution must close its doors. In view of the imminence of the peril the men who loved the College best were in great doubt whether enough money could be secured to meet the emergency.

"Rev. Dr. James McDaniel, the long honored President of the Convention, had recognized A. M. Poindexter. No one expected better things as the result of all the eloquence from Poindexter and others than a score or so of fifty and one hundred dollar contributions. As the speech went on Charles W. Skinner and his dear old friend, Richard Felton, were seen in deep consultation outside of the hall of the House of Commons, in the State Capitol, where the body met.

"As Dr. Poindexter took his seat Dr. Thomas E. Skinner secured the floor. He told the Chair and the Convention that he was instructed to announce that C. W. Skinner and Richard Felton would each give the College five thousand dollars, to which he would add three thousand. The effect of this announcement was magical. Even the staid Moderator was overcome, and, to use the language of an eye-witness, 'from that moment no one remembers exactly what occurred; in thirty minutes forty-four thousand dollars were pledged, and Wake Forest College was saved, and saved forever.'

"A meeting had been appointed for the evening of the same day in the old Baptist church to raise funds for a new structure, but so great had been the demand on and drain of Baptist purses it was feared that a failure would result in any fresh calls upon their generosity; the brethren of the largest experience were of this opinion. But the meeting was held with a packed house, and, in less than an hour, eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars was pledged for the construction of the noble edifice which still towers so majestically on Salisbury street." (See p. 245, Sermons, Addresses, etc). Nearly sixty-three thousand dollars was given by less than two hundred Baptists of that day.

A description of the night scene in the old Baptist church following the great meeting of the same day (see Sermons, Addresses and Reminiscenses, Skinner, pp. 362-5,) will close this article; but you must read it in the book.

With all these things Wingate was part and parcel.

How important that we should awake out of our slumbers with regard to our own denominational history. It is feared that in teaching our children and youth in our Sunday schools but little attention is paid to instruction with regard to the peculiar and distinctive Bible doctrines of the Baptists. A young man might graduate with high distinction from Wake Forest College and be ignorant of the principles which differentiate Baptists from all other Christians.

I never knew another such man as Wingate. So pure and heavenly minded; so simple and natural in any condition and emergency; so tender and womanly in his heart affection, and yet a man of a remarkable metaphysical mind, and a logician equal to any opponent, however dexterous and subtle he might be. It is worthy of thanks to be born and to live in the day and generation of such a saint.

Good-bye, beloved, till we meet again.

THOS. E. SKINNER.

HOMER—ONE OR MANY?

The Homeric question, which has so profoundly agitated the learned world for more than a century, is not yet wholly at rest. Nothing in all the annals of criticism is more remarkable or more fruitful of instruction than the history of this controversy. Its very origin shows how the greatest results may come from the smallest beginnings, how the smallest seed of doubt and suspicion may become the germ of a deep and universal scepticism. For more than twenty-five centuries Homer had lived in the faith of men, and the Iliad and the

Odyssey, each as a great epic, one and entire, had commanded general admiration as the work of his genius. Through all the ages of Grecian letters, with all the disputes concerning the time and place of Homer's life, there was a general agreement upon these fundamental points. The objections of the Chorizontes, who contended for a separate authorship for the two poems, was effectually silenced by Aristarchus, of the Alexandrine school.

For centuries after the revival of learning, the prevailing belief of antiquity was the unquestioned creed of all modern scholars. Just as little doubt existed concerning the authorship of these great epics, which had again arisen, as bright as in the early morn of Grecian poetry, as of the great poem which heralded the day of English song, The Canturbury Tales. However, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, several writers threw out, quite incidentally, some surmises touching the authorship of the poems, which led the way to an entirely new view of their origin. Vico, the ingenious Neapolitan thinker, in his celebrated work, the Scienza Nuova, made the following brief remarks upon the authorship of the poems. "Homer left none of his poems in writing. The rhapsodists went about singing the books separately, at the feasts and public solemnities of the Greek cities. The Pisistratidæ first caused the poems of Homer to be arranged into the Iliad and Odyssey. So we may imagine what a confused collection of materials they must previously have been."

From the hint given in this brief passage, was afterwards elaborated the celebrated theory of Wolf, who published his able and learned Prolegomena to the Iliad in 1795. This work, by its destructive criticism, founded partly upon the supposed impossibility of the composition, without the aid of writing, of poems of such length, as well as of their subsequent oral transmission, and partly upon the then acknowledged internal inconsistencies, revolutionized the old order of belief.

Wolf ascribed different parts of the two poems to different authors, and assumed that they were both for the first time arranged as well as committed to writing by Pisistratus. But it is not so impossible a thing, as it may at first sight appear, to conceive of an entire poem of many thousand lines being composed and arranged by memory, and then so perfectly retained in the memory as to be recited. Instances are not unknown of prodigious powers of memory when it is compelled to exert itself. Plutarch mentions the wonderful memories which the Greeks possessed. It is also said that in modern times the rude Calmucks have a national epic of three hundred and sixty cantos, each fully as long as a book of the Iliad, and that their bards are accustomed to recite twenty at one time. It is not impossible that, on festive occasions, the Greeks would listen with unwearied rapture to the recitation of the whole Iliad within the space of a few days. Muller says: "If the Athenians could at one festival hear, in succession, nine tragedies, three satiric dramas, and as many comedies, without thinking that it might be better to distribute this enjoyment over the whole year, why should not the Greeks of earlier times have been able to listen to the Iliad and Odyssey, and, perhaps, other poems at the same festival." Wolf also held that, as the art of writing was unknown, or, at least, not used in literary productions, at the time when the poems were composed, they must not have been longer than for recitation on one single occasion. Such occasions as that mentioned by Muller, we know did occur at the Panionian festival, at Sicyon, and in many other parts of Greece. The question then would naturally arise, were they composed before the art of writing was known? The opinion which is every day gaining more supporters among scholars, is that, according to the known laws which regulate the progress and formation of language, the advanced state of the dialect, and the perfection of the metre, successfully prove that the poems must have been sung or recited long before they were committed to writing.

Porson observed, that when the poems were composed, the digamma must have been pronounced, and yet no trace of it is found in any manuscript, however ancient.

The decision of the question respecting the personality of Homer, is not affected by the fact, which must be admitted, that the poems were composed, recited, and transmitted for a long period before the art of writing was generally known; but by the internal structure of the poems themselves. If these bear evidences of unity of design, this fact alone is strong enough to refute all objections. For it would be more difficult to imagine that unity of design was the result of accident, or the accidental putting together of the works of many minds, than to admit all the other objections, though they are incapable of explanation. In the language of an eminent writer, "If anything is more marvellous than the existence of one Homer, it must be the existence of more Homers than one."

Wolf perceived this objection, and as his third point denied the unity of the poems. He did not believe that the rhapsodists were the mere repeaters and preservers of Homer, but that they themselves were poets of no mean order, and hence he supposed the Iliad to be composed of several distinct rhapsodies. He would not admit any conscious or deliberate plan of composition. Homer, then, was the mere symbol of a long national activity among the Ionians, and does not represent an individual genius. Lachmann, following up Wolf's theory, separated the Iliad into eighteen distinct lays. Hermann thought that Homer had composed a short Iliad and Odyssey, and that they were enlarged by a series of interpolations.

Thus, Hermann admits an original outline of the poems, which served as the basis of the succeeding poems. Yet he was unable to explain the long silence between the Old Homer and the later cyclic poets.

These views and theories of Hermann and Lachmann com-

prise under them all the various theories which German scholars have set forth. These critics lay the greatest stress upon the most trifling inconsistencies, and have their attention so firmly fixed upon these minor points that they have lost all sense of appreciation of the unity of plan which pervades the whole and has fascinated the literary world for more than twenty-five centuries.

The unity of plan consists in this, that all its events group themselves around Achilles. Therefore, as there is only one hero to whom the rest are subordinate, the interest, however divided, concentrates itself on this one point; and although we gladly accompany the poet in his delightful digressions, we feel that there is in reality only one hero, the course of whose adventures we are pursuing. Thus, the poet makes Achilles, of all the heroes of the poem, the noblest, the most heroic, and claims for him and his wrongs the deepest sympathy of the reader. The most substantial argument for unity of authorship is derived from the general agreement of each poem in itself, and of both with each other, in all that is vital in their characters, in the marvellous consistency in conceptions, manners and institutions; but most of all, in the delineations of character. The creative genius of Homer is in nothing so great as in the variety of his original characters, and in the unity and individuality with which he sustains his characters by dramatic action under all diversities of situation.

The result of the world-wide controversy concerning the personality of Homer is destined to be a return to the old order of belief. The whole field of Homeric learning has been explored as never before, and by hundreds of sharp-sighted observers. The text of the poems has been subjected to the most searching scrutiny. All the evidences, both internal and external, have been brought in from all sources and severely applied to the question at issue. The result has been a gradual reaction in favor of the old view of the substantial unity of each poem and of their common authorship

in Homer. Such is the position of Mr. Gladstone; and prior to him, the position of Mure, the ablest of all English writers on the subject. The most signal illustration of the new examination of the whole question is found in the experience of Mure, who began his career as a zealous disciple of the Wolfian school, and after twenty years of diligent study of its doctrines, reached a thorough conviction of their fallacy, and gave himself, with great success, to the effort of establishing that conviction in the minds of others. The objections urged against the unity of authorship of each poem in itself, and the two taken together, which are founded upon internal inconsistencies, signally fail of reaching their mark. If they do not lend direct support to the opposite view, they prove far too much; as they may be urged with like success against modern works, the single authorship of which is unquestioned. Mure says, that if the principles of Wolf's school were enforced against his own Prolegomena, that great essay could not possibly, in its own integrity, be considered the work of the same author.

In conclusion, I will give Wolf's disbelief in his own arguments, which clearly shows the position of many others, if they would only admit it. "So often," he says, "as I withdraw my mind from the historical arguments, and observe in Homer's poems one coloring, the adaptation of the events to the times, and the times to the events, the consistency and agreement of the allusions, the sameness of character preserved in the heroes, I am angry with myself, and blame my own diligence and boldness, and look on all which we read in Homer as Homeric, and in them admire the skill of Homer alone."

H. H. McLENDON.

"LET THE DEAD PAST BURY ITS DEAD."

Nobody will find fault with me, or accuse me of speaking with exaggeration when I assert that the American Union stands to-day, if not the foremost, among the foremost nations of the earth. Why, to-day all the world makes obeisance to the stars and stripes, from whose azure field twinkle forty-four stars, representing so many distinct commonwealths. Look for a moment at her resources, boundless as the sea, inexhaustable as nature. She is the granary, the workshop, the storehouse of the world, all three in one for the next thousand years. Look at her two hundred thousand miles of railroads, her intricate systems of telegraph, her canals, her noble rivers, and see her wonderful adaptation by nature to that glory into the dawn of which she is rapidly emerging. Look at civil and religious institutions, her schools, her colleges, her literature, then remember that she has just celebrated her one hundredth birth-day, and forecast if you can the revelations of her grandeur which the twentieth century has in store for her. Look at her commerce. Its golden ores dip in the waters of every sea, its silken sails are spread in every breeze, and all the wealth of the Indus comes pouring into our coffers at its bidding. Look at our Constitution and system of law. See how we have realized here on American soil the wildest dream, yea more than the wildest dream of all the Senecas of all the past ages.

Man's capacity for self government has been put to the test, and this country as she stands to-day in the full flush of the day dawn of the twentieth century's civilization is a monument to the success of that trial. We have demonstrated our right to live by living, and to any foreign critic who denies the capacity of self government to the human race, we will answer only by pointing to the United States of America. Her existence, her power, her glory will be its own vindication. Nor does this country of ours exist without having

demonstrated its ability to live, even when it was subjected to the crucial test of fightings without, and more than fears within, a fratricidal civil war, and she has arisen from every struggle hopeful, strong, and buoyant.

A little more than a quarter of a century has passed since the grand dome of the capitol at Washington was enveloped in "war clouds rolling dun," and the statue of liberty wept over the holocaust of her sons. The king of day looks forth only to tint afresh the immortelles that cover the slopes where the heroic gray met the no less heroic blue nightly; beneath the kindly stars, heaven sheds her tears of pearly dew drops where Honor sleeps on many a half forgotten field. Full many a hill top is a monument to the spot where the tide of the army of the Potomac rolled against the army of Northern Virginia and at its ebbing its tide was crimsoned with the nation's best blood. Full many a valley is mutely eloquent of a strife as grandly heroic as that which made the pass of Thermopylæ a tomb of Spartan chivalry. The very plains are billowed with the tombs of heroes whose courage was as sublime as that which sanctifies the crags and glens of Scotland, to all who love the memory of the Camerons and the Covenanters, but now—

> "There are domes of white blossoms,
> Where swell the white tent;
> There are plows in the track where the war wagons went;
> There are songs where they lifted up Rachael's lament."

And I come to you with all the earnestness of patriotism to ask that we let the "Dead Past Bury its Dead," and that we both, young Americans and old Americans, bury sectionalism, lose sight of North, South, East or West in our abounding love for our nation. Let our patriotism be as broad as America, as high as our loftiest mountain peak, as long as our mightiest river, as deep as the oceans which wash our shores. True patriotism is not sectional. It is unselfish. It knows no North, no South. It does not sing Dixie alone nor Yankee-

doodle alone, but it does sing Hail Columbia with all its might and feels the thrill of that broad and inspired love of country which nerves the citizenship of a nation to those deeds of heroism which have made history and tradition alike glorious.

Would I as a Southerner urge that Southern chivalry be forgotten by the Southern patriot, or that the deeds of valor performed by those who wore the blue be forgotten by his countrymen? By no means. The northern heart that reveres not the memory of those who shed their blood in defending the union of the States is unworthy of my respect; and the heart North or South, which feels no reverence for the Achilles who sleeps beneath the nameless mound of Southern chivalry could not be true to the restored union. If patriotism grows warm upon the plains of Marathon and pity is enkindled amid the ruins of Iona, each pilgrim to our soldiers' graves, both North and South, will turn away with the patriotic purpose to hold dear to his heart forever the memory of a martyr ancestry.

> "A land without ruins is a land without memories;
> A land without memories is a land without liberty."

The glory of Sheridan and that of Stonewall Jackson belong to every American citizen of whatever section; and the names of Grant and Lee are entwined with garlands of immortality, belong alike to Cavalier and Puritan, and furnish inspiration to every American youth from whatever State he may hail.

The politician keeps the bloody shirt in the air for supposed political advantages; the school-boy, because he has no better sense; the newspaper correspondent, for the sake of a sensation. But in spite of these three powerful classes, the people North and South, East and West, understand each other to be brothers, heirs and joint heirs of the proudest inheritance this world knows—American citizenship. How truly and how beautifully did the lamented Grady express this idea

in his Boston speech, right in the heart of New England, and no man has dared to contradict him.

"Mr. President, I stand here to profess no new loyalty. When Gen. Lee whose heart was the temple of our hopes, and whose arm was clothed with our strength, renewed his allegiance to this government at Appomattox, he spoke from a heart too great to be false, and he spoke for every honest man from Maryland to Texas. From that day till this, Hamilcar has nowhere in the South sworn young Hannibal to hatred and vengeance, but everywhere to loyalty and love. Witness the veteran standing at the base of a Confederate monument, his empty sleeves tossing in the April wind adjuring the young men about him to serve as earnest and loyal citizens the government against which their fathers fought. This message delivered from that sacred presence has gone home to the hearts of my fellows, and they would die, sir, to restore that Union which their fathers sought to dissolve."

Our fathers may not understand us younger men of all sections of this nation, for they still feel the old fires occasionally rekindle in their hearts, at the mention of Gettysburg or Cold Harbor, but when we get the reins of government, the battle-flag question, the negro question, the pension question, the war question, all will be laid aside and only the glory of the United States of America will engross our attention. And that day is coming. You have bequeathed to us the priceless legacy of your heroism, and we shall bequeath to our posterity the fully restored American Union. Soon the embers of the destructive fires kindled by the war will expire, so that no fanaticism can warm its passions at these cold heaps. The revived and burnished Phœnix is rising out of the funeral Pyre, and new institutions of interest will give the bird of destiny a wide space for the sweep of its broad wings. The bugles sound other rallies than those which formerly echoed through our hills. Sweet as the silver trumpets of the Levites amid the white tents of Israel, the notes of progress peal their

summons. All the South or the North has to do is to put the same metal into her plow-shares and spindles that she put into her sword to make the victories of peace greater than those of war. "Greener laurels await the brows of the living than crown the graves of the dead." A great bridge was being stretched across the Mississippi. But as the last stringers were being placed in position it was found they were too short. The overseer at once telegraphed the architect to know what to do. While awaiting a reply the sun shone out, expanded the iron, and the stringers touched, and they were immediately clamped, and ere the day closed, the bridge was ready to bear the burden of the thundering train across the yawning chasm. What no stretching or hammering was able to do, the Great Architect of the sky could do. So when the clouds have been kissed away by the lips of the sun of Righteousness, fast mounting to the zenith, and dropping down from his warm wings, his love and his light, what partisan zeal, and misguided philanthropy have failed to do will be achieved, and over the bloody chasm will stretch the highway across which trains of wealth freighted with fraternal love will roll unceasingly between North and South. God speed the day.

R. G. ROZIER.

THE HEART.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HERMANN NEUMANN)

The heart hath chambers twain,
Where dwell
Light, gleeful joy and pain.

Quick joy doth watch in one;
And pain
In one doth dream alone.

O joy, close care must take!
Speak low,
Lest sleeping pain should wake.

J. D. HUFHAM, JR.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE AND THE MOSS MYTH.

Needing rest and recreation, I decide on a novel way of spending several months. I board the cars for Lake Waccamaw. This lake is situated in Eastern North Carolina and is seven miles long by five miles wide. It is a lovely sheet of clear water supplied by springs. The scenery is weird and wild and almost tropical in its beauty. The large cypress trees draped in the mournful grey moss, the fan-palm, the ferns, the lichens and the many wild flowers add to the attractiveness of this beautiful spot. Here we breathe the fragrance of the pine and the delicious odor of the yellow jasmine.

I am met at the lake-side by Pross Bushyhead, an old Indian, or half Indian, with more of the negro manners and dialect, as his associates and near neighbors are negroes. My host takes me across the lake to his home, and the first thing that attracts my attention is a number of black bear skins, with skins of other animals, tacked on the outside of his cabin. I enter and am formally introduced to Aunt Pankey, his wife.

Having travelled all day, I do full justice to the fresh fish, corn-bread and coffee, all steaming hot,—my first supper in my strange abode. After supper Uncle Pross tells me many marvellous tales of his fishing and hunting.

"You seem to live well, Uncle Pros."

"Yas, it don't cost nuthin to raise hogs, cows and sheep. Fish and game is plenty."

"Have you any children?"

"Yas, one little gal, more boy than gal tho. She can row a bote, shoot a gun, and fiddle as good as the next un.

"Whar's Carolin, Pankey? Tell her to come play that thar fiddle of hern fur the stranger. Come along little un, and fiddle for the stranger."

There entered a vision of loveliness, a girl about sixteen, as graceful as a wild fawn. She had smooth, creamy skin, dreamy black eyes, with long upturned lashes, long black hair, wavy and abundant, and cherry-red lips. She had on a

cotton dress short enough to show her shapely ankles and feet, minus hose and slippers. She took her instrument and played every thing she had ever heard and every tune that I could whistle. Her father explained that he had an old fiddle and that she learned to play on it, and that a big rich man on "tother" side "gin" her a bran new "un."

Uncle Pross sent my nymph of the Waccamaw to rest, and while Aunt Pankey sat nodding and snoring softly, my host continued to tell me of the interesting things in his part of the world. He was fond of a good listener, and I proved a fine one.

I retired at a late hour to my clean, fresh pine-needle mattress to dream of wood-nymphs, fairies sailing on water-lily leaves, music so sweet that I ceased to breathe, and vanishing away in the blue mist hanging over the lake, came to consciousness floating on a cloud, Carolin keeping time to the winds sighing through the pines.

I was awakened by my host saying, "Git up, stranger, if you are going wid me." My breakfast that morning was bear-steak, potatoes and coffee. Aunt Pankey's dinners of venison, fish and other game, with turtle soup and pumpkin pies, was a *menu* to tempt an epicure.

My early morning bath in the lake, for this lake was both bath-tub and mirror for these denizens of the forest, proved both refreshing and health-giving. The fishing and hunting were fine, and as I lingered into the summer I had some experience with storms on the lake, this miniature ocean at times lashing itself into fury. The thunder and lightning in the wild woods proved, also, a novel experience.

I like to call to mind the evenings spent with Uncle Pross and the strange superstitions and legends I learned from the natives.

The moss myth I recall and will relate it here. The legend was that long years ago, before the Indians inhabited this country, there lived by the side of this lake a mighty giant

named Gilbo. He owned large possessions, and was a man of power and influence. He had two beautiful daughters, whose beauty was known afar. There were many suitors paying court to these fair maidens, but the haughty father thought none worthy of his heart's treasures. The maidens, however, could not see them through the eyes of their father, and decided to flee with their lovers to the Land of Flowers. Gilbo arose one fair morning to find that his daughters had left him. When he realized that his golden-haired Lillalona and Readina, with the midnight tresses, would no longer grace his home and cheer his heart, he began to pine, and then, growing wild with grief, tore his long gray whiskers and threw them over the branches of the trees. The trees have continued to wear this badge of mourning for the great Gilbo's grief.

At some other time I will be glad to tell of some of the superstitions and innocent amusements of these simple-minded but interesting and hospitable people.

ROYALL.

A GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.

"I tell you, Hans, there is no doubt in my mind that the centre of the earth is a solid mass of gold. If it is not, where did this gold come from that we see all around us?"

"You may be right, you may be right. I admit that the signs of gold in these volcanic ashes seem to be very strong proof of your theory."

This conversation was carried on by two men as they stood on the edge of the crater of a volcano on the desert island of Jujuguambo which lifted itself, a mere speck, out of the great waste of water off the eastern coast of Africa.

The first speaker was Professor Asgon Weiss, an eminent German scientist, who had devoted his whole life to researches

into the interior condition of the earth's crust. His snow-white hair and furrowed brow gave evidence of years of toil and patient study, but his eyes still sparkled with the light of enthusiasm.

His companion, Hans Dasmar was a young man scarcely yet in the prime of life, but his name was already known and respected in the world of science.

"Look, Hans, look, here is a nugget of pure gold," cried Weiss exultantly. "I knew I was right, and here are the proofs. When the earth was first forming, and was still a liquid molten mass, the gold, being the heaviest substance, sank to the center and remained there."

As he spoke he drew nearer to the crater, and stood gazing down into its dark depths with an eager look. Hans advanced to his side and looked down into the black abyss.

"If I could only see what is at the bottom of this chasm," said Weiss, bending over the mouth of the volcano, "I would ———."

Just then the mass of rock on which they were standing began to move. They both made a wild leap backward, grasping at each other as they made this attempt for safety, but it was too late. The next instant they were plunged headlong into the crater.

Down, down, down, into the unknown depths. Faster and faster became their headlong fall. Each moment the interior heat of the earth became more intense. They were blinded and almost suffocated by the sulphurous vapors through which they were falling. The awful heat singed and scorched their hair and clothes. Their hands and faces were blistered; they were being roasted alive.

In a few seconds, though to them it seemed hours, they passed through this region of intense heat and entered a region of intense cold. The blood seemed to be freezing in their veins; their teeth chattered together as though they had the ague. A few seconds before they were burning to death, now

they were freezing to death. But in a few seconds they had passed through the awful cold, and the temperature became as mild and balmy as that of a morning in May.

Soon they became conscious that their flight was being checked. The motion grew slower and slower, till at last it ceased altogether, and without any shock at all they fell to the floor of a vast cavern. They had reached the center of the earth.

For several moments they lay motionless where they had fallen, overcome by the frightful experience through which they had passed. Thoughts of the distant happy home he should see no more flashed through the mind of each, almost maddening him. But finally curiosity overcame all other feelings and they both staggered to their feet and looked around. A clear white light, bright as the noonday sun, shone all around them. On every side, far as the eye could see, stretched the vast cavern, reflecting from its glittering walls the soft light in many dazzlings rays. The floor of the cavern was rent in all directions by deep fissures, while the roof overhead showed similar clefts. Through one of these fissures they had dropped into this novel chamber.

In spite of the awful situation in which he was placed, Weiss fell on his knees and eagerly began to examine the floor of the cavern.

"I knew it, I knew it," he cried joyfully, "it is gold, nothing but gold."

Dasmar was almost as much excited as Weiss, and when he fully realized that they were surrounded on every side by an unmeasurable quantity of gold, he exclaimed joyfully:

"Why, Asgon, we shall be the richest men in the whole world." Then as he remembered his awful situation, he continued bitterly: "But what good will all this gold do us? We must perish here in the depths of the earth."

Weiss made no reply, but continued his examinations, now and then exclaiming:

"I wish Pijmorrdjolff could see this. He would know then whose theory was right."

Pijmorrdjolff was the great geologist who had scouted at the theory which Weiss advocated.

As they went on they came to a place where the walls of the cavern approached each other and almost met, leaving only a narrow pass or door-way between them. Beyond this doorway the walls again receded, making a larger, loftier chamber than the first. Just as they were entering this second chamber, Dasmar suddenly exclaimed—

"Look yonder, what is that?"

They saw coming toward them a strange creature, the like of which they had never seen. Its head and face were like those of man. Fierce, rolling eyes glared at them from beneath shaggy eyebrows. Its neck was the crested neck of a lion. Its body was like that of a fish, and was covered with glistening scales. Its legs and feet were like those of a bird.

As this strange animal drew nearer Weiss exclaimed,

"Hurrah! we have found the missing link between man and the lower animals. The missing link that has been sought for so long."

The creature continued to come nearer till it was within a few paces of where they stood; then lifting its great, shaggy head, addressed them in words which they readily understood.

"What kind of beings are you, and where did you come from?"

They were rooted dumb to the spot with amazement at the sound of these words coming from such a creature. Could it be that the greatest thinkers of the ages were at fault regarding the development of the human language? Did man still speak the language of his archaic ancestors? They could scarcely trust the evidence of their own ears.

"Who are you, and where did you come from?" again demanded the strange being.

By a mighty effort Weiss collected himself enough to stammer out in reply, "We came from the surface of the earth."

"How did you get here?" then demanded the monster.

"We fell into the mouth of a volcano, and could not help but follow its path," answered Weiss, shaking with fright.

By this time others of the strange creatures had surrounded the luckless adventurers, who were almost speechless with fright at the fierce looks that were cast on them by the monsters.

"You must go back to the place you came from," again spoke the strange being.

"How can we go back?" said Weiss. "We should be only too glad to get back to the surface of the earth again, but how can we get there?"

"Ho, ho, ho," chuckled the monster, "we can send you back if you can't get back by yourselves. Blumsoirneux will see that you go back."

He made a motion to the creatures around him, who at once surrounded Weiss and Dasmar and led them away.

They passed through a doorway in the wall of the cavern, and along a narrow passway, which led downward, till at length they came to the place where Blumsoirneux was. This was a low-roofed chamber, dark and gloomy, and reeking with foul vapors. In the centre of the cavern, and underneath a wide rent in the roof, was a deep, wide-mouthed pit, in which a mass of molten matter was seething and boiling. Near the edge of the pit lay Blumsoirneux.

When Weiss and Dasmar beheld this dreadful monster their limbs were paralyzed with fear, and there was cause for fright. The huge head was that of a hyena, with eyeballs a foot or more across. Borne aloft on this head were the branching antlers of the deer, while the tusks of the elephant grew from the horny chin. The huge body, larger than the largest of trees, was that of a serpent. The feet of this terrible monster were short and lizard-like, armed with long talons like the eagle.

"Blumsoirneux, we come to you for help," said one of the creatures that had led Weiss and Dasmar to the place. "These

creatures must be sent away;" while, like an echo, all the others repeated, "must be sent away."

The dreadful monster made no answer, but, fixing his awful eyes on the two terrified human beings, with one whirl of his huge tail he stirred up the seething caldron to the lowest depths.

"In with them! In with them!" cried the creatures, and, with a mighty push, they thrust Weiss and Dasmar into the raging pit.

Another whirl of the huge tail, a roar like that of ten thousand times ten thousand cannon, and Weiss and Dasmar, inveloped in a mass of seething, boiling fluid, were shot upward through the large fissure in the roof. Up, up, they went, through the places of awful cold, through the places of scorching heat, till, at last, with a terrible roar, they were cast out of the mouth of the same volcano into which they had fallen.

When Weiss and Dasmar related their wonderful experiences, they were not believed. Some said that they were crazy, and ought, by all means, to be shut up in an asylum for lunatics. Others said that they had been on an opium debauch and had dreamed these things.

Whether or not they did go to the centre of the earth; whether or not there were great masses of gold there; whether or not they saw Blumsoirneux and the "missing link," reader, you must decide for yourself.

CHAS. M. STALEY.

MILKSICK.

There is a very peculiar substance indigenous to the mountains of Western North Carolina, known among the mountaineers as "milksick," or, as some call it, "milksickness." It is seldom heard of beyond the confines of the mountain

home. Among our eastern people it creates the greatest curiosity, and to many the name is ludicrous. What I shall say about it must necessarily be in a vague way, for it is a substance about which but little is known beyond its characteristic effect, even by those who have its effects to contend with. It is even a greater mystery than Banquo's Ghost, for it has never so much as been seen in the distance. Many have been the conjectures as to its identity, and for several years there has been a great deal of investigation on the part of the mountain people, most intimately concerned, as to its nature, appearance and *definite* locality, for its *general* locality has often been determined.

It is said that an old negro thought he had discovered the milksick, many years ago, when he struck the vein of what is now the celebrated White Sulphur Spring, of Waynesville, N. C. Quite unexpectedly to the old man, the water, having a peculiar odor, came gushing forth in a very bold flow, for the vein is a copious one. The old negro, hastening to find his master, told him he had found the milksick. But, so far from being the poisonous, life-destroying substance, it was really the life-giving fountain that was destined to make Waynesville one of the most popular summer resorts of the State.

One man thought he had made the longed-for discovery a few years ago in a kind of soliferous substance, a whitish mineral to which the cattle resort as to a salt-lick. They sent some of this to some Northern specialists for analysis and found it contained a deadly poison. But this has never been accepted as the milksick.

Some think it rises from the earth in the form of vapor, during the night, and settles on the plants as dew, and is thus eaten by the cattle. They say the cattle are never poisoned by it after the dew is off, hence the plausibility of this belief. It is found mostly in deep, dark caves of the mountains, where the shade retards the light and heat of the sun, and so, of course, it may be gotten even late in the forenoon.

When it is found to exist in any mountain used as a pasture, of course the cattle are at once removed. After the land is once cultivated there is said to be no more danger of its being infested with milksick.

We suppose its name is derived from the fact that it reaches the human system through the medium of milk and butter. The milch cow suffers but little from its effects, as it passes off in the milk and the consumer suffers the penalty; but dry cattle are badly affected by it, frequently dying from its effects. The malady, once in the system of man or beast, is hard to eradicate, and often the symptoms are seen to return with each successive summer. One seldom fully recovers from a severe attack of it, but in the heat of summer is easily exhausted and of a very sensitive, nervous temperament. In some respects the symptoms are strikingly similar to those of fever, and it is often mistaken for fever, even by very fine physicians. This makes it the more dangerous because of the fact that the treatment of the two diseases is so different. In fact the fever treatment is diametrically opposite to that for milksick; hence, it is quite essential that the disease be understood at an early stage to save the patient the penalty of adverse treatment. While it is generally said you must "starve a fever" it is said to be highly essential that the milksick patient be well fed. One of the first remedies is plenty of wholesome food.

Those best acquainted with it say there is a peculiar odor by which they can immediately recognize its identity as they come into the presence of one affected by it. This, then, is a strong index in determining between fever and milksick.

There are a few specialists as milksick doctors, who invariably cure if they are called in time, no other physician having treated for fever. Among these there is one in Haywood county who never lost a case, and one in Macon county.

There are some very fine physicians, however, who persistently declare that there is no such disease; yet it seems quite

evident that these peculiar effects are due to this substance, and varied experiments have proved the fact that the disease is quite different from fever, and if treated as fever will prove fatal; hence, these over-confident doctors are dangerous for milk-sick sufferers.

This substance, as found a few times in milk and butter, presents a very unobtrusive appearance. It has the appearance of a very small particle of oil as it floats in the milk or is found imbedded in the butter. So unobtrusive is it, indeed, that it is seldom discovered until it is in the system.

It is to be hoped that its identity may be discovered soon that the proper safeguard may be used against it, relieving many of constant anxiety and dread, and occasionally avoiding the loss of human life. J. R. MOORE.

THE ROMANCE OF HUCKLEBERRY COVE.

It was night. The blinding snow was falling thick and fast in Huckleberry Cove. There were few roofs upon which it might fall, so it took vengeance on the unoffending and defenseless cattle lying scattered in the open field surrounding the one-roomed dwelling of Jim McCarson.

I was on my way to Cripple Creek, carrying the money with which to meet the weekly pay-roll. Upon leaving Denver I had been instructed to leave no stone unturned to reach Cripple Creek by Saturday night. At Divide, the terminus of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, I received, as I thought, sufficient instruction as to the direction to take. I set out on horseback. At dusk the snow began to fall and of a western snow-storm an eastern man cannot conceive. It is not one of those picturesque, and I may say, poetical snow-storms of the east; but, on the contrary, the snow is so blinding that western people are forced to connect their houses to their barns by means of ropes by which they are enabled to find their way back and forth.

I had ridden, as nearly as I could judge the distance under the circumstances, about ten miles without passing a single house or seeing any signs of life, whatever, except an occasional wolf which would approach within several feet of my horse, utter a low contemptuous howl and retreat, only to repeat this maneuver every few minutes. My faithful beast began to show signs of severe discomfort and fatigue, and although I knew my errand to be urgent, yet, if opportunity presented itself for me to stop for the night, I should gladly take advantage of it. Jogging along at a slow pace and thinking of the long ride before me, I was just beginning to give up the idea of having a comfortable bed for the night—and that, indeed, is a great comfort, especially upon such a night as that was. I began to think how hard my lot was—to be thus subjected to the keen winds of the Rocky Mountains at such a late hour. I consoled myself in thinking that I should not have been sent upon such an errand but for the recent strikes, which rendered it unsafe to send money except by checks borne by private messengers. The trains had been previously stopped and held-up by the enraged miners. Telegraphic communication had been cut off and, as telephone wires had been cut also, this modern Sodom was deprived from communicating with the outside world. The governor had ordered the State Guard to the scene of action and excitement ran at fever heat.

While pondering over the probable outcome of this disturbance, I happened to glance ahead of me and a short distance away, I saw a twinkling *light*. As I had gone so far without passing a house, my first impression was that it must be a lantern attached to an emigrant wagon—commonly termed a "Prairie Schooner"—so common in the far West. Could it be a glimmering electric light in the mining camp? Upon nearer approach I could see the indistinct outlines of a house. I rode up to the house, dismounted and walking up to the door, rapped sharply. Quickly the response came from within: "Come in." Lifting the latch, I walked in.

Seated around a cheerful fire sat the family,—an old man, apparently forty-five years of age; a buxom young girl of sixteen summers, and her mother, apparently thirty or forty. On one end of the large hearthstone lounged a small black dog, seemingly content. Suspended on poles connected to the rafters could be seen pods of red-pepper and many kinds of "yearbs" collected from the mountain side.

"Well, stranger," spoke the old man without rising from his seat, "how come you in these diggins?"

"Pardon me for my seeming intrusion," I replied, "but I am on a very important errand to Cripple Creek, and seeing the light, I stopped to find out, if I could, just how far it is, and if possible to get something to eat. I left Divide at four o'clock this afternoon and haven't seen a living being since."

"Gosh all hemlock!" replied the mountaineer in his rough, yet good-natured way; "you have come nigh onter twenty mile outen your way. You sartinly left the right road at Henderson Fork, 'bout ten mile back."

Turning to his wife he said, "Sarah, you an' Babe fix the stranger somethin' ter eat, as I expect he's sorter hongry a-ridin' so fur sich er night as this."

"Can you take care of me and my horse for the night friend?" said I to my host.

"I reckin' so, said the old man; "you just be comfortable an' I'll see arter your hoss."

Having disrobed of my heavy overcoat and gloves, I settled myself cosily in a huge "split-bottom" chair. I placed my cold, damp feet before the blazing hickory fire. These I must move every few minutes in order to allow my hostess to "see arter the hoe-cake," as she expressed it, which was baking slowly in the old-fashioned oven on the hearth. Soon she and Babe had prepared for me a supper which would not perhaps have been tempting to a patron of Delmonico's, but which nevertheless was to me.

Not to break bread with the people who inhabit the moun-

tainous sections of our country, is an insult. So, having done justice to this frugal repast and having enjoined my kind host to enjoy a cigar with me, which, however he refused for the sake of his pipe, we soon began to talk of the recent troubles and future prospects of Cripple Creek.

Babe sat quietly in the chimney-corner, occasionally glancing furtively at the stranger. After talking for a while the mountaineer, surmising that I was growing sleepy, carried me into an upper room which bore a very chilly aspect and which was reached by a ladder from the room below. As they kept a good fire burning until a late hour in the room below the temperature of the attic room was a great deal more pleasant than I had anticipated.

Having used all the hospitality which Providence grants to that class of people, my host assured me of his wish for a good night's repose. I thanked him and having made the necessary preparation, fell into a deep slumber.

* * * * * * * *

Suddenly I awoke. How long it had been since I retired, I knew not. Slowly a white figure advanced to the foot of my bed and motioned me to be still. By the dim light of the fire in the room below I recognized the figure to be that of Babe.

"Stranger," said she, "you hain't got no time ter lose. Daddy and another man is gwine ter kill yer, 'cause he thinks you's spyin' on the strikers. I wouldn't 'a-tole yer, but when I fust seen yer I took a-likin' ter yer an I bleeve yer is a gentleman. They air gwine ter clim' up ter the window, so they said, so as not ter wake ma, an' kill yer an' hide yer body. Pa's gone arter the other man. Hurry up an' get off, an' may God bless yer."

As soon as I had hastily dressed and thrown on my overcoat, she showed me the way to the barn. Fortunately, the saddle had not been taken off; so putting on the bridle I set out in the direction I had come. I rode on as rapidly as

possible and after riding an hour or more, the gray streaks of coming dawn in the east seemed to assure me of safety. Just at daybreak I found myself at the "fork" at which I had previously come so near making a fatal mistake. Again on the right road my horse and I both took new courage. I arrived at Cripple Creek Sunday morning about ten o'clock. On the side of every hill in sight were thousands of holes varying in depths—prospecter's "claims." I arrived at the office of the Mollie Gibson Mining Company, delivered my trust and went over to the Antlers Hotel to seek the repose of which I had been deprived the night before.

* * * * * * * *

Some months had passed. Winter and summer had been superseded by spring and flowers. Wood violets began to spring up from under the dead leaves and the pink and white arbutus carpeted the mountain side in great patches. So struck was I with the comparison—Babe and the rest of the beautiful flowers (for she was pretty)—excluded from civilization.

* * * * * * * *

Living so far away, exiled from society she could be nothing more than uncultivated and simple. I afterward learned that she married her father's companion—the one who had so ignominiously plotted my destruction. It is unnecessary to say, that I have never returned to Huckleberry Cove.

W. HICKMAN CARTER, '96.

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PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S recent views on "sound money" have at last pulled the scales from the eyes of those who were in doubt as to his position. With these declarations has vanished the last ray of hope from the hearts of those who, if they did not trust implicitly in the President's views, stoutly maintained that he had honesty of purpose and was actuated only by the desire to do what he could for the welfare and the advancement of the nation. That he has been bold and courageous no one will pretend to deny; that he has been obstinate, is equally evident. Weighing carefully all his official acts, one can truthfully say that he has never been a friend to the great army of working people. There is nothing more for him to get; no *coup d' etat* will ever give him another nomination against the better judgment of the nation. He can now tell the people of the Union that the money of the Constitution is not what we need. It is said that all the members of the cabinet will take the stump this summer in favor of gold and in the interest of the bankers and syndicates who have so long ruled the affairs of government.

PREJUDICE, ignorance, superstition, a reverence for moss-grown beliefs and creeds play a large part in the formation of our beliefs. Because we do not desire a thing to be so, because we do not like some one who does believe it, we try to argue ourselves to the point of discrediting it. Especially is this the case with science and the Higher Criticism. Every day there goes up a wail from some one that science will overthrow the Bible; that the Higher Criticism is sowing the seeds of infidelity. The Bible is safe, nothing can uproot its firm foundation. All the scientists, all the disciples of the Higher Criticism cannot harm the principles and teachings of the lowly Nazarene.

Science is working to get at the truth. As far as the Bible is concerned, science has aided much in proving the truth of Biblical assertions. It has explained satisfactorily many things otherwise inexplicable. Modern explorers have found the ancient treasure cities of Rameses and Pithon, the walls of which, when examined, were found to be made of two kinds of brick, those with straw and those without straw, thus proving the Biblical account true. The tablets and cuneiform inscriptions unearthed in the ruins of Ninevah and Babylon tell the same story.

Now, as to the theories of scientists, we ought to remember that they are simply theories and treat them accordingly. "Natural selection," "the survival of the fittest," "pangenesis," "panmixia" are curious and interesting; but they do not affect our religious belief no more than does the atomic theory. The chemist explains certain reactions by means of the atomic theory; the physicist has his molecules, and it seems that the scientist has equally as much right to his *idants*, *ids* and *biophors* in the explanation of heredity.

Whatever the vagaries proposed, we all must admit that scientists, critics and all are working for the discovery and the perpetuation of the truth, and each advance made puts man on a higher intellectual plain and brings him nearer to the likeness of Him by whose agency he was created.

THE 20th of May, 1895, will long be remembered in the history of North Carolina. The tremendous throng which gathered at Raleigh shows that the hearts of our citizens still beat with the tenderest love and the warmest admiration for the men who wore the gray and who gave their lives for the defence of blood-bought privileges, sacred rights, and constitutional liberty. From that meeting to do honor to our heroes, much good will result. It will teach a lesson of love of right, of devotion to liberty unparalleled in any other nation's annals. It has aroused a spirit of State pride that will tell on the generations to come. It was not idle curiosity which brought those thousands together, but a deep-seated and lasting patriotism. Who could look at the battle-scarred veterans, old, gray, many of them decrepit, infirm and almost ready to join their comrades in the land beyond, yet as the stirring scenes of the past came vividly up and the elbows once more touched, their limbs animated by the strength of youth, their eyes lighted by the fire of bravery, who could look upon them and not feel that the cause in which they fought was a just and righteous one?

North Carolina does right to honor her soldiers. They are worthy of honor. No State has a more glorious record and no State should surpass her in tributes of loving remembrance. Let her perpetuate the fame of her noble heroes. Let the incomparable speech of Col. Waddell be remembered and cherished till every youth throughout the whole State has mastered it in every detail and made its facts of history his own. The foundation of a State history is in that speech, and it behooves every one who loves the old State to learn the truth so as to be able to brand as falsehoods the partizan histories, to confute the statements of our defamers, and to hurl back the loads of calumny they have so long and infamously heaped upon the Southern name.

LITERARY NOTES.

J. L. CORNWELL, Editor.

A NEW novel, by Mr. Frank R. Stockton, will be published immediately by Charles Scribner's Sons, entitled "The Adventures of Captain Horn."

"A LOST ENDEAVOR," a story of the Pacific, by Guy Borthby, is the next of the "Iris Series," to be published by MacMillan & Co. It will be followed by Miss Jane Barlow's "Maureen's Fairing."

THE VOLUMES of Baron de Meneval's "Memoirs of Napoleon," which have been read with so much interest, are to be followed by a volume of his correspondence, which promises to be of equal interest and value.

DR. BRECKENRIDGE'S monograph, "The Canadian Banking System," is the first attempt at an exhaustive and systematic treatment of a subject which is now engaging the attention of financiers in this country to an unprecedented extent.

THE YALE NEWS announced recently that the Council of the Archæological Institute would act during the week on the establishment of an American Classical School at Rome, affiiliated with that at Athens, and that it may be opened next fall.

THE LEGISLATURE of New Hampshire has just passed, and the Governor has just signed, a bill which marks an epoch in the history of public libraries. The bill requires that every town shall raise a certain amount annually and apply it for that purpose.

CITY AND STATE is the name of the new paper to be established in Philadelphia and published weekly in the interest of good government. To say that it will be under the entire control of Mr. Herbert Welsh is to bespeak for it the sympathy and support of the better classes of citizens.

WE ARE reminded of the Hartford boy, who boasted that Dickens had talked with him. For some days he was the envy of all the other boys. Then, on cross-examination, he confessed that he had climbed upon the balcony of Dickens' room at the hotel, and that the novelist had said to him, "Get down, boy!"

"ANCIENT AND Historic Landmarks in the Lebanon Valley," by the Rev. P. C. Croll, is a delightful review of the German and Moravian Reformed Memorials in that most delightful of all valleys, Lebanon Valley, Pennsylvania. Mr. Croll is an inspiring guide, filled with the two prime requisites for such a task, local knowledge and enthusiasm.

"GLIMPSES OF UNFAMILIAR JAPAN" has made its author known as a keen observer and shrewd interpreter of the Japanese life of to-day. His new volume "Out of the East," Reveries and Studies in New Japan, is largely devoted to philosophic comment on the civilization and social destiny of the island people, who are now taking so prominent a place in the affairs of the Orient.

DR. DANIEL DORCHESTER has given to the public a new and more easily handled edition on "The Problem of Religious Progress." He takes a world-wide view of Christianity, discusses every phase of encouragement and discouragement, and condenses what might be tiresome chapters of discussion in single pages of colored diagrams, which show to the eye the conclusions of years of close study and hard thinking.

THE SCRIBNERS have published "My Early Travels in America and Asia," by Henry M. Stanley, in two volumes, the first of which relates the story of his experiences during the two Indian campaigns of 1867, while the second is concerned with the early history of the Suez Canal, the exploration of Palestine, Persia and the regions of the Caucasus, and contains considerable matter bearing on the recent atrocities in Armenia.

THE MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS publish an interesting biographic sketch of Prince Bismark, by Charles Lowe, author of "Alexander III. of Russia." The work is a condensation of the author's larger work in two volumes. It is written in an attractive style, contains much fresh matter, which has come to light since the author's larger publication, ten years ago, and supplies the need of a short, good and reliable popular life of the great German statesman.

MR. ALLEN RIPLEY FOOTE'S treatise, "A Sound Currency and Banking System; How it May be Secured," is mainly devoted to an exposition of the shortcomings of our present currency system, and the amplification of the author's proposed plan for the establishment of a new banking system for the whole country. He advocates the immediate adoption by Congress of various measures for relief, notably issues of temporary loan certificates and interest-bearing treasury notes, and the organization of a monetary commission.

MR. BRYCE'S "American Commonwealth" has received a thorough revision at the hands of the author; who has, moreover, added four new chapters to the second volume. The first is entitled "The Tammany Ring in New York City." In the second chapter, "The Home of the Nation," the resources and physical conditions, with their influence on the population, is discussed. The next two chapters are entitled "The South Since the War," and "The Present and Future of the Negro." The conclusions which Mr. Bryce reaches are that "the Negro will stay in North America;" that "he will stay, locally mixed with the white population;" and that "he will stay socially distinct, as an alien element, unabsorbed and unabsorbable."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

J. HOMER GORE, Jr., Editor pro tem.

—W. P. Oldham ('55–'58) is in the milling business at Wilmington, N. C. He is a congenial gentleman and a staunch partisan.

—Andrew Lennon ('68–'69) has given up dentistry and gone to breeding rabbits near Whiteville, N. C.

—G. M. Freeman ('69–'71) is a prominent physician in Salt Lake City, Utah.

—G. D. B. Pritchard ('69–'71) is a member of the firm of Hughes & Pritchard, of Elizabeth City, N. C.

—C. G. Morgan ('76–'77) is travelling salesman for Oberndorfer & Co., Wholsale Grocers, of Norfolk, Va.

—There were a good many old students in Raleigh at the unveiling of the monument, among them W. G. Ferebee ('80) of Belcross, N. C. Mr. Ferebee is engaged in a large lumber business in his native county, Camden.

—E. B. Ferebee ('78–'80) is a prominent physician of Norfolk, Va.

—J. W. Norwood ('81–'84) is president of the Atlantic National Bank, of Wilmington, N. C. He is an energetic and enterprising business man.

—A. C. Livermore ('82–'86) is a dentist at Scotland Neck, N. C. He is a good dentist.

—S. W. Gregory ('83–'86) is a successful dentist, of Camden county, N. C.

—J. F. Love ('84–'86), pastor at Suffolk, Va., is now preparing for the press a volume of sermons. It will contain two sermons, preached at Washington, and one sermon from a representative preacher in each State in the Convention.

—('84). W. H. S. Kornegay is a prominent lawyer of Vinita, Indian Territory.

—A. L. Aydlett ('84–'86) is the junior member of the firm of Robinson & Co., Wholesale Grocers, of Elizabeth City, N. C. Mr. Aydlett has been dealing in real estate.

—W. J. Sholar ('84–'87), of Greenpoint, N. Y., has been called as an assistant to Dr. Hampstone at Emanuel Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—'87. L. A. Pruett is pastor of Trade Street Church, of Charlotte, N. C. He is an excellent man and has a good deal of energy.

—Troy High School of which A. P. Harris ('88–'92) is principal, closes a very successful session May 30.

—'90 J. G. Gregory is engaged as bookkeeper for Robinson & Co., Elizabeth City, N. C.

—C. S. Burgess ('90–'92) is now pastor of the Second Church, Newbern, N. C. We wish him success in his new field.

—'92. H. T. Aydlett was graduated at the University of Virginia last year, taking the full course in medicine. He is practicing at South Mills, Camden co.

—'93. S. J. Porter has received a call to Newbern and will begin work soon.

—'93. C. P. Sapp is principal of Mars Hill College. This school has just closed a very successful session.

—'93. M. O. Carpenter, who has been teaching at Reynoldson, N. C., married on 23d May, Miss Waff, of Reynoldson. We wish him prosperity and much happiness.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

S. R. BUXTON Editor.

THE *Harvard Advocate* for April, besides many other interesting sketches, contains the best dialect story of the month. Its title is "The Unusual Adventures of Donovan," and is written by C. A. Pierce.

THE best prose article that appears in the *Inlander* for April is the Development of the Character of Marcella. The verse, while hardly as good as usual, is better than that found in the average college magazine.

THE oldest established newspaper in the world is published at Pekin, China. It has been in existence for 1,000 years, and during that time 1,900 of its editors have been beheaded, an average of nearly two a year.—*Ex.*

THE *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly*, published by the Societies of the Southwestern University, Texas, is always a wecome visitor. The March number contains several articles worthy of careful reading. The editorials are bright and spicy.

THE *St. John's Collegian* for April, while up to its usual standard, could, it seems to us, have been made more attractive by a different arrangement of its reading matter. As it is, the editorials, contributions and the various departments form one confused mass. This number contains something new in the way of a play, of which we will not attempt any review.

OF the many exchanges which we receive from month to month the *Nassau Lit.* undoubtedly maintains the greatest uniformity of excellence. Besides being the best, it is also our largest exchange. The literary department of the April number contains sixty-one pages. With the next number a new board of editors takes charge.

THE TRUTH-SEEKERS.

They who sought truth since dawn
And sought in vain,
Now, at the close of day,
Come with slow step and faces drawn
With nameless pain,
To meet the night half way.

"She whom we love is not!
Of her no sight
Had we, nor faintest trace!"
"Nay, here am I ye sought!"—
Beyond the night
They met her, face to face.

—*Francis Charles McDonald, in Nassau Lit.*

REMEMBERED.

In the swift advance of the whirling dance
We lingered a moment there;
You raised your eyes with a glad surprise,
There were violets in your hair.
An instant and yet our spirits met
Ere the viols that bade depart,
For my soul looked down through those depths of brown
To the mystery of your heart.

And were there a thought I might hold unbought,
One moment my lips might claim,
To cheat the gloom of the sullen tomb
With a chariot-flight of flame,
It should be that night with its last delight
Of wishes we did but dare,
With the sweet surmise in your great dark eyes
And the violets in your hair.

—*John H. Hall, in Univ. of Virginia Magazine.*

SPRING COMERS.

Out of the South they grew,
Out of the hills and the haze,
Burgeoning bits of the blue
Trained o'er a trellis of days.

Downy these buds of the air,
Dreamy and drooping their poise,
Lily cups glistening fair
Roses of Heaven's alloys.

When in the west is the sun
Brightly their leaves will unfold,
Clouds are they, sky blossoms spun
Of sapphire, emerald, gold.

—*Harold M. Bowman, in Inlander.*

AN APRIL MOOD.

How sweetly-dreaming smiles the April Sun
This spring-time morn! How from the balmy Night
And her moist kiss, he half-reluctant creeps
And, hazy-eyed, beholds the streams that run
Like glittering tears, that trickle cold and bright
Adown Earth's wrinkled face, as thus she weeps.

But now he feels her cold and loneliness
And spurns the dark Enchantress of the Night
For whom he sinned. Again with tender hands
His love has changed that soiled and tattered dress
Of lingering snows for robes of colors bright
And wreathed her head with smiles of summer lands.

The old, old story! How a breath of love,
If it be warm and soft, though fleeting, too,
Must melt the soul and make the tears to flow.
Who then hath heart to chide the ways of Love
Who smiles o'er broken vows we swear anew,
Remembering they were made on earth below?

—*Wilbur M. Urban, in Nassau Lit.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. HICKMAN CARTER, Editor pro tem.

COOL WEATHER!

EXAMINATIONS!

MISS BETTIE ALLEN, of Warrenton, is visiting on the Hill.

MISS IDA M. POTEAT is on the Hill, visiting her brother, Prof. Poteat.

DIED, April 30, Edward Powell, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Royall.

THE Tom Dixon Senior Oratorical Medal was awarded to Mr. J. H. Kerr.

MRS. FOOTE, who has been ill for some time, is, we are glad to learn, much better.

EVERY ONE is looking forward to a good time Commencement. A larger crowd is expected then than even last year.

THE MEDAL given by the Philomathesian Society for best original oration by a member of the Junior Class was awarded to Mr. T. B. Hill.

THE Silk Pennant given by the ladies of the Hill to the successful class team in a series of base-ball games was won by the class of '96.

WE ARE indebted to the management for a series of minstrel entertainments, the last of which was pronounced by many the best of all.

QUITE a number of students and Hill people attended the unveiling of the monument to the Confederate dead in Raleigh on the 20th inst.

WHILE listening to a sermon some time since we caught the expression "a signal blessing." Our first thought was of a railroad switch-lamp.

ON MAY 15 a little visitor appeared at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Chas. E. Brewer. It is expected that he will make this his headquarters for a while.

CHAS. E. TAYLOR, JR., one of the members of our last year's Base Ball Team, has just returned from Mars Hill, where he has been playing for some weeks.

THE ANNUAL improvement medals of the Societies were awarded to Mr. A. F. Sams and Mr. W. Johnson, of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Societies, respectively.

WE ARE glad to note that the old stereotyped form of the senior class photograph has been deviated from. Mr. Faber, the artist from Norfolk, did a great deal of work here.

ON SATURDAY, May 4, the young ladies of Peace Institute paid us a short visit. Their stay here was mainly devoted to looking over the College buildings and social gathering in the Society halls.

ONE OF our professional base ball pitchers "will," at an early date, lecture on "Good Roads and the Art of Walking," as he is skilled in the latter, having walked from Raleigh to the suburbs of Forestville in three hours.

A MEASURE is on foot to have a Junior banquet during Commencement week. There is here, as well as everywhere, a corresponding tendency to discourage any enterprise whatever. Never give up the ship. "Hoop 'em up, Mike."

THE COMMENCEMENT invitations have a new feature this year—a card containing the autographs of the Senior Class, steel engraved. There has been a rushing demand for them this year, as a Northern firm has contracted for a large number of such rare and unprecedented autographs.

ON APRIL 25 Mr. O. K. Holding was married to Miss Hannah R. Lanneau, both of Wake Forest, Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, assisted by Prof. W. B. Royall, officiating. The ceremony was very pretty, and the Wingate Memorial Hall beautifully decorated with flowers. Who'll be the next?

ASTONISHING are the reports that come from our student delegates while in attendance to the Southern Baptist Convention in Washington, D. C. From a reporter of the *Biblical Recorder* we learn that two of our students, after a night of Bacchanalian revelry (?), were married on the summit of the Washington monument.

THE REPRESENTATIVES of the two Societies for the next anniversary have been chosen, as follows: Euzelian—Orator, J. Jasper Howell; Secretary of Debate, H. H. McLendon; First Debater, Willis G. Briggs; Second Debater, R. N. Simms. Philomathesian—President of Debate, S. Dowell; Orator, I. S. Boyles; First Debater, G. N. Bray; Second Debater, J. Griffin.

A NUMBER of the students have been arrested for violation of city ordinance No. 20, in regard to getting on S. A. L. trains. It seems that a new kind of combine has been effected, as several of our most verdant Freshmen have been forced to "cough up" the "tin." No allowance will be made for Commencement week, and you must be contented to stand off and talk to your best girl from the car window.

INTENSE interest has been shown by the entire population of our village in witnessing the series of class games between our "Non-Professional" team and those of visiting colleges. Two games were played with Oak Ridge Institute, the first resulting in a score of 9 to 8 in favor of Oak Ridge, after a struggle of eleven innings. The second game reminded us forcibly of "Old Hundred"—the game of our grandfathers—as the playing was very poor on both sides. For *lack* of space we omit the score.

THE class of '95 numbers twenty-one, and in brilliance stands without a peer in the history of the college. Of these Buxton, Haywood and Parham will teach; Boyles, Davis, Devenny, Moore and Newton will preach; Beasley, Kerr and Long will study law; Allen, Early and Royall will enter

business; Daniel will enter a bank (sand bank); Cornwell, Christian and Hoffman will enter journalism; Durham will swing Indian clubs; Rogers and Holding will still continue the use of the auger.

NOTWITHSTANDING the lowering clouds and threatening rain, quite a number listened with great interest to Ex-Governor Bob Taylor in his famous lecture, "The Fiddle and the Bow." This subject, peculiar as it may seem, was derived from a striking incident. A convict sent to him a violin made by his own hands, requesting him to play "Home, Sweet Home," on Christmas day and compare the circumstances of his own happy family circle with those of the convict, whose family was struggling for a living on the lonely mountain side. The lecture was indeed a rare treat.

S. A. L.

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Youngsville,	12.31 "	7.16 "
Franklinton,	12.42 "	7.41 "
Kittrell,	12.57 "	8.11 "
Henderson,	1.32 "	8.40 "
Ar've Portsmouth,	5.50 "	

SOUTHBOUND.

Leave Wake,	2.43 P. M.	8.03 A. M.
Neuse,	2.56 "	8.28 "
Millbrook,	3.03 "	8.47 "
Ar've Raleigh,	3.20 "	9.00 "

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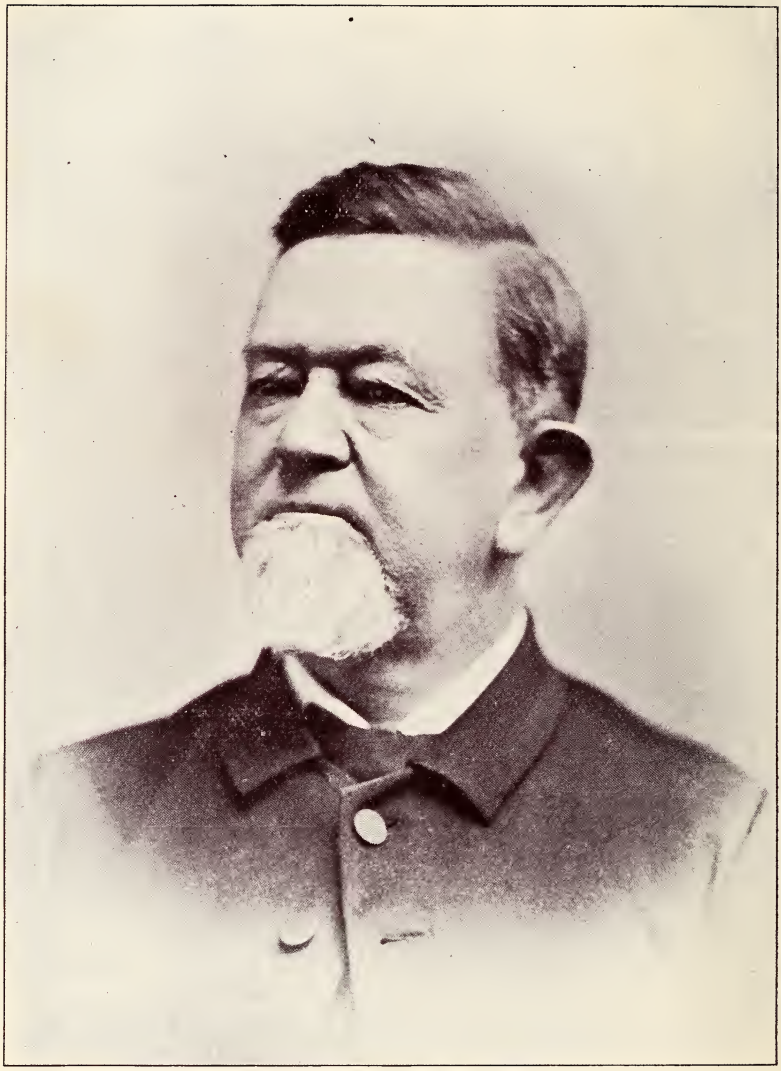

THOMAS HENDERSON PRITCHARD, D. D.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

Vol. XIV. Wake Forest, N. C., June, 1895. No. 9.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THOMAS HENDERSON PRITCHARD, D. D.

Thomas Henderson Pritchard was born in Charlotte, N. C., February 8th, 1832. His father, Joseph Price Pritchard, was a native of Charleston, S. C.; was reared an Episcopalian, became a Baptist from principle, and preached the Gospel for fifty years. He died in Texas in 1890, at the advanced age of 84. His mother, Eliza Hunter Henderson, was the daughter of a family who trace their history to Thomas Henderson, who came from Scotland and landed at Jamestown, Va., in 1607. One of his descendants, Samuel Henderson, of Hanover county, Va., removed in 1742 to Nutbush Creek, Granville county, N. C., and was the progenitor of the North Carolina branch of the Henderson family, being the father of Judge Richard Henderson, and the grandfather of Chief Justice Leonard Henderson, and Baldy Henderson, of Salisbury. Dr. Pritchard was fitted for college at an academy taught in Mocksville, Davie county, by Rev. Baxter Clegg, a Methodist preacher and an excellent teacher. He had been adopted by a wealthy uncle, Dr. William Davie Henderson, and was by him sustained during the early part of his college course, but his uncle took a notion to marry and, having children of his own, told him he must take care of himself. He left college at the end of the Sophomore year and made $500 by teaching in Nash county. The most of this money he loaned out and lost, and the consequence was that when he took his degree he was $600 in debt. He delivered the valedictory of his class

in 1854, though his friends, J. H. Mills, the Founder of Orphanages, and W. T. Faircloth, the present Chief Justice of the State, divided the honors of the class with him. During the last half year of his stay at college he was a tutor in languages and the next year was spent as agent of the college, Dr. W. M. Wingate, the former agent, having been elected president.

He professed faith in Christ in 1849, and was baptized by Dr. W. T. Brooks, when a freshman. He was ordained as pastor over the Hertford church in November, 1855, the eminent scholar, Dr. William Hooper, being one of the presbytery, and preaching the sermon of that occasion. While at Hertford he taught an academy and within three years of his graduation had paid off all his debts. In 1858 he read theology with John A. Broadus, at Charlottesville, Va., and took some tickets in the University of Virginia. He became pastor of the Franklin Square church, Baltimore, January, 1860; was imprisoned during the war for his Southern sympathies, and after a confinement of six weeks was sent through the lines South. He served as a missionary in the great revival of the Army of Northern Virginia in 1863, and when Dr. T. E. Skinner went to Europe, later in the same year, he filled his pulpit for nearly two years. When Dr. Skinner returned Dr. Pritchard became pastor of the First Baptist church of Petersburg, Va., from which place he was re-called to Raleigh in 1868, and here he remained till the fall of 1879, when he was called to the presidency of Wake Forest College. His pastorates in Raleigh, continuing through nearly fourteen years, were the longest and most successful of his life. From Wake Forest he went to the care of the Broadway church, Louisville, Ky., where he remained but fourteen months, the climate being unsuitable to the health of his wife. From Kentucky he came back to North Carolina and became pastor in Wilmington, where he labored for nearly ten years, and thence removed two years ago to Charlotte, his native place.

Dr. Pritchard is fond of writing for the press, and was for three years associate editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, and has been six years a regular contributor to *Charity and Children*, and made considerable reputation by his articles which appeared for several years, once a week, in the *Charlotte Observer*.

He has been a trustee of Wake Forest College and the Theological Seminary at Louisville for twenty-seven years, and he was one of the committee of seven appointed by the Convention in Raleigh, in 1872, to locate the Seminary when it was found necessary to remove it from South Carolina, and he also had the honor to be on the committee that bought the property and located the Seminary in its present beautiful situation. He preached the sermon before the Seminary in 1881, and delivered the introductory sermon before the Convention at its session in Charleston, in 1875. He was made a D. D. by the University at Chapel Hill in 1868, and owed that honor to the reputation gained by preaching a sermon at the funeral of an old colored woman, the cook of Governor Charles Manly. With one or two exceptions, Dr. Pritchard is the oldest member of the Baptist State Convention living, having attended his first session in Oxford in 1849, forty-six years ago. Many of his friends have urged him to write the story of his life, especially his recollections of the men he has known in his long ministry.

In his ripest days we have heard no more fluent and graceful speaker in the pulpit of North Carolina, nor have we seen more pleasant and polished manners in the pulpit than those of Dr. T. H. Pritchard. B. J.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

It is not infrequently the case that a man of science is considered by the world at large a being whose very nature is cold and lifeless, whose feelings are as inflexible as the phe-

nomena he observes, whose mind is bound continually to the laws and hypotheses he advocates. This is only that part of their lives which is visible to the public eye. It is true that upon this part their reputations rest, still it is a lesser part, for at best it is but a reflection of their real lives and natures.

"Our lives are two-fold," is true of all, yet this applies as little to Professor Tyndall as to any man whose life has brought him before the public. Professor Tyndall, as a public character, was admired by all, loved by very many. The explanation is quite simple: his public life was a counterpart of the man as seen at home and among his friends—simple in manner, entirely unaffected, always regardful of others, a perfect gentleman and a cultured one.

The great work of Professor Tyndall as a physicist is known to all, though one cannot but feel that his position in science is peculiar to the man, and, indeed, a step forward from the usual. His success was truly phenomenal, occupying, at the age of thirty-three, the position formerly held by Davy and Faraday. This success is foreshadowed as we see him, a student in a German city, standing in the cool of evening, his eyes fixed upon a statue of Gœthe, gathering inspiration from it, as it were—full of youthful energy and hope, poor in purse yet rich in ambition; his guide, Honor; his goal, Success. The late Professor Tyndall is but the natural outgrowth of this youth.

Apart from Tyndall as a scientist, he has some striking qualities as a man—complexity of thought with simplicity of expression, a sense of generosity seldom to be found, fidelity to friends and kindness to every one. The qualities are brought out most pleasantly in his writings, which relate especially to Science, Biography, Travel, Religion, and in all his writings there is an air of ease which makes one think of the author, not as a far off person, but as a friend. His writings are further characterized by simplicity, conciseness in every part—still not painfully so; entire absence of anything showy,

and a heartiness so genuine, that when he climbs the Alps, you feel as though a companion in the climb; when he is making scientific research, you seem allowed to join in both the work and honor; when he sits upon the Matter horn and muses, "hacked and hurt by time," saddened and over-awed by the magnitude and grandeur of the view, one cannot but join in the sadness and share with him the feeling of nothingness when man's weakness is compared with the immensity of nature. Man's soul cries out, "How came we here and whither are we bound?" The question is addressed to snowy crags, the answer but an echo.

Professor Tyndall possessed the rare ability of adapting himself to all surroundings and circumstances and to an almost perfect degree. If one thinks the writings of a scientist to be stiff, reserved, uninteresting, it is but to be rebuked by the voices of thousands of children who have read so eagerly his excellent articles which have appeared at frequent intervals in the Youth's Companion, and in other publications; articles simple, attractive, yet so full of life and fact that persons of maturer years could ill afford to overlook them. To-day he stands before a group of school children and lectures on the formation of crystals, having as, what he calls, his "teaching apparatus", sugar-candy. In his hands the most difficult problems are easy—really we wonder why we ever considered them hard. The various forms of crystals are explained thoroughly, simply and with as much precision as though he was before the most intelligent audience, and, having finished, he makes their joy complete by emptying his pockets among them and crystal sweetness is speedily devoured—the information, it is to be hoped, is more lasting. To-morrow he stands before that learned society, of which he is an honored member, and with not a whit more of earnestness holds their attention firmly, bound fast by his immense knowledge and power to impart it easily, and if their pleasure be of a different type from that displayed by the schoolboy audience, be assured it is equally as genuine.

In the field of biography and criticism we find him filling jointly the position of friend and just judge. An ardent admirer of Gœthe as a poet, in his review of Gœthe's "Farbenlehre" his judgment is not shaded by his admiration for the author, nor is it affected by the fact that it was in direct antagonism to Newton. He reviews concisely the views of each, states the close relation of Newton's ideas of light and color to our present knowledge; shows conclusively the fatal defects of Gœthe's ideas; deplores the anger and resentment shown by Gœthe, and, as with a feeling of regret that the German master should have left the field of poetry to stumble over the rugged slopes of science, says that he "looked up to Gœthe on that side where his greatness was uncontested and supreme."

Tyndall's sketches of Thomas Young and Count Rumford (Benjamin Thompson) are in condensed form, but valuable for their accuracy. His sketch of Pasteur shows his high appreciation of this scientist, occupying a field of labor so different from his own, and his regard and admiration is evinced throughout. One cannot know the fineness of Tyndall's nature until his "Recollections of Thomas Carlisle" have been read; his account of their trip to Edinburgh, Carlisle having been elected over Disraeli by an overwhelming majority to the Rectorship of the University, is a genuine inspiration. Here we see Tyndall so kind, attentive, sympathetic, and as we realize his deep solicitude, we cannot but recognize the gentleness of a woman's nature. Tyndall himself was to be "Doctored," but self was forgotten in his care for Carlisle, who was now to prove to an unbelieving world that he was worthy of that woman who, in spite of the protests of her friends, had become the wife of Carlisle. So wrapt up in his mission was Tyndall that he was unaware of the multitude, *had forgotten the degrees*, until, as he says, "I found an elbow in my ribs—'Tyndall, they are calling for you.'" When Carlisle's address was a complete success his joy was exceeded

only by that of Mrs. Carlisle, to whom he telegraphed: "A complete success."

The simplicity of Tyndall's nature is shown so beautifully by the life he led in the Alps. Wearied by incessant labor, weighed down by cares, nerves weakened by the city noises, he regularly turned to the Alps and found new life in his châlet—the Lusgry Alp;—he seldom called it that, to him it was "our nest;" notice if you will, not "my nest" but "our" referring to his beloved wife and companion—the person who was a great portion of his life, and, as I say it, with all respect a shadow seems to fall—his death. Let us not dwell on this, there is too much that is bright in his life. If Tyndall was honored in London, he was beloved in Switzerland. Here he was an honored burgher of the commune, prizing the good will of the mountain folk for more than the material advantages accruing from his office of burgher. No wonder these people wished to honor him for, when the neighbor's sheep are caught in the snow on the higher peaks, we find Professor Tyndall, one of the rescuing party, not as an onlooker but as a worker, sharing the same hardships as the others. When the neighboring people are sick, even if it blows a gale outside, we see him facing the storm and ministering to the sick one—with hope of reward? Yes, and no, with no material reward but well repaid by being allowed to do a kindness to a fellow being. Then is it strange that these simple people loved him? Indeed it is not, and to Professor Tyndall this love was dearer than the flattery of the learned.

It would be doing an absolute injustice if mention was not made of the regard in which Tyndall held America. His admiration for Emerson was so intense as to be almost reverence, and his name will be remembered always by the scholarships and fellowships founded by him in several of our universities; in establishing the one in the school of mines he was especially generous. Many American sons prove worthy of his love, and of his confidence in their ability.

To see the real beauty of Tyndall's nature one must resort to his discussions of matters pertaining to religion. It is with a feeling of hesitation that I broach this part of the subject, fearing lest offense be given or injustice be done; still it will be considered plainly and reverently, effort being made to avoid all error. Of one thing we may rest assured: Prof. Tyndall was fearfully misunderstood and misrepresented. As to whether he was right or wrong in his views as a whole, each one must decide for himself. Yet we must all confess, that in some particulars, he was right; and, being mortal, in others wrong; but, believing as he did, the manner in which he defended his belief was powerful; always considerate of the feelings of others, plain, yet gentle. Some think that if other persons do not believe as they, it is a sign of weakness on the part of the other, and quite frequently—yes, nearly always—we are led to believe that any person having a tendency to skepticism, materialism, etc., is surely a person devoid of manly qualities; we rather connect them in our minds with goblins and evil spirits. The absurdity of this is found in the life of Prof. Tyndall. He was pronounced by many as a true materialist. He, himself, never acknowledged this to be the case, and in reality was not what is commonly accepted to be a materialist. Tyndall could not conceive of a *place* called Heaven—could not conceive of one Supreme Being—and, if I may be allowed to ask it, can you? He recognized and obeyed the principles of right, not because the Bible said do so, but because *it was right!* Back of all Nature Tyndall could not but feel the presence of some power. What this power might be he was frank to confess that he did not know, and in a manner that seemed to say, "Neither do you." To him the Bible was not largely a true history of past events, for he was never able to tell what was figurative and what was intended as real. He recognized the good of the Bible, and would have been the last person to suppress it; he also knew that the sciences did not

weaken but strengthen it, but narrowness of mind in regarding it, weak prejudices, were to him contemptible. Tyndall worshipped the Ruling Power as found in various forms of Nature; his God was shown to him in all phenomena. He could not clothe it in an ideal form, and call it God, but he felt the presence of this being. He knew the certainty of scientific investigation, but feels his being say: "By what hand did these things have their beginning, and by whom or how were the various laws conceived and set in motion?" He recalls what Kant has said: "Two things fill me with awe—the starry heavens and the sense of moral responsibility in man." And Tyndall adds: "In his hours of health and strength and sanity, when the stroke of action has ceased, and the pause of reflection has set in, the scientific investigator finds himself overshadowed by the same awe. Breaking contact with the hampering details of earth, it associates him with a Power which gives fullness and tone to his existence, but which he can neither alalyze nor comprehend." Is that materialistic?

Especially in regard to prayer has Tyndall's position been assailed. Briefly stated his views are as follows: This is not an age of miracles; and, not being an age of miracles, if it be not actually wrong to pray for *material* blessings, it certainly is of no avail as regards the obtaining of the blessing asked for; however, it may be a comfort, and certainly is fine training for the person who offers the prayer. As to the expediency of the temporary suspension of natural laws, Tyndall does not turn his attention; one, however, would do well to re-read what Bishop Butler says in regard to this in his Analogy. Let us exemplify Tyndall's belief: A certain contagious disease rages; this disease is the result of certain microscopic organisms, the life history of which depends on laws as immovable as those which guide our solar system. This being the case, when we pray that this disease be removed, we pray for a miracle, and unless we believe in miracles at the present time, the prayer is fool-

ish. Further, few people would believe that the prayers of a nation would make amends for a bad piece of engineering, and so prevent the precipitation of a train weighing 100 tons, when the bridge, according to the laws governing its structure, did not possess the power to sustain ten tons; but these same people will pray for rain and expect it, because the laws regulating rainfall operate in the air, beyond our reach, and within our vision. We have as much right to expect fire not to burn, or water to wet, as to expect rain, unless the atmospheric conditions be proper for rain, and the power capable of changing the least of these laws would be able to create a people—a universe. We do not expect those laws that we *see* at work, and can comprehend, to be suspended; but those that work beyond our reach we expect "some how" to be regulated to suit our wishes. Many other illustrations could be given to illustrate Tyndall's views, but a discriminating mind can obtain an adequate conception from the above.

The position held by Tyndall was violently attacked, and it is the manner in which these attacks were answered that shows best Tyndall's kindness of nature under adverse circumstances. Firm in his belief, and firm in his statements supporting his belief, yet even when heartily denounced not the least sign of resentment showed itself, and his replies were couched in such words as could give offense to no one. In his Belfast address he says: "To courser attacks and denunciations I pay no attention. * * * * * The more agreeable task remains to me of thanking those who have tried, however hopelessly, to keep accusation within the bounds of justice, and who privately, and at some risk in public, have honored me with the expression of their sympathy and approval."

If it be that Tyndall knew not God, 'twas not that Tyndall was impure, or gross of thought and feeling, or that he was lacking in those qualities that men call good; it was because in him was combined a mind of such a breadth, with a nature

of such simplicity, that his whole being revolted at the thought of one Supreme Being. Our conception of God was to him but an idea, an emblem; to him it lacked personality; it was vague, incomprehensible. His shrine was in virtue, purity of thought and action, noble quality of character. He worshipped Nature in all her phases, and if affection can exist between the animate and inanimate, then Tyndall *loved* the Alps, and if our ears but had the fineness of quality to hear it, who knows but from out the roar of the downward rush of Alpine ice and snow we would catch a plaintive melody, a requiem to that departed one who so many times has scaled those dangerous heights, the summit reached to feast upon the view presented to his eyes, to refresh his soul in the outward signs of that Being who brought us into existence. The Alps stand as an everlasting monument to that man in whose death the entire world was a loser. W. A. J.

NORTH CAROLINA IN THE WAR FOR AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

To every patriotic citizen of the United States the 4th day of July, 1776, has a peculiar signficance. The event of this day is engraved on the hearts of the nation, nor could tablets less broad than these bear the glorious story of liberty and union, the lines of which are gone forth unto all tongues and all lands.

On this day a new nation was born; on this day our own beloved government took formal shape; on this day, in the quiet city of Philadelphia, a few patriots bound themselves together as one, pledging to one another their honor, their possessions and their lives to resist the unjust rule of England's tyranical king.

True this is the day of days in the history of our government; it is one of which every American citizen is justly

proud, and may it be celebrated through the ages yet to come as a memorial of a people's love for liberty and a testimony to generations, yet unborn, of the unfaltering virtues of their forefathers amid tremendous calamities. But there is another date in the history of our Republic which stands out prominently in this struggle for liberty like a white marble shaft which lifts its summit far away from earth and pierces as it were the blue canopy of heaven. Especially is this date prominent in the history of North Carolina and, when named to a North Carolinian, his bosom is made to swell with joy and pride by the glorious memories which hover about it.

The conduct of England toward the American colonies was that of "an unjust and cruel stepmother toward her helpless children;" disregarding every complaint and heaping injury upon injury. Towards North Carolinians the course of England was more like that of the faithful, driving her, Hagar-like, out into the wilderness, there to pine and perish from neglect. It is not wonderful then that her sons, like Ishmael, should be ready to raise their hands against every form of oppression. But the God of our fathers protected the exiles and blessed them with fair and fruitful lands, refreshing shades, and gushing fountains; the promise was also made unto them "to make a great nation because they, too, were of the promised seed."

The people of North Carolina had now become numerous and now attracted attention, but they were bound hand and foot by the injustice of the mother-country. In their utopian dreams they pictured to themselves a land in which was enjoyed the highest and finest type of liberty ever known. They slept, and visions of liberty passed ever before them. Liberty was a part of their very being and when they could no longer brook the tyranny of England they threw off the galling yoke of bondage and declared the colony of North Carolina to be free and independant of England on the 20th day of May, 1775, over one year prior to the national Declara-

tion of Independence at Philadelphia. Then all honor and praise be to the men of Carolina who, throwing themselves on the mercy of the Omnipotent God, first broke the chain of English rule in America.

As children, probably all of us have heard, at a mother's or a father's knee, stories of how the brave patriots fought, bled and died in defence of those rights which are so dear to us. It has been instilled as a first principle into our natures to bare our heads with reverence on hearing the names of Washington and Lafayette. We have been taught to worship the memory of the first patriot who fell at Lexington. That ancient town holds the honor, to-day, as far as a greater part of the citizens of North Carolina know, of being the place at which the first blood was spilled in defense of the cause of liberty. But here, ladies and gentlemen, history is in error and some of our own historians are responsible for it. They have allowed this statement to go unchallenged for years till now none seems to desire to have it corrected, but let honor rest where honor is due; "render unto Cæsar the things which are his." Instead of the "first blood" of this great struggle for liberty being shed near the old "meeting-house" in Lexington, Massachusetts, our own beloved Carolina holds that proud honor, for at the battle of Alamance, in May, 1771, in the hills of Western Carolina, where the Cape Fear springs from the weather-worn rocks, more than one hundred sturdy sons of North Carolina laid down their lives in an attempt to free themselves from England's oppression and in defence of principles which were dearer to them than life itself.

But it seems that history is never just to the Old North State. Even over the names of the men who composed the front rank in the line of battle at Guilford Court House, there hung, for a long time, a cloud which shaded them from memory's page. "Fire two rounds and retreat," was the order they received. But they could not retreat as long as there was any hope for success, so they held their positions till the

British Regnlar swept down upon them as a mighty avalanche, and when they could no longer load and pour the deadly fire into the faces of their enemies, the brave men of Carolina, using their rifles as clubs, fought as long as a single ray of hope pierced the black cloud of defeat which burned about them. Yet in spite of such bravery and heroism the partial loss of this battle was attributed to the militia of North Carolina by jealous and narrow-minded historians of our sister state, but by the noble effort of Judge David Schenck, of Greensboro, that cloud has been dissipated and now a sun of glory sheds its glorious rays on the page of history that bears the names of the men of Guilford, and every year representatives from all parts of our State and from other States gather at the battle-ground to do honor to the memory of those noble Sons of Liberty.

True it is that but comparatively few of the men of our State were in the regular Colonial army, but on every occasion where they were engaged they received great praise from their British foe. In the battle of Eutaw Springs, the sons of North Carolina, "advanced with shouts and exhortations into the hottest of the enemies fire," and private vied with officer to display the greatest courage and daring. If justly or unjustly, reproach has fallen on the North Carolina militia for not rallying again to their standard in the battle of Guilford Court House, their conduct in this battle was sufficient to blot out forever any stain, for let us remember that at least "one-third of the men who drove back so valiantly the charge of the British" in this battle, were the same men who "fired two rounds" at Guilford.

But to the men of North Carolina, let us not give all the praise for their success in this struggle. Her daughters bore their part as bravely as did her sons. When the call to arms was sounded throughout the land, mothers, sisters and wives bade their loved ones go and fight for the land which God had given them, and, if need be, lay down their lives to free

their homes from the iron-shod foot of the oppressor. While the men were away with Washington, the noble women worked to support the army and went constantly to the Throne of Grace, begging that the Almighty God would protect the cause and aid in the struggle for liberty.

Then let us sing aloud the praises of our fair Carolina, the birthplace of liberty. Hallowed be the ground on which was spilled the first blood in the great struggle for freedom. May the names of her noble women ever be fresh in the minds of their descendants. "To those embattled farmers, he everlasting honor! In war they handled their muskets and bayonets with the skill and gallantry of heroes; in peace they drove the ploughshare with the industry and constancy of patient citizens. In both spheres they were Carolinians worthy of their race and their State and their memories shall ever be enshrined in the hearts of their liberated countrymen."

RALEIGH T. DANIEL, '95.

ALDA ASHORE.

Where the Lockwood's Folly rolls its meandering stream towards the sea, there are many beautiful eddies and coves, there the water-lily on the bosom of the blue stream turns its pale face heavenward, the purple shafted blue-bell on the bank droops its lovely head to gaze at its own image in the water, and from the tall oaks and poplars, streams the grey moss giving to everything an old and venerable appearance. When the long summer day draws to a close there may be heard there the sad sweet song of the thrush and the low solemn whistle of the snipe. When darkness comes on it brings with it its inhabitants,—the owl hoots and screams, the whip-poor-will with a monotonous note makes night hideous, the cricket sings his dirge, the fire-fly is in his glory, and Jack o' the Lantern keeps his watch.

We wander on the bank, a light is seen, we go towards it, and as the door of a hut is opened we see an old white-headed negro with his face twisted into a most benign smile.

"Well, Uncle, we want somewhere to stay."

"Well, Mars, yer jes step een, you's gwinter fin' er home at ole Abra'm's house."

We were somewhat astonished to see the hut full of books and everything so clean, yet we did not allow our surprise to be seen. We sat down while Uncle Abraham placed down our supper.

"Jes come erlong an' hep yo'sef,—'tain't no great deal, but hit'll do ontwel mawnin'."

When about half through our supper I asked our host what all those books and portraits meant, and how did he come by that banjo hanging on the wall.

"Well, Mars, I don' like ter tell dat much, an bein' ez you ax me I kyarn't 'fuse, 'kase I war larned better 'an dat. Dar's nuttin like blood an' raisin'. All deze book an' dis hea house war b'long ter Mars Renselaer befo' he die."

"Did he use all these books?"

"Yas, Mars, jes ez I's 'bout ter say. Yer pass dat oak groave an' dat ole still an' dem fixins up yander,—I 'spec' it war too dark fer ter see much, nemine dar's wha Mars Renselaer's daddy lib befo' he die? Mars Renselaer war de onlies' chil' an' dey spilt 'im. He war uster fish an' paddle 'bout een dis hea ribber er good deal, not 'scusin' Sunday needer.'

"Er stawm liked ter blowed up dis hea whole naberhood hea one fall day an' Mars Renselaer took an, went down ter see w'at he could fin'. He gotter messin' 'bout er ole wreck down dar an' foun' er mighty purty leetle gal an' tuck an' brung 'er to de house, an' I jes' tell yer Miss 'Liz'bef an' all un 'um war de proudes' ob dat leetle gal. Dat leetle gal didn't know nuttin fer de longes' kin' er time. Nemine, she got straight an' her an' Mars Renselaer spen' dere fust days

een peace an' 'niquity. An' w'en Mars Renselaer got 'nuf larnin' fer ter go to de big school wha's erway fum home, he lef' an' den Alda, fer dat war her name, got lonesome like an' took an' sochiate wid de cooper's boy, Eph. Mars Renselaer had de een er de rope on 'im befo' he lef', but dat mean nasty Eph. got hit on Mars Renselaer befo' Mars Renselaer got thu dat big school. Dat purty gal gotter lubin' dat ugly good-fer-nuttin Eph., an' jes wouldn't lub Mars Renselaer, an' all de time Mars Renselaer war lubin' her ez hard ez thunder kin bump er stump. Nemine, she war jes ez kin' an' lubin' towards Mars Renselaer ez ef she did lub him.

"Dat gal war de kindes' hyart gal yer eber seed in yoe bawn days, but she didn't no mo' lub Mars Renselaer wuf two cent. Mars Renselaer try ter bleb so, but she knock de sap outen dat, er tellin' Miss 'Liz'bef an' dem all dat she gwinter marry Eph.

"Bout de time de 'gaiter begin ter beller, dar come one dem windy days an' de house cotch fiar an 'een dere 'zershum 'bout hit Marsa an' Missus cotch some kin' mis'ry wha I dunno w'at is, an dey bof die an' war bury erlong side. Miss Alda took on er mighty lot er trouble 'bout de Marsa an' de Missus, an', nemine, she neber lub Mars Renselaer no mo', an' en spite er de lub er de Lawd dat gal 'cided to marry Eph., an' done it too,—an' dat weddin' come off right hea een dis hea house wha Mars Renselaer built wid he own han', an' me an' Mars Renselaer bof dar too. An' de Lawd bless yoe soul don' yer know dat good-fer-nuttin Eph. took dat gal ober de ribber on one dem san' hills an' fool her ter deaf er tellin' her he er gwinter git rich er farmin'.

"Atter dat weddin' an' de frolic wha come atter, I 'ceived dat Mars Renselaer begin ter git ez pale ez er spider-lily een de face an' I took an' got skeered. An' den he mope all up an' begin to read dem books wha he pappy had een de house an' brung outen dar befo' de fiar cotch 'um. Mars Renselaer war allers er messin' wid books an' pictures an' dat banjo an'

de Lawd knows w'at all. He neber larned de banjo, an' he allers atter me fer ter play, "My Ole Kantucky Home," er sumpin er nudder. Dat banjo war give ter me befo' Mars Renselaer die.

"I's neber gwinter fergit dat las' night wid Mars Renselaer wha stick ter me like der bark ter de tree. Jes erbout sunset Mars Renselaer come erlong de ole parf wha lead fum de ole home an' he tole me dat de singin' ob de birds soun' to him like he wuz in heaben. Deze people 'bout hea didn't bleb Mars Renselaer war er good man. Mars Renselaer did cuss 'cazionly, but Mars Renselaer didn't tole lies ez I knows uhv. He allers did w'at he knowed war right. Mars Renselaer war too plain an' easy on der trigger. Mars Renselaer neber did foun' out dat 'lasses cotch mo' flies dan vinegar, He war jes like dat banjo dar,—en bad wedder he got outen toon,—he war allers sad an' he tole me I wuz he onlies' frien' an' he didn't kyare fer no mo' no how. W'en it war dark an' de Jack-my-lantern begin ter play behine de trees, an' der whip'will begin ter sing, Mars Renselaer call me een an' tole me ter play. I lit de candle an' sot down, an' Mars Renselaer he war jes er coughin' an' er gwine on. I play an' den went ter de do 'fer ter hea de sea roar. Ebry creter 'cep' de july-fly war still, an' dat war de quiet befo' de stawm wha I hea Mars Renselaer tawk 'bout. I stood an' studdied an' den I hea him call, "Abra'm, Abra'm, come hea," an' den I did come an' w'en I did got dar it war too late ter do enny thing an' ez I stood dar watchin' ober Mars Renselaer one dem big horn owls flewed een at der winder an' lit on de bed pos'. I dunno w'at I thought. I look at de owl an' he look at me, an' jes 'bout dis time Mars Renselaer motioned ter me ter come closter an' I stood right by him an' ez he gas' he las' he thowed he arms erroun' me an fell back dead, jes like er leetle baby wha wuz gone ter sleep. De owl flewed outen der winder an' lit een der tree wha he hooted all de blessed night. An' dat owl tuh dis bery day come tuh dis bery house hea an' hoot 'bout een deze trees."

"We want to hear you pick that banjo some."

"Lemme go ter bed an' I'll play fer you een de mawnin' befo' you go."

We slept on the floor and arose early. We ate and told Uncle Abraham good-bye, and as we slowly walked away we heard die away on the clear morning air :

"Dey hunt no mo' fer de possum an' de coon,
On de meder, de hill, an' de sho',
Day sing no mo' by de glimmer ob de moon,
On de bench by de cabin do'.
De days go by like er shader ober de hyart,
Wid sorrer wha all wuz delight;
De time hab come w'en de darkies hab ter part,
Den my ole Kantucky home, good-night.

Weep no mo', my lady,
Oh! weep no mo' to-day!
We will sing one song fer de ole Kantucky home,
Fer de ole Kantucky home, fer erway."

J. HOMER GORE, JR.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

The chief objects of government are protection and advancement. A government may be founded upon purely selfish motives. Society consists of the intercourse existing between us and our neighbors formed for happiness. Hence when society fulfills its true mission it cannot be selfish. In other words social conditions are our relations to others and upon these depend our pleasures. A government may create the splendor of a nation but social conditions determine the happiness of the people. Social influences rule; they are stronger than religion because society is realistic, while religion is idealistic and thus ignored by many.

Upon what then is society founded? It is indeed an ideal state in which social life is based upon morals and not upon

financial or political power. The industrial world precedes the moral. Morality cannot thrive amid industrial corruption; here poverty breeds crime, sin becomes a necessity, and immorality is deemed excusable. The decline of morality is always coincident with social decay, social debasement is heralded by an unjust industrial system, the justice or the injustice of this system depends largely upon laws and the laws upon the government.

Of course the absolute equality of man can never exist, the indolent must be subject to the delinquent, the ignorant to the wise, the poor to the rich; nevertheless, while government may not rob power of its just rights, it is wrong to allow the mighty to oppress the weak. "It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrranous to use it like a giant." Government should be not only externally defensive but also internally protective. It must be the care of the State lest virtue and honor be sacrificed to selfish greed. The accumulation of wealth has never been conducive to moral development. Patriotism is the best index to the moral and industrial condition of a people. If a country does its duty to the inhabitants it will be loved by them; a contented people need few laws. In such a place exists plenty, but not extravagance, there is the nursery of patriotism, the dwelling-place of peace and honor. There man is estimated by worth, not wealth, and an ignoble birth is forgotten in a useful life. In this condition morality is the basis of society.

But the State through unjust laws, unequal taxation, class legislation, etc., may invite an unequal distribution of wealth and may proclaim a contest in which the poor and the weak are left the helpless victims of their superiors. Then confidence in humanity is lost, luxury enters, patriotism flees, wealth flourishes, virtue wanes, magnificent cathedrals arise, corroding masses of crime crouch in their shadows. Men seek honors through wealth, not merit. Women are forced to accept wages too meagre to support life, hence crime or starvation.

Upon such a soil, socialism and anarchy raise their loathsome forms. They are but a cry for plebeian rights, an expression of a people's woe and would vanish under the smile of justice as the dew before the rising sun. In Europe the people may be pacified to a great extent by granting them new rights and making them new concessions, but we have nothing else to concede, nothing lies beyond a republic except the untried region of socialism and anarchy. To this fearful brink unnatural social conditions, facilitated by unjust and oppressive legislation, have almost brought us. A great crowd are shouting for a change. It is indeed a mixed assembly, an incongruous throng, from the learned economic professor to the most ignorant dupe, all classes are represented save one—the rich.

Although the remedies suggested are radically different—since the socialist desires to substitute the State for the capitalist, the anarchist contends that all governmental power should be abolished, and the nihilist organs that it is necessary for the government to be decomposed into petty rural communes, and although their methods of propaganda are not similar—yet they have one common aim, namely, to rectify present social discords. The same causes give birth to all these dissatisfied factions, the same secret motive power inspires all these actions, namely, that our social conditions may no longer be held in an unnatural and distorted position by the application of the political or mercenary standard to society. It is true many do not regard morality as the proper basis of social life, yet they recognize the injustice of the present social conditions and are groping blindly for a cure. The unprecedented political avalanches, the great strikes and labor disturbances show to what a strain this unnatural basis of society has brought government. A change is necessary. An extreme disease calls for a radical cure. Then let all remedies suggested, so long as they conform to reason and justice and bear not the stamp of selfish greed but of unselfish

devotion to humanity's cause, be entitled to careful consideration. I do not pretend to understand the solution of this problem—here causes alone have been referred to, but as

> "A child may say amen
> To a bishop's prayer and feel the way it goes;
> So I, incapable to loose the knot
> Of social questions, can approve, applaud
> August compassion, christian thought that shoots
> Beyond the vulgar white of personal aims."

W. G. B.

A QUERY AND ITS ANSWER.

Will the STUDENT accept a few thoughts which have been for some time in the mind of the writer, and may be of interest to those who are engaged in college work? These ideas have come to the writer at various times and under most diverse conditions, and he is at a loss to know in what shape he can present them to his readers. He acknowledges that there are very few who can speak with authority on such matters, and this adds another difficulty; he, however, claims a fairly well developed faculty of observation, and has made use of this in his contact with educators in different parts of the country. One incident—of no great importance in itself—presents itself with a good deal of force upon his memory; it was an address, delivered a few years ago by a professor in one of the best of our Northern colleges before a large gathering of teachers in one of our large cities. The teaching of Modern Languages in the college was the subject under discussion. A magnificent course was outlined before us—a separate instructor in each of the languages, a continuous course of four years, with five hours of recitations every week, and a preparatory department to boot. After the speaker's glowing description of the progress made by his enthusiastic pupils under this elaborate system of instruction, there were

many in the company who inquired of themselves whether an approximation to this good work could be done in the majority of our colleges, where all the Modern Languages are put in charge of one professor, and the course of study is restricted to two years at the farthest. We were mostly agreed that such could be done by serious, painstaking effort. The more practical inquiry, however, was: How can this be accomplised?

To answer this question, we must ask another: What is the main object in the study of the Modern Languages? There is quite a large number of persons who hold to the view that the great desideratum in such studies is the ability to speak the foreign tongue, and of course understand it when spoken. No more absurd idea has ever deluded the enthusiasts of modern collegiate instruction than the notion that the ordinary student shall be able to express his thoughts in a foreign language with the slightest degree of fluency after the usual college course of one or two years, while he is burdened at the same time with his load of classics and science; and no more cruel disappointment can fall to the lot of the young aspirant after such attainments than the necessarily ignominious failure of the attempt.

Two or three incidents on this point occur to the writer. Several years ago he exchanged a few letters in a language other than English, with an ambitious teacher in Connecticut, who had received his language training under this system, which has been gloriously dubbed, the "Natural method," and it has never been his sad fate to look upon more ridiculous perversion of the foreign idiom or a more laughable system of orthography employed. Another instance is of a young college graduate of great ability who unfortunately learned his German entirely by association with a family of that nationality, and though he spoke this language with remarkable facility, the English idiom prevailed almost exclusively. The writer is here reminded of a statement once

made in his hearing by a celebrated teacher who has occupied the highest positions in the American Modern Language Association: "The old claim," said he, "that one can learn in America to speak French like a Frenchman, is all tomfoolery."

Some scholar will probably suggest that our great aim in this work is to study the history of the language, to trace it through successive stages to its primitive form, and to attempt to solve the many interesting problems that present themselves in the development of modern speech. However fascinating such a study would be, it needs no argument, I think, to prove that this strictly philological work lies not in the province of a college, but belongs to the scholarly investigations of a university.

There are again many teachers of language who hold that the prime motive that should actuate the student is to have a thorough acquaintance with the syntactic structure of the foreign tongue; and, to obtain this end, persistent drilling in translation from the English is practiced. No one can deny that the knowledge thus gained is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but to make this mechanical training in idiomatic writing, the great end and aim of the study of French, or of German, is manifestly an erroneous doctrine.

Another object of language study, however, presents itself: May not the study of the language be made to serve as a key to open to us the great treasure of good literature, with which they are so bountifully supplied? Here, I think, we have the true solution of our problem. The goal toward which every student should strive is not merely to know the languages themselves, but to come into intimate, personal acquaintance with Gœthe and Schiller; with Moliere, Racine and Corneille; with Lessing, Heine and Uhland; with Montaigne, Victor Hugo and Musset; with Cervantes, Tasso and Dante. And to this end he needs to read these authors in their own language; the best translations ever made have never been able to give more

than an approximation of the thoughts of the writer, and of the translations current in these days a very few are good, many are indifferent, and most are execrably bad. I should never feel that I knew a friend while separated from him by any medium, no matter how transparent that medium might be, if it prevented personal contact; I must come into his very presence, feel the warm grasp of his hand, and listen to his own words, or I know him not. In no other way than this can the student expect to attain that free, bold, and victorious development in literary appreciation, which is so necessary a feature in the college course for culture.

Now, how can all this be brought about? Surely, in no way except by emphasizing the literary feature in our Modern Language courses. The usual grammatical drill-work, and the translation from the English, should not be neglected; on the contrary, as much care should be placed upon this training as possible. But as soon as the student has thoroughly mastered the principles, and has attained a fair reading knowledge, which he can get in the course of three or four months, let the great stress be laid upon his extensive and appreciative reading of large portions of literature, both in and out of the class-room. Let him gradually obtain a fair knowledge of the principal facts in the literary history of the country by means of literature-primers or lectures by the teacher; then let him enter upon the thorough and systematic study of distinct literary periods, such as, for instance, the age of Lessing, of Gœthe or Schiller; the "Storm and Stress" period, the School of Swabian Poetry, and even the era of the Minnesingers, in German literature; or, the Pleiade, the reign of Louis XIV, the Romanticists of the beginning of this century, and the "Naturalistic" writers of modern times, in French literature. When these different periods are studied, they should be taken up in chronological order, as far as possible. The student should be familiarized with the lives of the authors read and the history of their times, as these facts are indispensible to to the painstaking investigator.

These few suggestions I have jotted down as they have occurred to me; they are partly the result of actual experiment and partly of careful consideration. By the method suggested, most, if not all, of the literary work above indicated can be completed by a class of average students in a two years' course, and will, I am sure, be of the greatest value to the man of culture, whether or not he pursues an advanced literary course after leaving the halls of his Alma Mater.

Whether our present methods will answer to the necessities of the times we cannot tell; our ideal will probably never be realized; diverse conditions will require unthought of alterations in the systems we adopt. It is only by hard, unremitting labor that we can attain even an approximation to the ideal condition, but we can comfort ourselves by those beautiful words of Gœthe in his "Song of the Angels":

> "Wer immer strebend sich bemucht,
> Den koennen wir erloesen."

BALTIMORE, June 25, 1895.

X.

LINES WRITTEN NEAR A CASCADE.

A deeply dark, sequestered spot,
Of whisperings and leafiness begot,
Where crystal waters, foaming by,
Wind a wooing melody;
Where, through twinkling shade, is heard
Glad pipings from an unseen bird.

O, for a draught of Pirene's crisping spring
On high Parnassus, that I might haply sing
For aye, unfalt'ring, and in worthy measures,
Nature's glory and her boundless treasures!
Might see the nixies unbeholden,
And from their liquid lutes, and golden,
Some soothing sound, some gladsome strain,
My aching soul might catch, nor long again.

JAMES DUNN HUFHAM, JR.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

L. A. BEASLEY, Editor.

THE fact that our government is founded upon new principles, and has laws peculiarly adapted to its people, not only furnishes fourth-of-July orators with thoughts for soul-stirring speeches, but it even gives some slight grounds for hope to the patriot who studies the history of other nations and then seeks to know the fate of his own. Is our government so far different from those which have existed in the past? Are its people so much more patriotic, so much more able to rule themselves more wisely than those who, though skilled in the theory of government, failed to make a permanent state? Is it at all likely that our people are broad enough to care for the interests of a whole land, magnanimous enough to wish to see their neighbors thrive, patriotic enough to settle every difference, harmonize all discord and rise to the exalted position worthy of a great people?

Those who by reason of their wisdom are the most capable to govern do not always retain the power to govern. Indeed, there comes a time in the history of every nation when those who are capable are succeeded by the incapable. This is generally brought about by the abuse of power among the governing class. There is some wrong being done and the people

rise to crush it out. The Eufatrids of Athens oppressed both the men of the shore and those of the mountains, and the result was the legislation of Solon. When the Moetics had become powerful enough they got possession of Athens. The Perioeci, a similar class at Sparta, became the rulers of the state. The Roman patricians took so much liberty with things which belonged to the Plebeans that the latter came to rule the proud city. The same class caused the Twelve Tables to be published which are the source of Roman law. France has had its revolution and England its agrarian disturbances, all showing the power of the masses. One thing, however, is worthy of note, each great movement had no ordinary leader at its head. Indeed many of the leaders were not only nobles in intellect but false nobles in blood. Athens had her Solon and her Clisthenes; Rome her Servius Tullius; France her Bonaparte; England her Cromwell. America's leaders so far have been men who either had no more ability than the men whom they led or they were actuated by selfish and base motives. Such leaders can do a vast deal of harm without benefitting a single person. Let us hope that our people will profit by the history of other nations; that they will show themselves good citizens; that they will make this land the freest of the free.

THE average mind cannot exist without delusions of some kind. Peeple like to be deceived. Just let some one set up a shout (the less brain he has the better) and thousands are ready to echo his words. They do not desire so much to attain an end as they do to have some delusion with which to occupy their time. Tariff and prohibition have had their day; nothing has been done in regard to either. Now silver has become the craze, and there is even less likelihood of arriving at some definite end than there was in either of the former questions. The reason for this is that the question is

so deep and far-reaching that the ordinary mind cannot grasp it. If one were to read only "Coin's Financial School," and if that were the truth, the whole truth, it would seem that the silverites are right. "Coin" omits some very important things, and others he fails to prove to the entire satisfaction of a logical reasoner. His pictures are very attractive and the argument pleases any one who does not care to think for himself, or who refuses to see a few feet away from him. That argument about the government's legislating value into money and the illustration of its doing the same for horses by buying up a great many of them is all very nice at first sight. Just think a moment. Would not the government have to put those horses to some good use in order to get the money back; and if it failed to do so would it not soon become bankrupt? We do not like to be treated that way by "Coin"; he presumes upon our ignorance.

The arguments of Secretary Carlisle also must be taken *cum grano salis*, though the fallacies are not so patent as are those in "Coin." He does not speak directly on the question, and he has a much easier task when he tries to mislead. He *did* speak on the question in 1873, and his utterances were clear and impressive. All other things being equal, the United States would do well to have a bi-metallic currency. But she cannot afford to have one when the other nations do not, and until they all come together to settle the plan this country must be content with her present currency.

LITERARY NOTES.

J. L. CORNWELL, Editor.

THE Westminster *Gazette* says: "Founded in lies, nourished by lies, to the limbo of lies Theosophy is slowly and surely returning."

FREDERICK WARNE & CO. announce a new international series on "Public Men of To-day."

"TWO ILLUSTRIOUS English women, Florence Nightingale and Jean Ingelow, celebrate their seventy-fifth birthday this year," says the *Tribune.*

AMONG MACMILLAN & CO.'S announcements are a third volume of "Shadows of the Stage," by William Winter, and "Maureen's Fairy," a volume of stories, by Miss Jane Barlow.

ONE OF Robert Louis Stevenson's great heroes was the Duke of Wellington. He used to say that the best thing ever said of Wellington was this: "He did his duty as naturally as a horse eats oats."

DEFOE'S "HISTORY of the Plague in London," and Daniel Webster's Oration on Bunker Hill Monument, the Character of Washington, and the Landmark at Plymouth," have been added to the Eclectic English Classics.

PROF. WM. P. TRENT, of the University of the South, is preparing a volume on "Southern Statesmen of the Old Regime," which will be published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., in their library of Economics and Politics.

MR. KELLY'S "Religion and Politics," an admirable statement of the duty of church-goers to the State as well as of politicians to the churches, has been inspired by events of the last year or two in Brooklyn and New York. More than with anything else it is concerned with reform in municipal government.

MISS HAPGOOD'S "Russian Rambles," said to be the best short book on Russia in existence, is a vivacious, truthful book, abounding with accurate information about men and things on the Volga, vivid descriptions of cities and country houses where the traveler staid, and interesting glimpses of river and river journeys, churches and summer resorts in out-of-the-way Russia.

THE FIRST book printed in the Colonies of America was the "Boy Psalm Book," which appeared in the year 1640. Strange to say, it was republished in England, passed through seventy editions, and retained its popularity for a century without being entirely original or of extrordinary merit.

THE *Court Journal* (London) says: "An American millionaire, who does not as yet allow his name to transpire, is about to publish a remarkable book. It is upon the subject of "Jades," and it will cost $20,000 to produce. Only one hundred copies will be published, after which the plates will be broken. The author is generously going to present a copy to all the important governments of the world.

A RECENT VOLUME in the International Education series is the evolution of "The Massachusetts Public School System," by George H. Martin. In the whole nation the average schooling given to each citizen is but little more than half what the State of Massachusetts gives to her children. The author is to be congratulated on furnishing a book which tells so tersely and graphically a story in which all the world ought to be interested, for we are inclined to think that Massachusetts leads the whole world in its general system of education.

"BILL NYE," says *Leslie's Weekly*, "might be mistaken by a stranger for a Judge; and, as a matter of fact, he was a lawyer, when lack of practice drove him into newpaper work at Laramie. He is a man of very sober demeanor, and rarely cracks jokes outside of newspaper columns. He has been known, however, to play a practical joke on a friend. John Fox, Jr., says that when Lieutenant Greely started on his expedition to the North Pole, Nye gave him a sealed box that was not to be opened until he reached his farthest point north. It contained axle-grease for the pole."

COSSACK FAIRY-TALES AND FOLK-TALES" is a work selected and translated by R. N. Bain. In South Russia, in an

almost unknown region, lying between the sea of Azoo, the Carpathians, and the water-shed of the Dneiper, is a series of vast plains, where a people called Ruthenians, nearly 20,000,000 in number, speak an interesting tongue prohibited by the Russian government. The people are more familiarly known as "Cossacks," and their dialect is Slavonic, midway between Russian and Polish. Two large cities, Riev and Limberg, are found in this region. The literature of which we now for the first time get a glimpse in the excellent versions of Mr. Bain, is rich, copious, and especially distinguished in the realm of folk-song and fairy-tale.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

J. R. MOORE, Editor.

--'49-'54. The degree of LL. D. was very worthily conferred upon Chief Justice Faircloth, of Goldsboro, N. C., at our last commencement.

—'81. Rev. L. N. Chappell, returned missionary from China, having spent a month with his father, Dr. Chappell, Forestville, N. C., is now resting at Red Springs, N. C., the home of his wife's father, Rev. R. A. Moore.

—'85. Rev. J. A. Beam is greatly encouraged at the prospects of his school for next session at Bethel Hill, N. C. He is sending boys to Wake Forest College nearly every year. For the last few years he has sent more than any other academy. He expects a larger number of students next year, and we hope his school will constantly grow as a feeder to Wake Forest.

—J. A. Gill ('83-'86), and C. E. Gill ('83-'87) are partners in the firm of W. C. Brewer & Co., Wake Forest, N. C., successors to W, C. Powell & Co.

—'86–'88. Dr. W. W. Robertson is a practicing physician of popularity in Pittsylvania county, Va., near Danville.

—'88–'91. T. T. Pace is traveling for the Southern Jelico Coal Co., Knoxville, Tenn. We were glad to see him at Commencement.

—'89. Mr. J. R. Hunter took his B. A. degree at Wake Forest College in 1885, returning later, he took his M. A. in 1889. At the close of the last session the Johns Hopkins conferred upon him the degree of Ph. D. Almost immediately he was elected Professor of Chemistry in Richmond College. We congratulate Dr. Hunter. We congralulate Richmond College.

—Rev. A. A. Butler ('90–'91) and Rev. A. J. Taylor ('90–'92) are situated at Mount Olive, N. C., and serving country churches around there.

—C. T. Pierson ('91–'93) is reading medicine at Chapel Hill, N. C., and clerking for W. E. Lindsay.

—'92. Rev. James Long, graduated last session in the Theological Department of the University of Rochester, New York, and has been serving the church at Phelps, N. Y. He is now visiting his people in North Carolina.

—'92. Rev. J. W. Millard went from Wake Forest Commencement to Henderson to take charge of the church there. We bespeak for him success.

—'93. Rev. W. A. Smith is succeeding finely in his academy at Cedar Rock, N. C. His school is young but flourishing, and he expects it soon to become a feeder to Wake Forest. He is also succeeding well in the pastorate of three churches.

—'94. N. A. Dunn, who has been merchandising at Wake Forest for the past year, expects to remain there and keep up the reputation of his firm. "Nat" is popular with "the boys."

—'94. J. Edgar Spainhour is clerking at Wilkesboro, N. C.

—'94. C. N. Beebe is principal of a flourishing academy at Mapleville, N. C., where he expects to carry on a still more successful school next year.

—'95. Rev. W. C. Newton, received a call to the Goldsboro church, but declined. He has also resigned at Clayton, and expects to enter the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

S. R. BUXTON Editor.

The leading and in fact about the only prose article of any length, that appears in the *Vassar Miscellany*, for May, is the "Founders of Vassar," by Mary W. Whitney. The article is well written and interesting throughout, and we regret that space does not allow us to make a review of it, as every one should know something of the history, and of those who have helped to make it, of an institution, that is such a powerful factor in higher education, as Vassar.

The most attractive part of the *Southern Collegian* is the Editor's Table, and that is saying a great deal for the contributions found in the literary department are always bright and spicy. We fully appreciate the editor's position in appealing to the student-body for its more hearty support. To the student, and not to the editor, belongs the magazine and its success or failure is an honor or a reflection upon every student of the college. When all can be brought to realize this fact, then and not till then will the college periodical attain its highest possible success.

The *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly*, for May, comes to us full of interesting and instructive reading matter. In an article headed "Our Great Philanthropist," we have beautifully portrayed the life and character of the greatest of all philanthropists—George Peabody. His life and works are too well known to be mentioned in detail, but there is one point in

his character that deserves to be mentioned. His life differs from the typical career of the poor boy who has risen to wealth, in the manner in which he disposed of his wealth. He sought wealth not as an end but as a means to an end. His sole aim in life seems to have been to better the condition of his fellow-men, and to make the world better by his having lived.

"The Private Soldier of the 'Lost Cause'" is the subject of the principal article in the *Peabody Record* for May. The writer in drawing the distinction between the private soldier and the officer, showed that "the history of the private soldier is general, that of the officer is specific," by comparing the fame of Wellington, Washington, and Lee which can never die, with the record of the private soldier, which has long since been forgotten. We may, as he says, have a Napoleon or a Jackson to lead us to victory in war; a Gladstone or a Jefferson as "an exponent of a nation's policy;" a Luther or a Wesley to reform and establish our churches; but without the private soldier, the private citizen, the private worker, we can never hope to conquer in battle, to uphold the honor of our country, or to advance the cause of Christ.

The May number of the *Inlander*, contains several articles of merit. The leading prose articles are "The Study of Semitics a part of a Liberal Culture," and "A Legal Fiction." The verse of the number is above the average. The poem, "To a Woman's Skeleton," by Samuel A. Jones, while as we might expect ghastly and somewhat repulsive in parts, is well executed, and reflects credit upon the writer. We regret to notice the absence of the editorial department and the shortness of the exchange notes. It seems to us to be impossible for a magazine to keep in touch with the student body and the other colleges, when these departments are neglected. Unless the magazine is an exponent of the life of the college from which it comes, and such it cannot be solely through its literary department, the co-operation and support of the students and alumni need not be looked for.

SWEET CONSOLATION.

I was flunked on an easy question,
Though I'd studied hard that day.
Is there any balm in Gilead,
When luck won't go my way?

Ah, yes, there's a good old saying,
For comfort in my task,
That "a wise man cannot answer
The questions a fool can ask."

Smith Monthly.

MAY SONG.

When the purple, perfume-laden
Violets blow,
And the damp, sweet earth lies placid,
Soft and low,
Breathe the faint May breezes, freshening
All the air,
Driving mist and shine asunder
Everywhere.
Then the soul for quiet longeth,
Peace and rest,
But the eager Heart cries ever
"Love is best!"
When the bloodroot's stems betoken
Bitter woe,
When the purple, perfume-laden
Violets blow.

Jessie Bell Hart, '96, in
The Vassar Miscellany.

OBLIVION.

To sleep; perchance to dream.
    To dream again the past; dream shattered hopes
And love unanswered and the griefs that seem
So real my mind awakes, and dazed, it gropes
    Into the realm of living things.

To sleep; perchance to dream.
    To dream of future, pregnant with vague fears;
Of future where life's one eternal theme
Is sorrow, hopeless; and the 'scaping tears
    Are glistening on my weighted lash.

To sleep; but not to dream.
    To still within forgetfulness all pain,
And in oblivion feel not the fierce rain,
Nor even long for sunshine's tardy beam.
    To sleep; but not to dream.

Gustave Knab, in The Inlander.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

S. R. BUXTON, Editor.

EXAMINATIONS!

COMMENCEMENT!!

VACATION!!!

THE VACANCIES, caused by death, in the Board of Trustees, were filled by the selection of Rev. J. B. Boone, Mr. W. C. Dowd, and Mr. N. B. Broughton.

IT WAS indeed gratifying to see so many of the old students of the college present at the Commencement exercises. We wish it were possible to give their names, but space forbids.

THE EUZELIAN SOCIETY has recently added much to the beauty and value of its hall in putting down a new carpet. The design, which is very beautiful, is the selection of the agent, Mr. John M. Heck.

ALL STUDENTS of the college will hail with pleasure the fact that Dr. Taylor will next year return to his college duties, which, during the past session he has had to relinquish to canvass for the endowment fund.

WHILE WE all join in a hearty *amen* to the dictum of our kind guardians in prohibiting the admittance of professional base-ball players to the college, we hardly think such a decree was necessary. Bitter experience has already taught us better.

THE FOLLOWING gentlemen have been chosen as the Editorial staff for THE STUDENT next year: Eu., T. H. Briggs, Jr., and M. B. Dry; Phi., J. H. Gore, Jr., and W. C. Barrett. To these gentlemen we offer our congratulations and sympathy.

DR. TAYLOR, Profs. Poteat, Ferrall and Carlyle, were quite busy during the last few weeks of the term, in delivering addresses at the various schools. The Dixon-Senoir Oratorical Medal was won by Mr. J. H. Kerr. The Essay Medal was awarded to the same gentleman.

AT THE meeting of the Board of Trustees, Prof. J. H. Gorrell was formally elected to the Chair of Modern Languages; Mr. R. W. Haywood, Instructor in the Ancient Languages; Prof. N. Y. Gully to the head of the Law Department, and to the Chair of Political Economy.

WAKE FOREST was well represented at the Summer Conference held in Knoxville, Tenn. Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, D. D., Mr. T. N. Johnson and Mr. J. C. Owen, were the delegates. With these men as leaders there is no reason why the Bible Bands should not be more numerous and in a more flourishing condition than ever before.

WAKE FOREST men, no matter where they may be, or what their pursuit, are always in the front. Out of six honorary scholarships awarded by Johns Hopkins University, Wake Forest men received four, and one other was awarded an ordinary scholarship. The following are the names of the gentlemen who were so fortunate as to obtain them: E. W. Sikes, W. B. Daniel, W. A. Montgomery, W. A. Jones, and J. R. Hankins.

IT WOULD be somewhat presumptious in us, at so late a date, to give an elaborate account of the Commencement, if we could, so we will content ourselves by giving the programme:

PROGRAMME:

MONDAY, CLASS DAY.

Orator ..... J. H. Kerr.
Historian ..... S. R. Buxton.
Poet ..... L. A. Beasley.
Prophet ..... W. C. Newton.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Alumni Address ..... Prof. W. L. Poteat.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Literary Address ..... Hon. Thomas W. Mason.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Baccalaureate Sermon ..... Rev. H. M. Wharton.

THURSDAY MORNING.

Salutatory Address ..... S. R. Buxton.
"The Dixie Dollar" ..... W. C. Newton.
"Mingling Voices" ..... J. V. Deveng.
"An Unpaid Debt" ..... J. H, Kerr, Jr.
"Distant Enchantments" ..... I. S. Boyles.
"North Carolina and American Independence" ..... R. T. Daniel.
"Wake Forest and Her Young Alumni" ..... J. A. Oates.
Valedictory Address ..... F. E. Parham.

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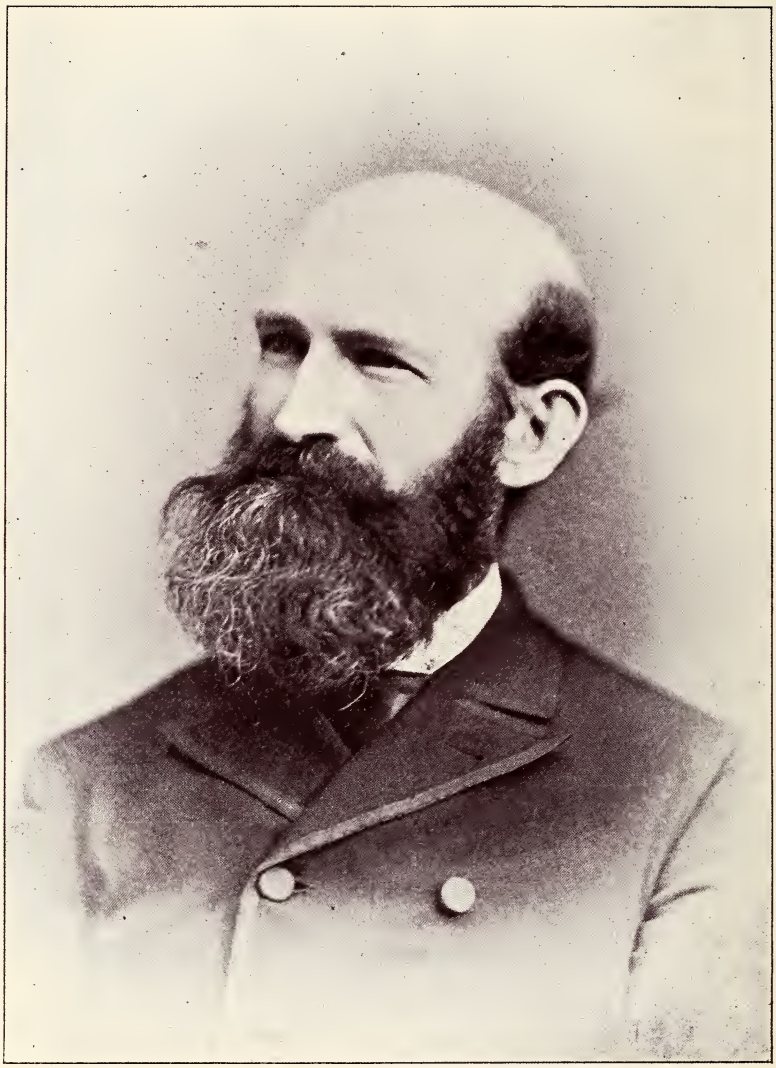

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

CHARLES E. TAYLOR.

James B. Taylor was the father of President Taylor. He was born in England, but came to this country at a tender age. For a short time he was in school at Oxford, N. C. He came to be an exceptionally useful man and widely known. The important position of Corresponding Secretary of the Southern Baptist Convention was entrusted to him for the period of twenty-six years, up to his death in 1872. Dr. George B. Taylor, his eldest son, is now at the head of the Italian missions of Southern Baptists. The second son, Dr. James B. Taylor, is now pastor at Salem, Va.

Charles Elisha Taylor, the third son, was born in Richmond, Va., October 28, 1842. At ten years of age he was baptized by Dr. Jeter. After studying at Richmond College, he entered the Confederate army in 1861, enlisting upon the very day on which his State seceded. He was soon transferred from the infantry to the cavalry, and during the last year of the war he was acting adjutant of the Secret Service Bureau. He entered the University of Virginia in 1865, and graduated in 1870. The next four or five months he spent in European travel. In October of that year he came, on the

invitation of the College trustees, to take charge of the department of Latin in Wake Forest College. In 1873 he married Miss Mary H. Prichard, daughter of Rev. John L. Prichard.

Ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1870, he has been pastor of several churches, among them, Oxford and Louisburg; but for a number of years past he has found the pastoral relation imcompatible with his duties in the College, and he has been compelled to forego what he holds to have been one of the greatest privileges of his life.

During the year 1876, Prof. Taylor was financial agent of the College, and succeeded in adding to its permanent endowment about $8,000. Again impressed with the needs of the institution, he undertook, at the request of the trustees, in November, 1882, to raise the endowment, then about $54,000, to $100,000 by December 31, 1883. By eleven o'clock, P. M. of that date, the needed $46,000 were in the hands of the Treasurer, and the agency was closed up.

From the resignation of Dr. Thos. H. Pritchard, in June, 1882, to June, 1884, Prof. W. B. Royall served as Chairman of the Faculty. In June, 1884, Prof. Taylor was elected to that position. In November following, the trustees, in session at the Baptist State Convention, in Raleigh, upon the recommendation of a committee appointed in June, elected him President of the College. At that time he was Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education.

During his Presidency he has, time and again, devoted himself to the increase of the endowment—collecting, in all, upwards of $100,000 since his election.

Not the least service which he has rendered to the cause of education was the publication, in the *Biblical Recorder*, of his views on the voluntary principle in higher education, under the title, "How far should a State Undertake to Educate?" Shortly afterwards (1894) a large edition was published in pamphlet form by several friends of education.

W. L. POTEAT.

A QUESTION OF ABILITY.

"You have acted most dishonorably, sir."

The average man, under normal conditions, would have answered these words, and the tone of angry contempt in which they were uttered, with a blow. But Frank Norment wasn't a man under normal conditions. At least, he had persuaded himself that he wasn't; and, so far from resorting to violence, he actually smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and walked quietly away, leaving Harold Jermyn, who, knowing Norment's imperious disposition, had expected him to become furious, in a state of bewilderment, from which he did not recover until Norment was out of sight.

Perhaps I was not strictly truthful in saying that Norment had persuaded himself that he was in an abnormal condition, for, in point of fact, he had striven with all the energy of his nature against a growing feeling of alarm and consternation at certain symptoms which he thought were indicative of a general blunting of all those sensibilities, both moral and intellectual, which had been a source of the greatest satisfaction to him. Daily, something occurred to remind him that Frank Norment, Attorney-at-Law, in Brattleboro, Pa., was quite a different character from Captain Norment, of the football team, and all-round good fellow at Harvard.

He had been the most popular man in the whole University. He had money—thanks to an indulgent father. And then, he was one of those boys that younger fellows look up to and admire, and for whom older fellows feel a kind of brotherly regard. He had a fine figure, too, an intellectual face, and a frank smile. So that it is easy to understand the high esteem in which he was held by his college mates.

Graduation with honors hadn't turned his head; on the contrary, the last thing that he said on leaving college, was

to the effect that one man's hopes and aims were too small a portion of the whole sphere of human activity, for any particular attention to be paid them. The Professor, to whom the remark was addressed, wondered at this kind of philosophy, but reflected that it was the fancy of the moment, and wouldn't be insisted on when the young graduate came in contact with the world. It turned out otherwise, however.

Norment was a man plentifully endowed with energy of will and of muscle, and he knew it, and it had been his dreams and his waking thoughts to direct his energy, when the time came, towards the settlement of certain questions which were agitating the public mind. Many the time, when he had rushed up and down his room, and clenched his hands, and burned to dash into the world's field of action and there struggle, with all the manhood that was in him, for what was true and just. Not that he thought the world was growing worse, but that it wasn't growing better fast enough. He had an unbounded confidence in the general good sense of the people, but argued that they needed leaders of a different stamp from the majority of those who put themselves up as guides of public opinion. And so he had bent all his energies toward the accomplishment of one aim—to make himself a leader—and a leader that he might do the greatest good to men. To attain this end, he must cultivate every side of his nature. Besides being acquainted with theories about how the greatest amount of happiness could be secured to the greatest number of people, he had to study men themselves, to mingle with them, to learn their individual characteristics. In short, he would be hail-fellow-well-met with all classes; and this, because he loved every man, extolling his virtues and deprecating his vices, and always perfectly sure in his mind that the latter were outweighed by the former.

How different man in general is from man in particular! Man in general is a being with good and bad impulses, but with the good predominating. He is also a being with more

or less fairness of spirit, and being convinced that he is in the wrong, in any given case, will cheerfully surrender his own mistaken convictions and adopt right ones. But man in particular is very frequently quite otherwise. The good in his nature is sometimes completely driven out by the bad. His actions are often prompted by prejudice, and if he were to become satisfied in his mind that two and two make five, one might as well attempt to move Gibraltar with naked hands as to tear him from his belief. So, at all events, Frank Norment was beginning to think, even before he left college, and three years of fruitless endeavor to put in operation certain Utopian schemes of his hadn't caused him to alter his opinion. He had found out that there was more poetry than truth in the couplet which once animated him :

> "Tasks in hours of insight willed
> Can be in hours of gloom fulfilled."

He had been careful, in placing mankind upon a lower intellectual and moral plane, to put himself upon the same level. And because he was dissatisfied with himself, and hopeless of ever exerting any abiding influence upon his fellows, and certain of his own moral decay, he had not resented the bitter words of the brother of the woman, whom, in the days of hope and energetic imaginings, he had intended to make his wife.

When he lost confidence in himself, and the rest of mankind, he did not even make an exception of Louise Jermyn. This being the case, there was but one honorable course for him to pursue, and that was to put an end to their engagement. After repeated struggles, he managed to tell her that marriage was a very sacred and solemn obligation, and he was afraid they didn't love each other devotedly enough to undertake it. And she took him at his word; telling him that perhaps he was right, and, directly after, tied his wildly-written letters into a neat little package, with a bit of blue ribbon, and sent them to him, and seemed really heart-broken.

It was a long time before she could make up her mind to

confide in her brother, but finally she ventured to say to him:

"Frank Norment says we can't be married."

"Well, I believe I warned you that he isn't a man to depend upon. What kind of an excuse did he give?"

Now, these were not at all the kind of words that poor Louise expected in response to her confidence. She had not cared to look upon her relations with Norment in such a business-like way as her brother persisted in doing; and, instead of soothing her troubled feelings, his hard, matter-of-fact tone had opened the wound afresh, and she indignantly replied—

"There was no need of any excuse. If he doesn't love me well enough to marry me, he is perfectly right in refusing to do so," and Miss Louise Jermyn looked out of the window into her mother's perfectly-kept flower garden, with an air of settled gloom upon her countenance. She hadn't seen a great deal of the world; and she had never dreamed of any other end in life than to be the wife of Frank Norment. Certainly, when he was out of the question, she never thought for a moment that there was any other man who could take his place in her affections.

On the other hand, Harold Jermyn, her brother, was of an extremely practical turn of mind, and was considerably exasperated at the pitiful hopelessness with which his sister talked about Frank Norment. He had been at college with the latter, but had not been counted among his ardent admirers. Cool, calculating, always self-possessed, his feeling towards the high-strung, imaginative, and impetuous Norment was more like contempt than any other emotion.

And yet he had never quarreled about his sister's choice of a husband. Norment had money; would make an affectionate husband, and, if he were not his own ideal of a man, it didn't follow that he was not Louise Jermyn's. But, just as he had given himself no very great concern about the prospective union of the two, so he didn't betray any unusual emotion on learning of the breaking up of the match. Ac-

cordingly, he smiled, turned his eyes to the ceiling, and, as if he were addressing a gaily-colored butterfly which was flitting to and fro in the room, said:

"Shall I look you up another?"

This was too much for the endurance of Miss Louise Jermyn, and her only response was a flood of tears, which so disgusted her unsentimental brother, that he strode angrily from the room, and left his unreasoning sister to her own reflections and lamentations.

It was not long after the foregoing scene that he had fallen in with Norment, and, in spite of his fancied unconcern, had allowed himself to become provoked enough, by the childish and illogical reasoning of the fellow, to end the conversation by telling him that his conduct hadn't been that of a gentleman, expecting to make his words good with his blows. But, as we have seen, no such emergency was thrust upon him.

Jermyn was a puzzled man. He had spoken rather roughly to Norment, but had regretted his anger the next moment, and, though, a short time before, he had refused to take the matter seriously, he was now inclined to sympathize both with his sister and her self-deposed admirer. His conversation with Norment convinced him that his sister was the object of an affection as strong as a man of Norment's temperament could feel. And he knew Louise too well to doubt for a moment her regard for Norment. But a bull was not more out of place in a China shop, than he was in the management of an *affaire du coeur*. And to bring about a reconciliation, or, rather to bring Norment to his senses, was a very delicate undertaking. To begin with, he was the brother of the girl, and might not Norment look upon him as a mere schemer? More than that, Norment had deported himself so peculiarly that Jermyn was altogether uncertain as to the best way to approach him. Still, if the two loved, and he believed they did, was any labor too arduous that would make two hearts happy?

As for Norment, he was still entertaining the same nonsensical notions about himself and other people. Instead of being a leader of men himself, he was fast beginning to think that most people, himself included, were "like dumb-driven cattle," anyway, and, if there was any driver except circumstances, he couldn't conceive what or who that driver was. His interest in economics, a branch in which he had once hoped to win distinction, gradually weakened. His deep, abiding love for mankind, in all its conditions, was replaced by a sinister distrust, that, by a not unnatural reaction, made him despise himself and his hopes and aspirations most heartily. When he thought of Louise Jermyn, his face darkened, his right foot came down, with a fearful noise, from its accustomed resting-place on the writing table to the floor of his office, and Mr. Frank Norment sat bolt upright in his chair and wondered, but only for the moment, if his impeachment of mankind were not too sweeping in its application, and if Louise Jermyn were not one who could be trusted. When the train of thought in his mind had been somewhat as I have described, the personage who drew up, one afternoon, in front of his office, leisurely threw away the stump of a well-used cigar, and walked coolly in, was, to Norment's very great amazement, no other than Louise Jermyn's brother.

Jermyn had changed his plan of action. Rough words, as he had found, were like the proverbial water on the duck's back. He had carefully diagnosed Mr. Frank Norment's case and decided that his condition was that of a character, in a novel he had lately read, who exclaimed: "The small things of life are odious to me, and the habit of them enslaves me; the great things of life are eternally attractive to me, and indolence and fear put them by." A great mental shock, he argued, was the remedy that would be most certain of bringing Norment to his senses.

And so, having carefully mapped out his plan of campaign, he had come to make the first movement.

"Mr. Norment, I have called to see you on a matter of business."

"Really, after the scathing terms with which you denounced me at our last meeting, I am surprised that you should stoop to visit me," Norment responded, dryly, after he had seen his visitor comfortably seated.

"I have to beg your pardon for words spoken in a moment of, perhaps, uncalled-for anger. But my purpose in calling upon you is altogether of a different nature." "That is to say," he added mentally, "my immediate purpose is of a different nature, whatever my remote intentions are." Jermyn was beginning to get interested in his case. "I hope I find you at leisure?"

"Perfectly so, if you are quite sure that you are not trying to find a husband for your sister." This was discourteous in the extreme, and would never have entered Norment's mind, not to say, have left his lips, if he had not been, as I have reminded you once or twice before, abnormally conditioned. But his visitor was too shrewd to throw up all chances of winning by taking offence at the impolite remarks of a man whom he considered partially demented. So he smiled good-humoredly, and, though raging inwardly, replied:

"Upon my word, you do not value my sisters charms at all highly, if you think she is compelled to seek my services in her matrimonial ventures."

"Pray state your business," mine host said impatiently.

"With pleasure, and in a few words. As you know, the question which confronts our people at the present time, is that of tariff reform. You are aware, also, that I am a Republican and a Protectionist. Now, the large proportion of voters do not understand the points at issue in the coming election, and I am persuaded that the very best method of securing an intelligent expression of public opinion is to arrange for a public debate, where the people may learn for themselves which, Free Trade or Protection, will censerve their

interests most effectually. It is my purpose to present the arguments for the protection of American industries, and I have called to see if you will do as much for the cause of Free Trade."

Jermyn knew well enough that the challenge would be accepted. The languidness in his host's face and posture was gone in a moment. His eyes sparkled with an eager light; and in his rash, impetuous manner, he exclaimed:

"Of course, I'll meet you. I am, and always have been, an advocate of Free Trade. I would not argue for it, as I once did, because it is for the best interests of the laboring classes of America, for they are a thankless herd, but on the broader principle of right and justice to all men of all nations."

"You had better save your words for a wider circle of hearers," Jermyn replied coldly. He was afraid of betraying his joy at the eagerness with which the young apostle of Free Trade embraced his proposition. "Shall we set the time at two weeks from to-night? That will give us both time to prepare."

"Agreed. Please be good enough to have the event advertised."

Jermyn withdrew, feeling that, so far, he had played his cards well. As I said, a few lines above, he believed that some overwhelming mental shock would be necessary to bring Norment to a common-sense view of things. That shock was going to be a sound drubbing on the much-vexed question of "Protection *vs.* Free Trade," and the drubbing was going to be administered by himself. He knew that his opponent was not without ability; but he knew also, that he lacked the patience and the capacity for persistent application and study that characterized himself. More than that, Norment, as he had gathered from their last conversation, would seek general principles. As for himself, his ten years' experience in the study of human character had taught him nothing, if it had not impressed ineffaceably upon his mind that

the average man can grasp particular ideas far more easily than he can general ones, and that the argument which is most effective is that which appeals most directly to men's individual needs. And then, leaving out all other considerations, Jermyn, after carefully weighing the respective merits of himself and his opponent, came to the unqualified conclusion that he himself was the abler man, and accordingly had no fears about the result of the contest.

The two weeks for preparation passed quickly enough. Jermyn utilized every moment, and at the end of the time, had mastered every detail in the plea for Protection. Nor did Norment fail to apply himself. So far as his concern for his own reputation went, he tried to argue to himself that it mattered a quad whether he won or not; but he wanted to humble Jermyn, though for the life of him he couldn't tell why, and to do that, he was keenly aware, was no slight undertaking.

The crowd of people that poured into the great opera house in Brattleboro, on the appointed night, was something immense. Every class and condition in the city was represented. There was a liberal sprinkling of manufacturers, who confidently expected Harold Jermyn to show to the satisfaction of all present, the temporary satisfaction, at least, that their "infant industries" should be protected. Jermyn's opponent, too, had his admirers—rough, begrimed miners, who hoped Norment would win, if for no other reason than that the bloated plutocrats hoped that he wouldn't.

But Norment didn't win. His sympathizers shook their heads, and said among themselves that he must be "a little off" to-night. For his broad generalities fell flat, while the pointed, practical reasoning of Jermyn swept everything before it.

The effect on Norment? Precisely as the shrewd Jermyn had foreseen. The mental change in the man I do not know how to account for. I do not even know of any other man, under like circumstances, experiencing a like change. I only know, that, from the time of his deep humiliation before the

citizens of Brattleboro, Frank Norment looked at things from a new point of view. Proof of which is found in the fact that, within twenty-four hours after the close of the debate, Miss Louise Jermyn had been requested to become Mrs. Frank Norment, and had consented to do so.

And Harold Jermyn was such a discreet individual, that he never so much as hinted that he had any questionable intentions when he challenged Norment to a public debate, until the knot was safely tied, and then Mr. Norment and Mrs. Norment thanked him, with tears in their eyes, and invoked blessings upon him, and hoped that he might meet with happiness of a like nature. Which he did not long after, I am happy to say.

R. W. HAYWOOD.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE POLITICAL PARTIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

The framers of our Federal Constitution seem not once to have entertained the idea that the working of our governmental system would ever be bothered with political parties. If, indeed, such a dread suspicion even once presented itself to their enraptured minds, it was immediately banished by the confident thought that they had established a system far finer than anything that the world had hitherto seen, and hence a system which would easily rise superior to any political combinations. They believed that it was possible to organize such a government, seemingly forgetful of the fact that men are always desirous of that which is denied them, and that so soon as you have two men eager for the same position, right then you have the party spirit, in a greater or less degree. Moreover, our fathers believed that this government was to be the pride and model of the world for many succeeding generations, and that this high destiny would be accomplished only

when a system devoid of all partisan spirit should be organized. Imbued with this belief, they embodied in our Constitution certain features which time has shown to be inexpedient. Even they themselves lived to see the vanity of their self-complacent belief. Hardly had the ink grown dry on the document before two distinct political parties had sprung into a vigorous existence. Indeed, the fight for the adoption of the Constitution itself, caused, if not the birth, certainly the development, of these two parties.

Those who entered the lists as the champions of the Constitution became known as the Federalists; their opponents were the anti-Federalists. The fundamental principle of the former party was that we needed a strong, well-organized central government. Believing that the Constitution, strictly construed, was the guarantee of such a government, they gave it their most earnest support, two of their prominent partisans becoming the editors of that most valuable constitutional commentary, "The Federalist." The Constitution was adopted, and all went well for awhile. No party lines were needed for, nor could have prevented, the election of Washington, who, though claimed as a Federalist, and seemingly leaning in that direction, was the only prominent man of his times, and the only President, who was strictly unpartisan. He fostered neither party; he was "the father of his country."

No sooner, however, had Washington's second term expired, than the party lines had become tightly drawn. The anti-Federalists had now changed their name to Democratic-Republicans, and were headed by Thomas Jefferson, who, while not strictly one of the people himself, found no objection to being their leader. The Democratic-Republicans posed as the people's party, but the name Democratic, at that day, had a vulgar sound, so the party soon became known simply as the Republicans. They favored the cause of France, during the French Revolution; whereas, the Federalists inclined to the side of England. The election of Jefferson to the Presidency,

in 1800, by the Republicans, sounded the death-note of the old Federalist party. It struggled on until 1820, but Adams was its last President. The alien and sedition laws, and the Hartford Convention, caused its untimely death. Although the old party died in name, and in some of its distinctive principles, its partisans formed themselves into a new body, known as the National Republicans. By this time, also, the old Democratic-Republicans had tired of the name of Republicans and adopted that of Democrats, which name they have ever since retained. But in the Presidential election of 1824, no party lines were distinctly drawn. The old parties were becoming confused, and the new parties were as yet in a formative state.

By the time of Jackson's election, however, the partisan spirit was beginning to glow. Now we have the Whigs and the Democrats as the two great opponents. This new Whig party has been said to have been an organization simply for the election of Henry Clay to the Presidency. Certainly, it organized itself under the guidance of him and Daniel Webster, and used every effort, to no avail, to procure the coveted position for Clay. Certainly, too, the organization, as a political factor, was contemporaneous with the life of Clay. During this period the political issues were tariff, slavery, and the continuance of the National Bank. The Whigs favoreda protective tariff as a rule, and were mainly opposed to slavery, though they ever resisted the introduction of this latter question into politics. They also favored the renewal of the charter of the National Bank. The Democrats demanded Free Trade, a *laissez faire* policy in regard to slavery, and the abolition of the National Bank.

I should not fail to make mention of the anti-Masonic and Liberty parties. Both were somewhat unimportant, but they serve as straws to show the direction of the currents in the stream of politics. The former was an organization to oppose the spread of Freemasonry, formed on account of the

mysterious disappearance of a Mason who threatened to reveal the Masonic mysteries, as well as on account of the knowledge that, in some degree, Masonry was antagonistic to good citizenship. As a factor in national politics, the party never amounted to much, but it succeeded in electing several Governors. Born in 1827, it disappeared about 1835, having only once put forward a presidential candidate. The anti-Slavery or Liberty party sprang into existence merely to clamor for the abolition of slavery. Its adherents believed that the National Government had constitutional power to abolish slavery in every part of the country It put forward a National ticket in 1840. In 1844 it at first favored the election of Clay, but later, on account of a trimming letter which Clay wrote, it nominated Birney for the Presidency. Its existence was brief; for beginning in 1840, it terminated in 1846 in a fusion with the Free Soil party.

As a result of the Mexican war, the United States gained an immense amount of territory. Immediately the question arose as to whether or not slavery should be permitted within this district. When the Whig party refused to embody in its platform a plank favoring the Wilmot proviso, and thus refused to call for a prohibition of slavery within the territories, a part of its adherents, favoring such a movement, drew off and formed what was known as the Free Soil party. Later this new party's numbers were swelled by the addition of many Democratic "bolters." It failed to carry a single Presidential election, but it deeply stirred the political cauldron, and in 1856 became the nucleus of what has ever since been known as the Republican party.

In this same year (1856), still another political organization began to exert an influence. This was the American or "Know-Nothing" party. It is said to have received its peculiar name on account of the reticence of its members. When asked about their organization, they invariably replied that they "knew of nothing illegal or disloyal." Its main object

seems to have been the exclusion of foreign immigrants, especially those coming from Ireland. These latter were mostly men of a very inferior class, who, drunk with the new wine of freedom, lent themselves as ready instruments in the hands of corrupting politicians. The "Know-Nothings" approved the Kansas-Nebraska Act and the Fugitive Slave Law. Though it survived intact for only a short period, the party was productive of much good, in the way of purifying the political world. It is remembered, even now, as a combination of good and upright men, for a pure and upright purpose. In 1888 the movement was reorganized under the name of the American party.

I suppose that little need be said about the Republican party, which was organized in 1856, mainly out of the old Free-Soilers. It still survives, and its distinctive principles have undergone but little change. It has been denominated by a foreign author as the progressive party of America. It was violent in its opposition to slavery. It has ever opposed the Democrats by its demand for Protective Tariff. The principal break ever made in its ranks was that of the "Liberal Republicans," in 1872: they were dissatisfied with the administration of Grant, and declared themselves opposed to the candidacy of any President for re-election. Horace Greely was their nominee for the place of the National Executive.

In 1876 the Independent or Greenback party was organized. Its platform demanded the immediate and unconditional repeal of the specie resumption act, and declared in favor of the issue of United States notes convertible on demand into government obligations, bearing a low rate of interest, such notes to form our circulating medium, and such bonds, re-exchangeable for notes at the option of the holder, to render needless any further sales of bonds payable in coin. Peter Cooper was its nominee for President. The movement possessed much vigor for a time, but was finally lost in the other parties.

The feeling against the liquor traffic, which had been grow-

ing in this country for over a half century, at last culminated in the determination of the combined Temperance Societies of the United States to put forward a candidate for the Presidency. This was done in 1872; James Black was the nominee. By the year 1876, however, the movement had become thoroughly organized under the name of the Prohibition Reform Party. It was indeed to be a *reform* party; it decried poligamy, lotteries, class legislation, etc. It advocated legal prohibition, national observance of the Sabbath, the use of the Bible as a text book in the public schools, prison reform, etc., etc. The party is still in a vigorous existence, but it has never yet elected its candidate to the nation's highest honor. In late years the incubus of Woman's Suffrage has fastened its blighting weight upon it and greatly hindered its power for good. We are now informed, however, that this encumbrance is to be shaken off, and that the party is to put forward a vigorous, manly platform which every true patriot will heartily endorse. No man can read the future; but judging by analogy, I think we can safely predict for the party a successful career. Every genuine reform which the world has seen has been of a slow and doubtful growth. Rapid growth means rapid decay.

The People's party became a national organization in 1892. It was the outgrowth of the discontented element of our Union. While it included among its numbers many pure and patriotic men, it also contained many of the very worst and most dangerous class. Perhaps, though, the reform movement is like liquid which is churned—the scum is the first thing seen. Under this first-appearing scum there may be a rich and wholesome product. The platform of the party enumerates the many evils which surround us, first, and later weaves in its socialistic principles. The movement is essentially socialistic, and is only one step removed from that other organization of the same year—the Socialistic Labor party, whose name is a sufficient definition of the purposes of its

members. What the outcome of the movement will be, no man can say. The concensus of opinion seems to be that the party has already done its work, and is doomed to an early death. Whatever may be said, the organization has already been productive of good results, because it has made the old parties better. The pill may be unsightly and distasteful, but it is sometimes beneficial to the system, you know. Some of the party's principles are good and will survive, thoughit perish.

Just now the political world is in a state of tremulous suspense. The great issue to be decided is between gold and silver coinage. What will be the end? Shall we have gold monometalism, or silver monometalism, or bimetalism—which? The election alone will decide. Certain it now seems, however, that in the end we shall have two new political parties, the one favoring gold, the other silver. Neither old party will remain intact. Each new party will embrace a part of each of the old ones. The older organizations have, as it were, split with the grain; the new ones are going to split across it.

The conjuring brain of the happy optimist fondly pictures the coming time when political parties will be abolished, and we shall have one united and prosperous people. As yet not even the gray, glimmering dawn of that blissful day has shown itself upon the horizon, but we are pleased to believe that we do see the signs of that approaching time when our parties shall be divided on matters of real concern, matters of national portent, and not on trivial matters of sectional prejudice and party pride. We believe it is useless to look for the time when all our parties shall be obliterated, unless the nature of man is, in the meantime, materially changed. Yet, after all, they are productive of much good, even in their present condition. May God speed the day, however, when they shall care more for the people's welfare, when their competition shall breed perfection, and when they shall make our nation one great goddess of Liberty, blazing the pathway for following nations. Then will our destiny be accomplished.

R. N. SIMMS.

WAKE FOREST AND HER YOUNG ALUMNI. *

Nations have their birthdays; eras have their beginnings, and epochs date from a time when cause begins to materialize into effect. The historic Jews commemorated with joy and thanksgiving the time when the angel of God spared, in his circuit of death, the blood-stained homes of the faithful Israelites. The English people, whether wrapt in the grandeur of state in Windsor Castle, or watching by night the fleecy herd on the far off-hills of Australia, with retrospective thought thank God for the events of Runnymede. Our own Cosmopolitan family, with varied tongues, yet kindred spirits, are moved with a whirlwind of emotion when the very name of Independence Hall falls upon their ears. Loyalty begets gratitude—"The memory of the heart."

In thankfulness and praise, the Baptist hosts of North Carolina should look back upon that day, in August, 1832, when Dr. Hooper, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, presented to the Baptist State Convention, then young and untried, a resolution recommending the establishment of a Baptist Literary Institution in this State. This is our natal day—the greatest day in the history of a great college; the pride of a great denomination. From this unpretentious beginning have widened concentric wave-circles of intelligence, influence and power that have borne upon their crests thoughts and ideas—and more than all these—to the uttermost ends of the earth, the glad tidings of joy to the children of men. From this day, the great Baptist people in this State may count their birthdays anew. New life, new energies, great possibilities widened before them, and the strong doors of intellectual power, rusty with their long rest, began slowly to yield on their creaking hinges, 'til to-day there is no obstruction before us—political preferment, social position, educational

* Graduating oration of JOHN A. OATES, JR., of Sampson County, N. C.

standing—are easily within the grasp of the sons of Wake Forest, and they, with loyal zeal, are fast giving the light of the coming dawn, like the blessed manna from God, to the Baptist masses gathered in churches, academies and institutes, set like light-houses on the hills of the State.

From this meagre beginning, in the long ago, fostered by the best men in the State, and nourished in prayer and purse by the heroes of the past, Wake Forest has grown through successive stages of influence and importance, 'til to-day the manual labor school, of fifty years ago, is lost in this great institution, of which Dr. Harper, President of Chicago University, has recently said:

"In my opinion Wake Forest College is one of the strongest Colleges in the South. Its students have shown themselves to be men of thorough training and large ability. I know of no institution in the South of which I can say more."

The zeal and untiring labors of our sires, in the cause of Christian education, make it possible for us to gather to-day, within these walls, to celebrate the sixty-first Commencement of one of the most thorough institutions in America. Wake Forest is the centre, at which is set the intellectual standard for 160,000 Baptists. It is the nucleus around which are gathered the mental activities of a denomination, greater in numbers than all others in the State combined. It is the centre that gives light and life and energy to denominational activity, from fretful Hatteras to the skirts of our offspring in the West, and, crossing beyond the boundaries of States and continents, furnishes men of grace, of influence, of power, to dominate thought and lead progress in the regions beyond. Wake Forest is a star that knows no setting, whose radiance shines on China's plains, on Afric's shores, and amid the turmoil and bustle of modern activity in an American metropolis.

The influence of her 2,500 sons has made her a history. In her Alumni she lives and moves and has her being. Of them she is proud, and they, too, with reverence and loyalty,

with a love like that of the faithful Ruth, turn their eyes to these hills and thank God, that notwithstanding the many institutions supported by State, the many colleges erected and sustained in love by private munificence, Wake Forest exists and fills a sphere marked out for her in the economy of Christian education.

As the parent lives in the child, weeps at his sorrows and rejoices at its successes; as the fond mother watches with jealous and loving eye the course of her child, likewise Wake Forest observes, in love, each step of her alumni. They are her treasures. Like Cornelia, the Roman matron, she is ready to exclaim, "These are my jewels." Her strength lies not in her endowment, in buildings, in grounds, in equipments or fixtures; not in appropriation from a toiling people, but in the fidelity and success of her Alumni, and her future rests upon their shoulder for weal or woe.

There's a mutual duty growing out of this close relationship—the College to the Alumni and the Alumni to the College. The day and occasion are fitting that these duties should be rehearsed, and as one of the younger sons of the College, I want to talk with my fellows about the magnitude of responsibilities that are falling upon us, and reason with them of temperance, judgment, and things to come. As the parent is responsible for the protection, maintenance and education of the child, so an educational institution owes to its children, a debt of protection. They look to her to set the standard by which they are to be judged; they look to her to keep up the family honor and preserve the escutcheon clean.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, and members of the Faculty, you owe it to us as a debt of honor, that the standard and moral tone of this institution be maintained; that the cirriculum be full and extended, and that no man, on any plea, or under any circumstances, be allowed to receive a diploma at your hands, unless he be fully qualified to sustain the dignity of the inststution. Let the Board of Trustees

continue to raise the standard of the faculty, until no institution has better; let the Faculty, by co-operation and direction, keep up the present high standard of honor and integrity among the students, and the citizens of the hill continue that love and loyalty which sustains the student body, and becomes sweet like the sacred bulwark of the home to the social and moral tone of the institution.

We depend upon you, as the guardians of our intellectual standard, the conservators of the fountain that established our mental appetites and desires, the custodians of that inheritance that lies close to the hearts of us all. To this end, the young Alumni desire to co-operate with you, and to spend our best energies, talents and time in behalf of this blessed inheritance.

Young men, my fellows in joy this day and companions in the trials of the past, you who have toiled through the still hours of the night, you who have set at the feet of these able instructors, and reaped rich harvests from the field of thought —who have enjoyed the privileges and benefits made possible by such men as Hooper, Waite, Wingate, Pritchard, Taylor, Royall, Bostick, Lea, Heck, Williams, Hufham, Mitchell, and a host of others, we owe a debt of gratitude to this institution, which we can pay only by fidelity and loyalty. We have an inheritance, and we should not sell it, as did Esau, or disregard, as did the Prodigal. Let our slogan be, "Wake Forest *still* to the front."

That this may be accomplished, to meet the growing demands of higher education and the increased competition, it is necessary:

That the endowment be increased.

That the denomination be aroused to the importance and needs of their institution.

That the student attendance be increased.

These things can be done. White and Blanchard, Sikes

and Carlyle, and Poteat, these and others, among our younger men, are worthy of our emulation, and the result will be—

Several endowed chairs.

The necessary new buildings.

Five hundred students in attendance.

Less than five years will see it, if we do our duty.

Why not? It rests with the Alumni to say yes, and carry it into effect. The young Alumni will go out as preachers, teachers, physicians, lawyers, journalists, farmers, and as members of other occupations, honorable and worthy—and into whatever sphere of life they enter, there they will find great opportunities for advancing the College. The time is past (and Wake Forest has done much to make it so) that a man is proscribed because of his institution, and political preferment depends on the source of a man's diploma or his college affiliation. Ability and fitness are the standards of acceptability, and in these Wake Forest brooks no superior. And the time will never come, so long as the fires of liberty burn in the Baptist breast, that any person will fail of appointment as a delegate to the Baptist State Convention, or preferment of any kind, in our own ranks, because of his undivided allegiance to Wake Forest College.

There is a particular work for us to do. As teachers, young men are prepared for college; send them to Wake Forest. As preachers, young men are converted; inspire them to go use their talent, preparing it at Wake Forest. The physician in his healing, the journalist in his sanctum, the lawyer at the bar, the farmer in his community, can plant seeds, and the seasons of sunshine and showers will bring harvests into these walls.

I rejoice at the large number of young men who come here relying on their own resources. The preacher who preaches his way through, the teacher, book agent, wood cutter; these are the glories of the College. Wake Forest is a poor man's College. There's no caste or proscription on account of ori-

gin; worth is the measure of the man. The standard is not set on the stock exchange or in the tailor shop, but in the class rooms and literary halls. We want the boys that *come* to Wake Forest more than those that are *sent*. As the expenses decrease the number of voluntary comers increases. Tell it afar, that each year the necessary expenses of a student are lessenning, 'til now, the cost of living at this, one of the best institutions in the South, is no more than at a country academy. There are now 2,000 Baptist boys in the State available for Wake Forest; they long for an education, and it is our duty, my fellows, to meet the situation, and see that they enjoy the benefits that we have enjoyed. There should be an Alumni fund for the education of poor boys. We must have it. Make it permanent—be discreet in its use, and the result will be momentous. We owe the institution much for its benefits. When we have climbed the steep hill of life and sit down upon the load of success, we may lift our eyes toward God, and in words of truth and soberness exclaim: "By the Grace of God, and Wake Forest College, I am what I am."

These old men about us bid us go forward. The noble lives of the prominent and successful Alumni call to us today, and bid us be loyal. The spirit of the departed Wingate —blessed memory—communes with our spirits and bids us to consecrate our fresh energies, young lives and bouyant activities to the cause of Christian education.

The Christian college is the bulwark of liberty—the hope of the church. I would rather the cause of Wake Forest was burned deep into the hearts of our Baptist people, than to have the endowment of Harvard or the appropriation of West Point.

What we see to-day is but an earnest of the future; Wake Forest is not yet grown. Her history is just begun. There's a support behind this College that should make her feel proud and we want the young men to be no small part of this sup-

port. Wake Forest will not forget your benefits; she records the faithful. To the young ladies, who rejoice at her successes, and grace with their smiling presence, her annual festal days, she gives her best sons as rewards. God bless the women who are faithful to Wake Forest.

Finally, the great future of the College bids us go forward. Graduates and undergraduates, friends and admirers, Trustees and Faculty, young Alumni and old Alumni—we have it in our power to extend the curtains of our habitations, to move out the tent pins of our dwelling place, to extend these walls, to fill this campus with promising young men, until every corner of North Carolina shall pulsate with Baptist intelligence, and Wake Forest College shall be the crowning glory of our efforts—a college without a superior, an institution whose influence shall spread over the earth, from pole to pole, and the bright rays of the resurrection morn will mark this spot as glorious, and the approving smile of Almighty God will break into an audible, "Well done; well done!"

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*THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AGNOSTIC.

When George J. Romanes, of England, died, a few months ago, he had been for twenty-five years one of the ablest investigators in the world in the realms of psychology and biology. He was only forty-six years old, but he had done much original and valuable work, had written a number of successful books, and had entered the arena of debate with Weismann, Wallace and Herbert Spencer. He had been an intimate friend of, and a co-worker with, Charles Darwin, and had fallen heir to some of his unpublished manuscripts. He was, in a word, among the most successful and celebrated scientists

* This article was first published in the *Examiner*.

of a generation which has never been surpassed in its contributions to human knowledge.

After graduating at Cambridge University, and before he was thirty years old, he wrote and published *A Candid Examination of Theism*, in which he reached the conclusion, on purely scientific grounds, that there is no personal God. It is a strong, but most melancholy production. In one of the closing paragraphs he wrote: "I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God the universe has lost its soul of loveliness. * * * When at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as I now find it, at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible."

It cannot but be reassuring to those whose views on religious subjects have been disturbed by the results of scientific discovery to know that, during the latter years of his life, and as the result of wider knowledge and profounder thought, Mr. Romanes's opinions on religious subjects were not only modified, but completely reversed.

Before he died he placed in the hands of Canon Gore, of Westminster, the unfinished manuscript of *A Candid Examination of Religion.* This manuscript, consisting in part of fragmentary notes, has been faithfully edited and recently published. It may be questioned whether a more important contribution to Christian evidences has been made during the last decade than is to be found in the eighty-five small pages of this discussion.

Confession is freely made of the errors of his former work, both in method and results. "I did not sufficiently appreciate the immense importance of *human* nature, as distinguished from physical nature. But since then I have seriously studied anthropology, psychology and metaphysics, with the result of clearly seeing that human nature is the most import-

ant part of nature as a whole whereby to investigate the theory of Theism. This * * * I no doubt should have perceived, had I not been too much immersed in merely physical research." Here we have the invaluable testimony of a great scientific authority as to the blinding and perturbing influence of exclusive study of material things. Very much of the infidelity of our time is doubtless due to a too exclusive pursuit of scientific studies.

The following passage—remembering always who wrote it—is commended to any whose foundations may have been shaken by the acceptance of the truth of Evolution, or by the results of text criticism: "In those days, I took it for granted that Christianity was played out, and never considered it at all as having any rational bearing on the question of Theism. And though this was doubtless inexcusable, I still think that the rational standing of Christianity has improved since then. For then it seemed that Christianity was destined to succumb as a rational system before the double assault of Darwin from without and the negative school of criticism from within. * * * But now all this has been very materially changed. * * * The outcome of the great textual battle is, impartially considered, a signal victory for Christianity. * * * Now all this kind of [eighteenth century] scepticism has been rendered obsolete and forever impossible."

And this passage (from the chapter on "Causality"): "True religion is indeed learning her lesson that something is wrong in her methods of fighting, and many of her soldiers are now waking up to the fact that it is here that her error lies—as in past times they woke up to see the error of denying the movement of the earth, the antiquity of the earth, the origin of species by evolution, etc. But no one, even of her captains and generals, has, so far, followed up their advantage to its ultimate consequences. And this is what I want to do. The logical advantage is clearly on their side, and it is their own fault if they do not gain the ultimate victory, not

only as against science, but as against intellectual dogmatism in every form. This can be routed all along the line."

The little volume, fragmentary and incomplete as it is, is rich in suggestiveness, and full of germinal truths. One cannot help believing that the change in the author's views must have been in part due to the study of Butler's *Analogy*, for many glimpses of Butler's arguments can be caught between the lines. He says, by the way, that the arguments from design and from analogy are not only not rendered valueless, as has been claimed, by the doctrines of Evolution, but that they are greatly strengthened thereby. And he expresses the opinion that, had Butler known of Evolution, he could have given additional force to his argument. Of course, Mr. Romanes wrote from the point of view of an Evolutionist throughout. And he claimed to be a "pure agnostic"—a very different thing, he represents, from what is generally understood by an agnostic.

I close with an extract from the chapter on "Faith and superstition." It is strong testimony to the inability of philosophy and scientific knowledge to satisfy the hunger of the heart. "Thou hast made us for thyself, O God; and restless are our hearts until they find rest in thee." The experience of Romanes, the philosopher and scientist, might serve as a commentary upon these words of Augustine.

"The nature of man without God is thoroughly miserable. * * * Some men are not conscious of the cause of this misery; this, however, does not prevent the fact of their being miserable. For the most part, they conceal the fact as well as possible from themselves, by occupying themselves with society, sport, frivolity of all kinds, or, if intellectually disposed, with science, art, literature, business, etc. This, however, is but to fill the starving belly with husks. I know from experience the intellectual distractions of scientific research, philosophical speculation and artistic pleasures; but am also well aware that even when all are taken together and

well sweetened to taste, in respect of consequent reputation, means, social position, etc., the whole concoction is but as high confectionary to a starving man. He may cheat himself for a time, especially if he be a strong man, into the belief that he is nourishing himself by denying his natural appetite; but soon finds he was made for some altogether different kind of food."

From this he passed to consider, very briefly, the positive argument for the religion of Christ, and closes the little chapter with these words: "How great, then, is Christianity, as being the religion of love, and causing men to believe both in the cause of love's supremacy and the infinity of God's love to man."

Canon Gore closes his editorial notes with the following words: "It will surprise no one to learn that the writer of these 'Thoughts' returned before his death to that full, deliberate communion with the Church of Jesus Christ which he had for so many years been conscientiously compelled to forego. In his case, the 'pure in heart' was, after a long period of darkness, allowed, in a measure before his death, to see God."

CHARLES E. TAYLOR.

DESTINY.*

In taking a definite subject for my brief talk to-day, I am aware that I am departing from the usual plan of farewell addresses, but I feel that the departure may be excused, for the subject is one, as I think, peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. So I have had announced as the topic of my remarks—Destiny; because I believe in its study may be found some lessons suited to the needs of my classmates and

* Valedictory Address Commencement 1895.

myself, and not because I cherish the belief that I can, in any way, do the subject justice.

Through the checkered woof of literature in all ages, Destiny runs like a golden thread. In the literature of Rome, Catullus, with characteristic vividness pictures to us the *Fates* or *Destiny* spinning out the thread of life. What student of Greek literature has not been thrilled by the noble drama of Sophocles, where Adepus struggles in the grasp of Destiny, like Laocoon in the folds of the serpent?

In the northen literature, Destiny or Fate is represented by the Norus sitting by the Udu fountain, hard by one of the roots of the tree "Ygdrasil," which is thus described in the case of the ancient Skabds:

> An ash, know I standing, named Ygdrasil,
> A tree sprinkled with water the purest;
> Thence come the dew-drops that fall in the dales,
> Ever blooming it stands o'er the Udu fountain.

In reading Shakespeare's noble drama, who could fail to mark the emphasis that the poet lays upon *Destiny*. By it Macbeth is led to commit the most dreadful crimes; and finally, in obedience to its mandates, works out his own ruin, and in his misery is made to exclaim:

> Out, Out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
> That struts and fleets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more.

We are inclined to look with disfavor upon the superstition of the ancients in regard to *Destiny*, but is there not an objective influence or Sovereign power which leads us on to our goal of prosperity or ruin? Have you not felt it directing your actions and almost wept that you could not resist its divine drawings?

In support of this belief, you all know how Demeter, in Tennyson's most beautiful poem, runs everywhere in search of her ravished daughter; and following out

> A league of labyrinthean darkness, came
> On three gray heads beneath a gleaming rift.

And to her questions, one replied:

> "We know not, for we spin the lives of men,
> And not of Gods, and know not why we spin!
> There is a Fate beyond us."

And yet we are the architects of our own fortunes. "In ourselves the *future* lies." And while all due deference is to be paid to the superstition of the poets, allowance must be made for their liabilities to err; and we are to keep firmly in mind, my class mates, that, behind our movements on the *arena of life*, there is a higher and nobler directing power than blind chance. So that, if there is any one thing that I would have emphasized, members of the Class of '95, it is that you shall demonstrate by your lives that circumstances do not make men, but the man makes the circumstances; and when I use the word *Destiny* in this connection with you, I would have you interpret it as meaning the *making of circumstances.*

We have struggled through four years of arduous endeavors to ascend learning's rugged heights. To-day, though yet far from its summit, we cannot but feel that we have made some real progress; and "*the future that covert world, which is hope's own, lies far before.*" *Shall we make or mar it?*

Let me remind you that from men who have had four years of college training, the world will expect something. I appeal to you to bring about, as nearly as possible, the realization of those expectations. There are social, religious, political and financial problems, upon the solution of which we can bring to bear ALL the resources of our intellect and all the fruits of our training. I am not sanguine enough to believe that when the class of '95 leaves the college walls and attacks those problems which I have mentioned, that the difficulties which attend their solution will vanish; and that our country, hitherto shaken and agitated from center to circumference, shall be forthwith restored to a state of stable equilibrium.

But I do believe that it is possible for each one of us to take a decided stand upon whatever may come up for settlement, and vindicate the value of the training which our college bestows upon its sons.

One of the questions which we *may*, more than other college graduates, be expected to understand in every particular is, "What part shall the State perform in the education of its people?" the answer to which question is not far to seek, for it is found in the two words, "Christian education."

I do not know of a better way to conclude than to insist that we must, so far as in us lies, realize the world's expectations, and discharge as faithfully as we may the duties that rest upon every citizen; and this we owe to him who has been the guiding spirit in the institution of learning from which we go—*our honored President.* We owe it to those faithful men who have labored so zealously for our mental growth. We owe it to the people of the Hill, who have always been indulgent to us in our failings, and who have always rejoiced when we rejoiced. To all of these, and to the undergraduates for the class of '95, I now say "Farewell."

F. E. PARHAM.

THE PRESENT CALL FOR HEROES.

There is a prevailing idea among the youth of the present generation that the days of heroism and knighthood are past. Many have said within the last quarter of a century, "There is nothing to inspire chivalry to-day."

Is the day of knighthood and true heroism a thing of the past? Was chivalry born to die with the dark goary days of revolutionary wars and civil strife, when, to be called great, one had only to marshal an army and lead them forth to carnage and death? These were days when thousands of precious lives were sacrificed at the shrines of ambitious

aspirants for worldly honor, eager for fame, and burning with impetuous zeal for self aggrandizement, for which they looked to the glory of the battle-field.

Examples of this class are Alexander the Great and Napoleon Bonaparte. Has not our blood boiled and almost curdled in our veins as we have read of Napoleon's inhuman dealings with those under his command, bound by military laws to follow his orders, even into the jaws of death? His motto was, "Win at any cost." Little did he care for the lives of his men, lives far more noble than his own, the sacrifice of which he gladly gave to win for himself glory and fame. With this one end in view, he swept over Europe like a mighty avalanche, demolishing empires and dethroning kings, caring no more for the sacrifice of the lives of his soldiers than for the slaughter of so many cattle. Along the bloody track of his bloody march could be unmistakably read: "All this for self aggrandizement, and to win the glory of nations."

> "Many the souls that fled, many the souls that bled
> By his stern orders."

As a contrast may be mentioned Oliver Cromwell or our own beloved Washington. These fought, not for popularity or fame, but for the good of their country, prompted by the pure motive of patriotism and chivalry. The guiding star of Washington's career was not for self, but for his country and the liberty of the American citizens. Someone, in speaking of the great struggle in which he was chief commander, says: "The contest was between heaven-born liberty and hell-born oppression." For this he fought; to its cause he dedicated both life and property, which were at his country's call, till liberty perched upon her banners as the result of many hard-fought battles, crowned at last with glorious victory.

The gloomy days of reconstruction and the horrors of revolutionary and civil strife, have long since passed away. The farmer goes quietly on with his work, tilling the soil once drenched in the blood of our State's best citizens, and covered

with the dead and the dying. All is peace and prosperity. No war clouds hover over our nation, threatening to mar our peace or destroy our blissful tranquility.

Then what need have we for heroes now? That the banner of freedom may be preserved; that *our nation* may continue to enjoy the blessing of liberty obtained for us by the blood of our noble ancestors; that the happy union existing between the States may be harmoniously preserved and strengthened. The present age calls for heroes fearless and courageous. To this end there is a demand for Political Heroism, Social or Moral Heroism, and, Religious Heroism.

I. First *Political Heroes.*—In congress, in the legislative halls, at the bar, on the judicial bench, in the President's chair and his cabinet; yea, more in every office, from the national to the county offices, and even at the polls we need them to boldly execute their duty in defence of our government, regardless of party, friends or kindred.

Fallen nations that have sailed through this rugged sea of time upon which our ship of State is now sailing, speak to us from the tomb, warning us that we do not let our nation drift, but have heroes at the helm to work the rudder, and keep her from the whirlpools of destruction.

For this we need in the political arena such men as Benj. Franklin, Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. Though these men have left the stage of action, and their convicting eloquence is no longer heard in Congress and Legislature, yet their influence still lives, growing on to more perfect maturity for generations to come. When the monuments that mark the resting places shall have been demolished by the ravages of time, their voices will still speak more patiently than the dramatic eloquence of the policy-loving debaters of Congress to-day. They were eloquent in defense of right as they poured forth the sentiment of honest hearts for the good of their country. So, in the wake of duty, pleasure followed while they lived; as death came to release

them from their labors, glory, honor and immortality attended their names.

Can such heroism be found in Congress to-day? Some of our representatives, it is true, have the interest of their country at heart, and all the wealth of Wall Street, combined with the herculean power of their opponents, could never shake them. But the element of cowardice is prevalent, and those who should be the representatives of the people are muzzled and led at the bidding of policy prestige. If ever the battle-field called for heroism, it is needed to-day in the world of politics. In the youth of to-day lies the hope of making our judiciary halls the sanctum of honesty and justice.

II. *Moral Heroism.*—There is a demand no less imperative for heroes in the social or moral world. A noble response to this call was seen a few years ago in the heroic denunciation of the Louisiana Lottery. But again it is trying to disguise its visage and impose itself upon our unsuspecting people. Shall such a devil's den be allowed to pollute the name of our great nation?

The spirit of true heroism was manifested in the determinate fight against opening the World's Fair on Sunday. The liquor traffic is another great social problem. Its claims to a political consideration are stubbornly opposed. Nor can it be confined to the religious world. The moral power is the only one to which it can hopefully appeal. The need in this issue is, true patriotism, a liberty-loving spirit, to demand its dethronement and extermination and to free our land from its tenacious clutches.

In all these social problems, men of moral stamina are in great demand as champions of the cause of right. If our law makers and executives were such men as Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, Wm. T. Stead, of England, or our lamented Grady, the bar rooms, gambling hells, houses of prostitution, and all such institutions as fill the land with sin and misery,

would be speedily put out of her borders, to the saving of her youth, and the promotion of charity and virtue.

In this day of emulation and rivalry, where, in the business world, each is seeking to gain the ascendency in his vocation, there must be determined, resolute, persistent action. This is indeed the age of chivalry. Heroism is needed in the pulpit and the pew, by the lawyer, the merchant, the manufacturer, the farmer, the mechanic, the journalist, by the teacher and the student. Heroes are constantly dropping off the stage of action here, and leaving important posts to be supplied.

"Young men, you are wanted! From the loafer's rendezvous and idler's promenade, turn your steps into the highways of noble aim and useful work."

"Press on! Surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly over the torrent ach;
He fails alone, who feebly creeps,
He wins who dares the hero's march."

"Be thou a hero! Let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night,
Hew down a passage into day."

J. R. M.

AN INCIDENT.

Near the Lumber river, in a beautiful valley, lies a small lake, which, until recently had been regarded by the country people as an unholy place. It was supposed to be the home of evil spirits, because hoarse bellowings sometimes rose from its murky depths, and by night floating torches dimly lighted the wild scene. Had the people not been taught from childhood to look upon this lake with awe, they could easily have recognized the bellowing as that of an alligator, and the torches as nothing more than "Jack o'lanterns."

But this fertile valley was never occupied until after the

war, when a family of strangers settled there. No one in the neighborhood knew anything of them, except that their name was Juat. They were people of culture and seemed desirous of leading a quiet life in their new home. The father delved into his library, the mother busied herself with household cares, and the two children—Allan and Ethel—spent the most of their time in the woods.

Such a manner of living would, at any other time, have recommended them to the good people of the community, but in those dark days "Tarheels" were suspicious of all strangers. Even Mr. Juat's children were supposed to be spies, because of their great propensity to ramble.

Once Allan and Ethel induced their father to accompany them to the famous lake. While there, the old gentleman shot the alligator and explained to his children the nature of those strange lights, so that they might resort there without fear.

One moonlight night, they were gently rocking on the lake in a boat which their father had given them, building air castles and speculating as to what great things they would do in the future, when Allan suddenly clutched his sister's arm and pointed to the nearest bank.

"What's that, Ethel?" he whispered. "Look!"

Ethel looked and saw an "unco' sight." A horseman, clothed altogether in white, was just drawing rein only a few yards from them. In his hand he held a large pistol and his high peaked hat bore the letters "K. K. K." One by one, some twenty horsemen similarly dressed joined him.

In the meanwhile Allan, having recovered his presence of mind, had pulled the boat behind a tussock of reeds, where its occupants could not be seen. The ghostly band began to arrange their work for the night. Allan could overhear enough of their conversation to understand that they were going to surround his father's house, capture and whip him, and drive him from home.

After the discussion was over and the "Ku Klux" had silently ridden away, the children sprang from the boat and ran through the woods homeward, if possible to warn their father of his danger. They made their way swiftly for some time; but before they had gone half the distance Ethel fainted and Allan had to carry her in his arms. Excitement lending him unusual strength, he still ran rapidly onward. Presently they came in sight of their home. Allan's heart sank when he saw one of those awful horsemen standing like a spectre at the gate. However, he still hoped to be successful, and following a by-path which the "Ku Klux" had not noticed, he got safely inside the house.

"Run, father, run!" Allan cried as his mother placed Ethel upon the bed. "Be quick, or they'll get you!"

"Who will get me, son?" asked his father.

"Oh, an awful crowd of men. They'll beat you and drive you from home."

He then became wildly delirious, screaming to his father to escape.

While this scene was going on, several white figures stalked noiselessly into the room, and one of them, who appeared to be the leader, laid his hand upon Mr. Juat's arm.

"Sir," he said, "you have come to our country in troublous times. We are overrun by carpet-baggers and we cannot afford to trust any stranger. So we have decided to take you out for a ride to-night, after which you will probably not enjoy living in these parts."

"Gentlemen, I am at your mercy," Mr. Juat responded. "You can do with me as you see fit; but for the love of humanity, permit me first to restore my children to consciousness. They have fainted from exertion in trying to warn me of your intention, which they somehow discovered."

"I knew they were spies," said the spokesman of the band. "But, sir, you may attend them."

The armed men stood near the bedside and watched the

mother as she wept over her children. Allan grew almost uncontrollable, attempting to tear himself from the grasp of his father. Presently Ethel recovered her senses; and, as soon as she recalled the dangerous position of the family, she kneeled before the "Ku Klux" leader and implored mercy.

"Please, sir, don't take father away from us," she sobbed. We can't live here without him, and we have nowhere else to stay. Have you any children? Well, then, how would you like to leave them and their mother alone in these wild woods with no friends at all? We have no friend in—"

"Be quiet, child," broke in the warm-hearted Southerner. "Your father shall stay at home for the present; but if he ever does anything unworthy of a good citizen, we shall certainly pay you another visit."

But the "K. K. K." never again had occasion to molest the family of Mr. Juat. He did nothing unbecoming a citizen of North Carolina, and, instead of a "carpet-bagger," he proved to be a Virginian, as true a son of the South as any of his suspicious neighbors. The latter, however, regretted their treatment of him and showed their repentance afterwards by unfaltering friendship.

J. C. MCNEILL.

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TO THE READERS OF THE STUDENT.

Every year it becomes the duty of one of the editors of THE STUDENT to write the parting words to the long-suffering readers, on whom they have inflicted the current volume of that magazine. These farewells are almost necessarily monotonous, resulting, as we may see, from a variety of causes. A heart too full for utterance may produce it; the servile imitation of what some former editor has said on like occasions will surely do so; but, by far, the greatest difficulty in the way of freedom and variety is that condition in which neither the heart nor the head is full, that state in which most of us find ourselves; in other words, suffering from a dearth of ideas. We must plead guilty to the last charge. Sparkling wit, scintillating beauty, corruscations from the soul of genius must be supplied by the dull and the common-place.

This number completes the current volume of THE STUDENT. That its editorial department has been no better, we must blame ourselves alone; that the other part of THE STUDENT has been good, we must thank those who have helped to make it good. We thank the student body of Wake Forest who have given their sympathy, their interest, and their hearty co-operation; we thank those who have contributed articles for their care and painstaking effort; we thank the accomplished and scholarly Professor of English for his valuable suggestions, and for the efficient instruction which has been

given in his department; we thank our readers everywhere who have been so kind, so appreciative, so indulgent.

As the years pass, THE STUDENT will grow better and better, becoming the greatest incentive to the acquirement of a clear, concise English style; the brightest gem in the coronet of the literary societies; the great central luminary of the college circle. Let all write for it and encourage it. Let all who have gone out from Wake Forest read it and make it the great magnetic chain to bind our hearts closer to our cherished *Alma Mater.* L. A. B.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

L. A. BEASLEY, Editor.

SOUTH CAROLINA is the State of political excitement and turmoil. No sooner is one question settled than there arises another, overshadowing the former in its magnitude and difficulty. Ring Rule, Dispensary, Mob Law, Injunctions, and Constitutional Convocations occupy the attention of its citizens in rapid succession. It is not our purpose to discuss the Dispensary in all its details. It succeeded, and it deserved to succeed. Prohibition, High License, Local Option, have been ridiculous failures where they have been tried. The Dispensary has stood the test and done what was claimed for it. It has decreased taxes, drunkenness, and crime; it has made a purer moral tone; it has elevated the citizens of South Carolina.

In the present *regime* one thing is certainly worthy of great admiration. No bribed judiciary has succeeded in ruling the State. No partizan judges have succeeded in wresting from her those inalienable and sacred rights guaranteed by the Constitution. The government has been as economically administered, its interests have been as zealously guarded, its citi-

zens as carefully cared for as at any time in its history. A majority of the citizens are behind the ruling power and it is the right of the majority to rule. Its people have ever been sturdy and brave, and they will succeed in governing themselves despite the taunts of enemies, the treachery of friends, and the malicious falsehoods of a sectional press.

The Registration Laws will furnish a text for much adverse comment by those pious political sheets which slander the South—by those white sepulchres, who would do well to right affairs in their own households.

THOUGH THE United States must preserve the strictest neutrality as regards the differences of other nations, there is no harm, no violation of peace treaties, in her citizens having sympathy for a struggling neighbor, especially if that neighbor is striving to obtain liberty. Japan taught the Celestials a much-needed lesson, and no one rejoiced more at her success, no one felt more pride in her dignity and her bravery than did the United States. The victory of Japan means progress, the triumph of western ideas, civilization, the beginning of that time when

—"the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

Now we have a neighbor nearer home, who, for the last year, has been fighting manfully, and, thus far, successfully, for her independence. The Cubans have resolved to throw off the yoke of oppression, and, as becomes the dignity of a true western nation, to govern themselves. The wrongs heaped upon us by the mother country were nothing to the wrongs which the Cubans have suffered at the hands of Spain. More than one hundred years ago America taught England how to govern her colonies, and, to-day, the citizens of the latter enjoy every privilege they would have in the mother-country itself. It is otherwise with nearly all the other nations of Europe, and they, too, need a wholesome lesson. Spain's

course towards Cuba is not quite so bad as that of the Sultan towards his Armenian subjects, but it possesses many of the same features. The Spaniards are naturally indolent and incapable of ruling themselves; Cuba has cost them a large sum of money and many lives, and there is not much chance for them to become reconciled to the Cubans.

Cuba may not be able to govern herself well; but all must agree that any form of self-government will be better than the folly, the oppression, the needless extravagance, the reckless destruction of life and property which has characterized Spanish rule. There is another consideration. The western hemisphere is destined to become the centre of progress and intellectual activity, the home of the most exalted civilization, like a great sun lighting up the whole world. The Old World can no longer hope to keep her hold upon the New. Her example is no longer needed, and every movement she makes to keep control of the inhabitants of the New World is contrary to the spirits of our free institutions. Every nation in the West feels this. The Monroe Doctrine is written on no statute books, but it is written where it is most likely to do some good—in the hearts of every American.

Another thing should be a source of satisfaction and gratification to us. All the South American Republics are looking to the United States for advice and encouragement. This was shown in the case of Venezuela, whose citizens greeted Col. Livingstone and his committee with shouts for the Stars and Stripes and the Monroe Doctrine. All the other Republics admire us just as much. The United States should see that all are protected and that all have their just rights. England should not be allowed to set the boundary lines where she wishes, nor should she close the ports of a republic at will just because she is one of the greatest nations in the world. A great nation can do some little things sometimes, and England has done several of them. To say that England has done wrong, that the Cubans ought to succeed, is very disagreeable

to some of the knights of the quill. They are pleased to call it jingoism, patriotism and like names, sneering all the while, when, if the truth was known, they entertain like sentiments, and they oppose patriotic expressions only because they are uttered by those who happen to differ in politics from themselves.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

J. R. MOORE, Editor.

'49. With the issue for July 11, H. B. Folk, Esq., retires from the position of business manager of the *Baptist and Reflector*, of Nashville, and returns to Brownsville to resume the practice of law.

—Rev. R. A. Moore, ('57–'58) Red Springs, N. C., is engaged in missionary work in Robeson County.

—'61. It is now J. B. Richardson, D. D., so decreed by the Wake Forest Trustees at their late meeting.

—'60–'61–'65–'67. The degree of D. D. was at the late Commencement conferred by our trustees upon Rev. W. R. Gwaltney.

—'71. Rev. Henry A. Brown, of Winston, received the degree of D. D. from his *Alma Mater* in June last.

—'73. Judge Edwin W. Timberlake, of the Superior Court bench, is winning golden opinions wherever he presides over the processes of justice.

—'77. The lightning of the doctorate from the Wake Forest cloud struck Rev. E. E. Folk, of *The Baptist and Reflector*, of Nashville.

—'78. Prof. N. D. Johnson is working up a school at Red Springs, N. C. The prospects seem bright and encouraging for a good school. Mr. Johnson has had several years of very successful experience in the school room.

—'81. Rev. Edwin M. Poteat, pastor of the Calvary Church in New Haven, Connecticut, was recognized by Wake Forest in the degree of Doctor of Divinity at the late Commencement.

—'81. Rev. L. N. Chappell, returned missionary from China, having spent some time with his father, Dr. Chappell, at Forestville, and with his wife's father, Rev. R. A. Moore, at Red Springs, is now resting in the cool climate of Booneville.

—'83. Mr. W. F. Marshall, editor of the *Gastonia Gazette*, took an active part in the late session of the State Press Association at Greensboro. He was elected one of the Vice-Presidents for the next year, and at the banquet responded to the toast, "North Carolina's Industrial Future." His paper is one of the brightest of the North Carolina weeklies.

—W. B. Malloy ('83–'84) is clerking for the firm of Frank W. Thornton & Son, Fayetteville, N. C.

'85–'91. W. R. Hannum, M. D., received his degree from the University of Pennsylvania. He is now at Wake Forest.

—Dr. J. F. Highsmith ('86–'87) is a very successful and popular physician at Fayetteville, N. C.

—'87. W. J. Mattews, M. A., is principal of the High School at Laurinburg, and also looks after his farm in the country, where he is now spending the summer.

—'87. Rev. W. F. Watson, of Norfolk, has the sympathies of his numerous friends in the loss of his wife at Carthage, July 7. They had gone to his old home to spend his vacation.

—Rev. I. P. Hedgepeth ('87–'90) is doing good work as pastor of country churches in Robeson County, N. C. He is an able preacher.

—'88. Rev. James W. Lynch, of Danville, Kentucky, takes this summer a trip abroad. He will go as far as Palestine.

—'88. R. B. Lineberry, who is the popular and successful principal of Fair View Academy, in Chatham county, is Superintendent of Public Instruction for that county under the new order.

—'88. Rev. M. L. Kesler is highly prized and gladly heard at all his churches, Red Springs, Lumber Bridge, Maxton and Spring Hill, at each of which he preaches twice a month. This is heavy work, but he does it well.

—'89. Professor J. Henry Simmons, of William Jewell College, Mo., is doing special work in the Chicago University during the summer quarter.

—'89. Editor W. C. Dowd, of the *Charlotte News*, read a paper before the Press Association at Greensboro on "The Responsibility and Influence of Editorial Utterances." He was elected orator for the next annual session.

—H. F. Seawell ('89–'91) has formed a partnership with Mr. H. R. Ihrie, at Carthage, N. C. We are glad to notice the popularity and success of Mr. Seawell, Solicitor.

—Rev. C. J. F. Anderson ('89–'93), who has been very successfully serving Carthage and Jonesboro, and other churches in Moore County for some time, exchanged pulpits for a time with Rev. W. F. Watson, of Norfolk, Virginia. Mr. Anderson expects to enter the Seminary at Louisville this fall.

—Rev. K. C. Horner ('90–'93) is very pleasantly situated at Siler City, at which place he is pastor. He also serves Liberty and two country churches, Coal Springs and Rives' Chapel. He is delighted with his field and the people with him.

—Rev. C. V. Brooks ('90–'93) of Jonesboro, was married to Miss Blanche Liles, of that town, June 4th. He has accepted work in the Little River Association, and will take charge of the Bunn Level Academy August 5th. May happiness attend the youthful couple.

—'90. Miss Evabelle Simmons, of the Female College at Eufaula, Alabama, after spending some weeks here with her mother, left about the middle of June to take the summer quarter in the University of Chicago.

—'91. R. L. Burns is building up a good practice in law at Carthage, N. C.

—'92. Rev. J. G. Blalock, having finished his course last session at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, has located at Rockingham, N. C. He will serve the church there, in connection with some others in the vicinity.

—'92. Rev. James Long received last month his diploma from Rochester Theological Seminary. We were glad to see him at our late Commencement. He has had a pleasant pastorate at Phelps, N. Y.

—'92. Rev. I. T. Newton has gone from these low grounds of his nativity, where his work has been highly appreciated, and adopted the more invigorating clime in the "Land of the Sky," having accepted the call to Brevard, nested among the mountains of Western North Carolina. Our best wish follow him.

—'93. Rev. I. T. Newton, who for a year or more past has lived at Wake Forest, left the present month for Brevard, N. C., to enter upon a new pastorate.

—'93. Messrs. D. M. Prince and C. W. Wilson, of the Scotland Neck Male Academy, have been complimented by receiving from Washington and Lee University the offer of a scholarship for one of their pupils. And Mr. Prince, on his part, is to be felicitated upon his marriage, July 24, to Miss Minnie Hollowell, of Goldsboro.

—'93. Mr. J. W. Bailey, for two years during his late father's illness had the management of the *Biblical Recorder*. After the death of his father, with the approval of the committee appointed by the State Convention to consider that matter, he became the editor of the paper, his name appearing

at the head of the editorial columns for the first time in the issue for July 17. He attended the recent State Press Association, and was appointed by it as one of the delegates to the National Editorial Association.

—'95. Mr. J. V. Devenny, M. A., will be principal of the academy at Youngsville next session.

—'95. Of the class of '95 the first whose definite location we have been able to note in this column are H. Long and J. L. Cornwell, whose ads. appear in the *Biblical Recorder.*—"Wakefield Classical Institute, Hugh Long, A. M., Principal." "Spring Hope High School, Male and Female Academy, M. A. Griffin and J. L. Cornwell, Principals."

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

S. R. BUXTON, Editor.

PROFESSOR CARLYLE is in attendance upon the summer quarter of the University of Chicago.

MR. C. M. STALEY is librarian for next year, and Mr. W. J. Beale superintendent of the reading-room.

PROF. J. HENRY SIMMONS and his family spent the latter part of June on the Hill visiting his mother.

DR. GWALTNEY has been voted a vacation by his church, as usual. He will take it in the month of August.

PROFESSOR BREWER and Professor Ferrell are doing special work in their respective departments in Cornell University.

PROFESSOR AND Mrs. W. B. Royall are spending some weeks at Asheville. The Professor's health has been greatly improved.

THE LIBRARY and reading-room are in charge of Mr. Robert Allen during vacation, and are opened every morning, except Sunday.

REV. J. HARTWELL EDWARDS, assistant financial agent of the Woman's College, at Raleigh, was in Wake Forest on the 2d and 3d of July.

THE LABORATORY assistants, elected by the Faculty for next session, are: Mr. J. C. Watkins, in Chemistry, and Mr. Spencer Chaplin, Jr., in Biology.

THE PROSPECT of the College for next session is fine. There were never before so many applications for catalogues and letters of inquiry from prospective students.

THE SUMMER Law School is in every way satisfactory to Professor Gulley. Seventeen students are present. The ladies of the Hill sometimes drop in on "Court" days.

OF THE vacation visitors on the Hill we may mention Mr. Roy Powell, of Savannah; Mr. John Mills, of Franklin, Va.; Mr. E. Colwell, late student; and Claude Kitchin, Esq., of Scotland Neck.

MR. E. W. SIKES, who holds an honorary scholarship in Johns Hopkins University, is spending a considerable part of the vacation here, using the College library as he works upon his specialty—history.

DURING THE present month our dusky professor of horticulture, with the assistance of our similarly complexioned professor of horology, is devoting his energies to the shrubs and trees of the campus.

PROFESSOR POTEAT and family spent a week at Morehead, where he gave a lecture before the Assembly on "Science in the Elementary Schools," and on Sunday evening lectured on "The Thirty Silent Years."

DR. GORRELL left the Hill June 18th for Johns Hopkins, to avail himself of the libraries of Baltimore in the preparation of a school edition of *La Princesse de Cleves*, which he and Professor Sledd have undertaken in collaboration.

THE ENTIRE responsibility of representing Wake Forest in

the intercollegiate oratorical contest at Morehead fell upon Mr. I. M. Meekins, of the Euzelian Society, it being impossible for Mr. W. C. Newton, of the Philomathesian, to attend. The event showed him well able to sustain it, for he clearly won the medal over representatives of Trinity and the A. and M.

SOME LIFE is still left "in and about the College." On the 16th inst. Wake Forest played here a game of ball with Franklinton, and won, with a score of 7 to 5. The Hill nine were: L. Mills, s. s.; T. Briggs, l. f.; John Mills, p.; J. M. Holding, third b.; Roy Powell, r. f.; R. Gwaltney, c.; R. Allen, c. f.; John Gore, second b.; Ike Fort, first b. In a previous game at Franklinton the boys were beaten.

THE FIRST week after Commencement President Taylor was busy distributing catalogues and his excellent little pamphlet, "A Familiar Talk with Young Men about Wake Forest College." Later, he spent about two weeks in Boston and other cities to the north of us, returning July 21.

ON THE 17th of June the citizens of Wake Forest in mass meeting elected the following gentlemen as trustees for the control of the village academy: G. E. Gill, R. E. Royall, W. C. Brewer, W. J. Ferrell, and C. F. Reid. A few days later the trustees elected Mr. H. A. Chappell, M. A., late County Superintendent for Wake, as principal for next session. Miss Kate Whitfield will assist him.

IT IS no longer the first Wednesday in September, but it is the last Wednesday in August, when we come to books again. The Faculty have decreed it upon the authority of the trustees. It would seem a bit hard thus to cut vacation short; but that is somewhat relieved by the following statement: Commencement day in '96 will be the last Thursday in May, instead of the second in June, as heretofore.